

DECEMBER

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



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Mainly About Ourselves

READERS of *The Busy Man's* will note that the December number brings a decided improvement in the cover design. We are certain that this change, which is in exact accordance with the policy outlined in this department some months ago, will be appreciated. The reading matter of future numbers will be ably illustrated, thus bringing the artistic features of *Busy Man's* up to its high literary standard. The coming year will see many improvements on the features already in the magazine as well as the introduction of many new ones. We are working all the time, always on the alert, thinking and reaching out on all sides for interesting materials. No promises are being made which will not be fulfilled. With new plans, suggestions and ideas, always cropping up, a year hence will see our readers enjoying even a much superior publication than at present. A comparison of this number with that of a year ago may be taken as a criterion of what the coming year has in store.

• • •

It is never an easy thing to secure subscriptions; but if the publication does not possess merit it is harder to hold subscriptions than to get them. It is a significant fact in regard to *The Busy Man's Magazine* that the relative number of "discontinues" is almost nil. "I like your magazine very much, and hope to continue reading it," writes M. G. Beatty, of Alliston, Ont., under date of November 6. "It seems to just fill the desired place for me." This is but a sample of the senti-

ment expressed by many of our readers. Newspaper publishers also occasionally take time to express to us their appreciation. For example, the editor of the *Uxbridge Journal* writes: "The *Busy Man's Magazine* is the best that comes to our table."

• • •

The *Peterboro Daily Review* is most appreciative in its comments regarding the magazine. The following is an extract from its article:

"It is pleasing to record that Canada can boast of such a publication, whereby the man, who can devote only a short time to reading each day, may become thoroughly conversant with all that the brightest minds are producing, and what the world's leaders of thought and research are doing, discovering or planning.

"Such a publication is *The Busy Man's Magazine*, which comes to hand this month replete with the latest contribution of the world's centres in political and commercial affairs, science and invention, labor, business, industry, art, etc. Besides reproducing all that is best and up-to-date from the other periodicals, *The Busy Man's Magazine* furnishes a complete index to everything that appears on any subject of importance, giving a classified list of the contents of other magazines, subjects discussed, the authors, etc. This is a most commendable feature and saves the business man much time, labor and expense. The *Busy Man's Magazine* is a Canadian publication, and places before its readers the greatest amount of in-

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Mainly About Ourselves—Continued

struction and profit in the handiest form and most attractive manner. Each succeeding issue appears to be more edifying, carefully prepared, and ably supervised than its predecessor. The clientele to which it appeals should certainly prize it as a production in every way creditable to Canadian enterprise and genius. It indeed fills a long felt want."

Expressions like these are not only appreciated by the publishers of *The Busy Man's Magazine*, but doubtless enhance its value in the eyes of both the reading and the advertising public.

* *

Our magazine has done much to increase the circulation of other periodicals. At first thought this may appear strange. In the department, Contents of Current Magazines, *The Busy Man's* gives a classified list of all articles appearing in the current issues of these publications. A glance through this department will show the reader what the magazines of the month contain in his line, thus impressing on him the necessity of securing these. Every month brings numerous letters asking the place of publication of certain periodicals. As most of the magazines are procurable on the newsstands we are only made aware of a small portion of the service we are rendering these publications. *The Busy Man's* prosperity means increased earnings for other publications of its class.

It is a good sign when the publishers of newspapers and periodicals are compelled to enlarge and improve their plants. It indicates expansion, and expansion means prosperity. Ever since *The Busy Man's Magazine* was launched it has made steady and continuous progress. Each issue contains the cream of the world's many magazines; and the busy people who like to read what is best have so appreciated our efforts that new type, new presses and new folding machines have just been put in our mechanical department to satisfy the increased demand upon our resources. In order to do this the very best that the markets of Great Britain and the United States could supply was secured. We trust that the results will be apparent in subsequent issues of the magazine.

* *

In a few weeks Christmas will be here and the same difficult problem confronts us as to what Christmas gifts we shall send our friends. Why not send them *The Busy Man's Magazine* for a year? There could be nothing more appropriate, and your own opinion of the magazine shows you how well it will be appreciated. Each month will be a constant reminder of your valuable gift, while other colorless presents will mean little to either the receiver or giver. Last month we made this same suggestion and it is wonderful the number of responses received even at this early date.



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No. 2

The Busy Man's Magazine

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XV

DECEMBER 1907

No 2



A Canadian Wit

A Brilliant Entertainer and Most Successful Business Man

By C. Egbert Robinson



MR. SAMUEL NORDHEIMER is probably more widely known than any other man in Toronto. This is not so much because of his conspicuous ability and success as a business man, as for some of the other qualities which he possesses. Thousands who perhaps have never heard of Nordheimer the Piano King, admire and appreciate Nordheimer the Wit. Nordheimer, around whose name circulate more stories, anecdotes and witticisms than there are quills in a porcupine; Nordheimer, whose tongue upon occasion has reduced more than one would-be humorist to a thoughtful and respectful silence, and pulverized the ambitions of many a luckless individual who thought to catch him napping and thus effect a conquest.

And yet in appearance Mr. Nordheimer is anything but formidable. Below the average in height, modest and unassuming in manner, with a mild eye and a benignant smile, his outward appearance gives rise to no speculations as to his identity. It is only when one begins to talk to him on some subject in which he

is keenly interested that one realizes the uncommon personality, the individual force of character and mental capacity that is concealed behind the placid exterior.

No one has ever been known to score off Mr. Nordheimer, or at least if any one has such a feat to his credit he is prudent enough to keep it to himself lest his fall some day prove greater than his pride. Many, indeed, have attempted it but none have returned to tell the tale. True they have come back, but with a different look upon their faces from that with which they set forth, a sorrowful and pained surprise has supplanted serenity and self-confidence, and a noticeable silence has taken the place of what was perhaps a former garrulous assurance.

And yet his wit is defensive, not aggressive. He never corners a man; rather does he permit the aggressor to rush open-eyed at his fate and then when it becomes necessary he swamps him. He never attacks, no matter how great the provocation, preferring to use his power as a shield rather than as a weapon; but no one having once taken the initiative ever escapes. The late D'Alton McCarthy once

gave a dinner party at which Mr. Nordheimer, together with many other prominent men and women, was present. Mr. Samuel was feeling in a particularly happy mood that evening, and had succeeded in impressing this fact upon the other guests by the pointed, and when circumstances seemed to warrant it, barbed shafts of wit which he distributed with charming and artistic impartiality among each of them in turn. McCarthy alone had escaped from the ordeal untouched so far, when upon the ladies rising to leave the room, Mr. Nordheimer either accidentally or with an eye to further cynicism, knocked a spoon from the table and stooped to pick it up. To Mr. McCarthy, who had probably been watching for just such an opening, this was a golden opportunity and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. Raising his voice in order to ensure his prospective triumph reaching the ears of everyone in the room, he called out "Be careful Sam, be very careful, you are under observation," and then waited, flushed with victory for the general laugh which followed at the expense of his victim.

That crafty individual, however, vouchsafed never a word, but rising slowly from the ground, he affected to examine the spoon carefully for a minute or two, and then threw it on the table with a gesture eloquent of disappointment and disgust.

"Mein Gott," he exclaimed, in tones which contained an indescribable mixture of simulated anger, irritation and disillusion, "Mein Gott, and I thought it was silver."

It is related of him that one day he invited a well-known resident of Toronto to his house with a view to establishing business relations of a sort which should be mutually satisfactory. Business concluded, Mr. Nordheimer invited his companion to join him in a cigar but the latter eyeing unfavorably the

fat and muscular weed held out to him, declined with what was perhaps unnecessary fervor. Mr. Nordheimer in no wise put out, chatted comfortably on various topics, and having finished his cigar, rose to bid his guest good-bye. "You will join me in a whiskey and soda before you go of course," said he, determined at all costs not to appear inhospitable, but his visitor's somewhat curt refusal brought a twinkle into his shrewd eye. "What," he exclaimed, "you do not drink, you do not smoke? Ah, my friend, come up often, come up always."

As a keen observer of human nature, and a past-master in the art of handling men, Mr. Nordheimer has few equals in this or any other country. In the early days he happened to be making a trip from Toronto to Montreal. Just as he was about to start a message came from the firm's Kingston agent saying that a possible customer was on the point of investing in a Canadian piano. "Would Mr. Nordheimer servative, and was going to be true to the National Policy—just then becoming a fad with every one. At this time the Nordheimer firm had not begun to manufacture, but were agents for the Chickering piano. "Would Mr. Nordheimer 'top off at Kingston?' "Yes." "Should Mr. So-and-So be told to look Mr. Nordheimer up?" "No." "Or should he be told that Mr. Nordheimer would look him up?" "No! Mr. So-and-So must simply be told that Mr. Nordheimer was in the city." This he was told of course, and Mr. Nordheimer received a cordial invitation to his home. "Yes," Mr. Nordheimer thought he might possibly manage to run up.

"My dear man," said Mr. Nordheimer, as he was being shown over the fine residence, "You have a beautiful house, you ought to be proud of it." "And that I am," replied the other. "And I notice you have some fine paintings, why I

believe I saw some of them on exhibition in Europe, the last time I was there." "You are quite right,

a very fine house, and where is your piano?" "I am thinking of buying a Weber," was the reply. "I be-



Mr Samuel Nordheimer, in the Uniform of a Consul of the German Empire.

Mr. Nordheimer, I purchased them all in Europe." "Yes, and you have real Brussel's carpets, and genuine Irish lace curtains. Yes, you have

leave in patronizing home industry." "Very good, very good," said Mr. Nordheimer, "and you are quite right to patronize home industry,

but how about the pictures and the curtains?" Needless to say, the man had to buy a Chickering.

Mr. Nordheimer is a man of many moods, and not even his best friends can ever be quite sure what is going to happen when they see him coming along. A young Torontoian, well-known around town, had business relations with Mr. Nordheimer not long ago, which necessitated frequent interviews. Almost every time he would receive a polite invitation to come up and have dinner with the gentleman on the Hill, "Come up any time." Perhaps he would forget, only to have the invitation repeated the next time they met. One morning he saw Mr. Nordheimer coming and made up his mind he would rise to the occasion. "You have been kind enough Mr. Nordheimer," said he, "to ask me again and again to dinner. If it is convenient I think I should like to accept your invitation for this evening." "My," said Mr. Nordheimer with a puzzled expression on his face, "but you are one funny man."

Another bright young fellow connected with the Nordheimer firm was told he might have the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Nordheimer a day in Hamilton, his idea of course, being to take the gentleman to the best hotel in the place. But no, Mr. Nordheimer wanted only a quiet place where he could have a sandwich and a glass of beer. The place was found, and Mr. Nordheimer expressed himself as delighted with his luncheon. It reminded him so much of Germany. And then Mr. Nordheimer must come with him for a smoke. The young man knew a place where they could get three good cigars for ten cents. "You are very kind," said Mr. Nordheimer, "but I want you to come and have one on me, I know a place where they sell two cigars for five cents."

Mr. Nordheimer is not at all averse to telling a joke on himself, provided it is a good one. As a young

man, he prided himself on being particular about his dress, almost to the point of fastidiousness. During a visit to a New York tailor shop on one occasion he saw an overcoat which particularly struck his fancy. Unfortunately the garment had been tailored for another gentleman. Mr. Nordheimer asked if he might try it on, and together they found it fitted like a glove. "Couldn't the tailor make another just like this for the gentleman, who happened to be in Europe at the time, and let Mr. Nordheimer have this one?" Yes, the tailor thought he could. "And I will give you \$30 for the coat," said Mr. Nordheimer. "And I will take it," said the other. "And now I will tell you how I get the start of you," volunteered the proud possessor of a fine article bought cheap: "You could have asked \$45 and I would have paid it." "Yes," said the other, "and you could have offered me \$20 and I would have taken it."

On a recent trip abroad Mr. Nordheimer was accompanied by a nephew and his grandson, whom he wished to show the places in Germany which had interested him as a boy. "And boys," he reminded them, "I want you to derive the greatest possible benefit from this trip, it is costing a lot of money and it ought to be the best kind of an education for you both. You must keep your eyes open, and make an effort to remember every place of interest we visit. For instance," said he, "looking down upon the youths with a benignant smile, as they drove along a celebrated Parisian roadway, "where are we now?" "In the carriage, grandfather," was the reply. And a slight exclamation and a smothered laugh was heard from the driver's box.

Some alterations were being made a few years ago in the Nordheimer offices which left an ugly beam exposed and unfortunately in the way. Mr. Nordheimer, who was inspecting the work forgot the existence

of the beam for the moment and when he went to stand up he bumped his head against the beam with such force that the pearl grey topper which he has affected for many years was forced down over his ears. His efforts to loosen the knot, together with his exclamations of surprise, seemed too good to the solitary workman who was standing by, and he also gave vent

to them during the passage over. The gentleman was not long in discovering in Mr. Nordheimer a man worth knowing, and lost no opportunity of improving his acquaintance. They walked together, smoked and dined together, became the best of friends before the end of the trip, so much so that one day they exchanged residences as follows: "I hope, Mr. Nordheimer,"



"GLENEDBYTH,"

Mr. Samuel Nordheimer's Family Residence and one of Canada's Most Beautiful Homes.

to his feelings: "You dare to laugh." "I can't help it, sir," came the scared answer. "And say, do you know what fool put that beam there?" Silence. "Well I did," said Mr. Nordheimer.

A gentleman who fell in with Mr. Nordheimer on the occasion of his last trip to Europe in the spring of 1906, tells of an interesting conversation which took place between

said the friend, "you will not consider it presumptuous of me on such short acquaintance, but I would awfully like to ask you one question." "All right," responded Mr. Nordheimer. "Do you know I have come to think a lot of you, in fact I like you as well as any man I ever met." "What do you wish to know?" "Your age, sir," said he. "Well, well," was the answer, "that

is something I have not told to any living soul; no one knows my age, and yet as a dear friend, I will let you into the secret if you will promise me never to reveal it, and he whispered in his ear, "I am just sixty-two." He is now approaching his nineteenth year.

He is the surviving partner of the firm of A. & S. Nordheimer, the oldest piano and music establishment in Canada, now known as the Nordheimer Piano and Music Company. He is about the only living representative of the prominent men who half a century ago were the leading business men of King St., Toronto.

Mr. Nordheimer has done a great deal to raise the standard of music in Toronto and throughout the Dominion, his latest happy thought being to endow a Chair of Music at Upper Canada College, where already substantial work is being done towards the creation of a musical atmosphere for young Canada. But Mr. Nordheimer's enterprise and influence do not stop here. In public and private his efforts have also been directed towards the promotion of prosperity in the Queen City. The building owned by the Canada Permanent and Western Mortgage Corporation on Toronto Street is a monument to his enterprise, having been built when its surroundings were most unattractive, and it is greatly owing to the fact then given that Toronto Street is indebted for many of its present substantial and magnificent buildings.

This successful man has occupied a large number of prominent positions in Toronto, having been for many years President of the late Federal Bank, Vice-president and Director of the Canada Permanent Loan & Savings Co., Director of the Confederation Life Association. He has always been active in the musical arena, having been for several years President of the Toronto

Philharmonic Society. In financial circles he has been for many years and is yet connected with many flourishing institutions. By his indisputable will he has amassed a handsome fortune; and for commercial experience, shrewdness and judgment, Mr. Nordheimer forms a striking figure among Canada's distinguished citizens.

His family residence, "Glensdyth," is one of the finest private mansions in Toronto, its situation on the Davenport Hill being unequalled. The surrounding grounds are both extensive and picturesque, comprising about 40 acres beautifully wooded, with winding drives and grassy terraces that remind the visitor of the finest of English demesnes and ancestral halls. The house is superbly furnished; the entrance hall, lighted from a dome, is strikingly beautiful in its finish and arrangement; while the drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, and boudoirs are gems of artistic decoration. The view from "Glensdyth" extends over the whole city and across the lake to Niagara.

Early in September, 1887, the late Emperor William appointed Mr. Nordheimer to the honorable position of Imperial German Consul for the Province of Ontario, and to him the British Government issued the Exequatur. It can be truly said that the numerous Germans in the Province of Ontario, and more particularly those residing in Toronto, hailed the appointment with feelings of sincere pleasure, fully aware that the duties of the office attached to the appointment, would, under the care of Mr. Nordheimer, be conducted with business despatch, a readiness to furnish all desirable information, and add greatly to the interests of Canadian merchants having business relations with Germany. Still holding this honorable appointment, Mr. Nordheimer is serving the country of his birth, and as a British subject, his adopted fatherland.



MR. A. G. MACKAY
Leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario

Mr. A. G. MacKay, the now Leader of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, occupies the leadership of the Party with a clean public record. It is true that he was for a short time a member of the House of Commons which was so overwhelmingly divided in the last election, but none of the explanations which attach to that Cabinet rests on Mr. MacKay. He came from Queen's School, where, for a number of years he governed law. That he stands well with the people is shown by the fact, on his return to Queen's School where he was principal for the last time, one of the first men to be elected to the Ontario Legislature in that district. Mr. MacKay owns his constituents in his own school. The Globe employed him as counsel in an important case, and the editor was so struck with the intelligent way in which he handled the case that, on his return to Toronto, he gave the Province and Globe as a gift of the year's number that he was at once taken into the Cabinet. Mr. MacKay is a lawyer's son who followed the path of one of our successful men by going to law and way through High Schools, the University and Osgoode.

The Straight Way of Life

By P. Chalmers Mitchell in *World's Work*

THE title of this article is a rough translation of the word "Orthobiosis," invented by Professor Elie Metchnikoff to denote what is at once a new standard of morality, a scientific guide of life, and a new hope for humanity against the greatest evils that encompass us. Every one knows that Metchnikoff is now chief of those who carry on the high traditions of Pasteur.

Metchnikoff is a Russian of the professional classes. (His older brother was the provincial functionary whose death, in the maturity of life, was described in Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch.") He became Professor of Zoology at Kazan and made a great reputation among zoologists by his detailed studies of the structure and life histories of some of the lower invertebrate animals. Owing to political trouble, he left Russia and joined the Pasteur Institute in Paris. His researches on certain water-diseases had led him to pay special attention to the behavior of the wandering cells that occur in all except the simplest animals, and that appear in a familiar form as the white corpuscles of human blood. He found that these cells restlessly pervade the tissues, living a semi-independent, almost parasitic life. They are extremely mobile and sensitive to stimulations of different kinds, being attracted by some substances and repelled by others. When there are disturbances in the body due to morbid processes, or to the presence of foreign intruders, such as microbes that have invaded the tissues, these wandering cells crowd around the affected spots, ingesting and destroying the intruders, removing the diseased tissue, and generally aiding in the healing process.

These investigations are the foundation of the modern views of inflammation, and gained for Metchnikoff a reputation as a pathologist at

least as great, and naturally much more widespread, than his fame as a zoologist.

The special quality of the wandering cells, of which white blood-corpuscles are the examples most easy to observe, is their power of destroying other living cells, engulfing them bodily where that is possible; or, in the case of the larger victims, pressing against them and sucking out their contents. Metchnikoff calls these "eating cells" or "phagocytes," and the process is "phagocytosis." In the main phagocytosis is beneficial to the body, and phagocytes are guardians of its welfare. But the action is mechanical, in the widest sense of the term, an affair of action and reaction, of appetite and resistance, and not of orderly benevolence.

HOW MEN GROW "OLD."

When the cells of any tissue—muscle or kidney, brain or bone—are in active health, either they do not attract the phagocytes or are able to repel their embarrassing attentions. The maintenance of the integrity of the tissues demands a delicate balance of power between the higher, specific cells and the omnipresent phagocytes. The latter are as ready to devour the tissues themselves as foreign intruders, and if they are unduly stimulated or the tissues unduly weakened, the baleful process of tissue destruction begins; muscle tissue, brain tissue, kidney tissue or what not, is replaced by the phagocytes, and the corresponding functions degenerate. The action is naturally progressive, and sooner or later leads to a condition incompatible with life.

According to Metchnikoff, this is the essential nature of the changes which take place in old age. The activity of the phagocytes overpowers the activity of the normal cells, with the result that senile debility is produced. According to Metchnikoff,

in the vast majority of cases, senile debility comes too early, being due to causes which may be prevented—if not by our own generation, at least in the future.

This early senility is only one instance of what Metchnikoff calls the disharmonies due to our inherited constitution. In a volume, the English translation of which was published in 1903, under the title, "The Nature of Man," and in a second volume, "The Prolongation of Life," which is announced for this autumn, he has explained in detail the nature of his general views. In many ways, man is out of gear with his environment on account of the fact that many of his qualities—physical, mental, and emotional—which have come to him as a legacy from his remote ancestors and which at one time were probably useful adaptations, are now positively harmful. Such disharmonies are the real source of the pessimism which has tinged so deeply the philosophy and literature, the religion and the folklore of ancient and modern times, and for which, as yet, no complete anodyne or remedy has been found.

Metchnikoff, however, is a convinced optimist, and thinks that as horticulturists use their knowledge of the constitution and qualities of plants to modify these in definite directions, so also it is within the power of science to modify human nature. The method of operation must be different, partly because the relatively short life and rapid rate of reproduction of most plants indicate selective breeding as the most effective means of producing modification; in the case of man, obvious considerations, if only those of time, rule out selective breeding, and the long life affords the opportunity of direct modification of each individual. Advances in knowledge and scientific method are to be employed to rectify human life, and to remove from it all acquired or inherited disharmonies, until there be attained the condition which he calls "orthobiosis"—a cycle from birth to death from which extraneous accidents have been removed, and in

which each successive phase comes in its due course.

We are already advancing rapidly along the first stage of the process. Year by year, as the study of diseases advances, we are getting nearer the time when mankind will be free from their burden, a burden measured not only by the deaths due directly to them but by the loss of health and shortening of life caused to those who may appear to have recovered. The normal duration of life is extending in all civilized countries, and this is the result of improvements in cleanliness, general hygiene, and greater simplicity of life. Already, if scientific knowledge were applied to its fullest extent, the race would make an enormous stride towards "orthobiosis," and it is a definite part of the new morality that the parliaments and executive officers who have charge of human affairs should be experts in the new scientific knowledge.

THE CAUSE OF EARLY SENILITY.

The most striking part of Metchnikoff's doctrine, however, is an affair of the individual rather than of the state. One of the legacies that men have inherited from their animal progenitors is the possession of a very capacious large intestine, in which the *débris* of the food remains for a considerable period. All the conditions in this organ are normally favorable to the existence and multiplication of a varied flora of microbes, among which the most abundant and pernicious are those which set up putrefaction of the contents.

By a series of most ingenious investigations, Metchnikoff has shown that there is a direct relation between the presence of such a possibility of intestinal putrefaction and a relative shortness of life amongst vertebrate animals generally. The depression, headaches, and even serious illnesses caused by prolonged retention of the contents of the lower bowel are familiar to us all, and are the result of the microbial poisons being absorbed into the blood and thereby affecting the tissues generally. These poisons not only cause immediate troubles,

but are chief agents in the production of early senility. They depress the resistance of the higher cells and stimulate the activity of the phagocytes, so that their presence encourages the eating away of the specific elements of the tissues and their replacement by useless, degenerative material. Whatever may have been the original use of this great reservoir of waste material, it is now positively harmful.

Although the resources of modern surgery have made it possible to "short-circuit" the large intestine, shutting off the capacious lower bowel and although this radical interference has been most successful, Metchnikoff does not suggest the universal adoption of so extreme a measure. His method is to attack the flora of microbes, and prevent or reduce the intestinal putrefaction they set up. A vast number of experiments have been made, the object of which was to render the contents of the large intestine aseptic by treatment with disinfecting agencies. Microbes and their spores, however, are possessed of walls highly resistant to the action of chemical agencies, and it is impossible to introduce substances in sufficient bulk and power to kill the microbes without doing serious harm to the living cells that form the lining of the intestine. It happens that the bacilli which cause lactic fermentation, those which sour milk by transforming some of its sugar into lactic acid, are able to become acclimatized in the intestine, and that their presence under favorable conditions arrests the activity of the microbes which cause putrefaction.

CURDS TO CHECK ADVANCING AGE.

After exhaustive investigation of the bacilli employed for souring milk in various parts of the world, Metchnikoff has found a strain of which pure bacilli "cultures" can be made. These can be introduced into the body in various forms. Soured curds, prepared from boiled milk by the addition, at the proper temperature, of a leaven containing the pure "cultures," can be eaten in quantities of a little more than a tea-cup full once or twice a day. Taken with sugar, the

curds are quite pleasant. Tablets containing the pure cultures in a dry condition may be taken along with a milk diet. It is necessary, however, that the general diet should be as simple as possible. Alcohol in any form, and even in small quantities, is injurious; it adds the process of putrefaction and interferes with the action of the lactic bacilli. Metchnikoff himself limits his own food practically to milk, chocolate, and bread; but if the diet be plain, there seems to be no reason why it should not be limited to milk and vegetables. Uncooked fruits and salads are especially to be avoided, as they are always contaminated in a high degree with the spores of molds and of various harmful bacilli, while those which have been grown in market gardens are often charged with the bacteria of specific diseases. The soured milk treatment has been tried experimentally in a large number of cases, and its general effect on the health has been carefully investigated. There appears to be no doubt as to its efficiency in reducing or almost completely preventing intestinal putrefaction.

It is possible, then, for science to intervene in favor of the higher cells of the body in their warfare with the phagocytes, by the conquest of disease, and by the arrest of the processes of putrefaction, the absorbed poisons from which are a constant menace to the body. There are other methods which are now being worked out, but which already approach accomplishment. It is possible to prepare serums that have a definite effect in stimulating the different elements of the body, and although there are great practical difficulties in the way of making and experimenting with these, it seems probable that science will be able to come to the aid of any tissue that seems to be weakening before its due time.

THE INSTINCT OF LIFE.

The attainment of "orthobiosis" would enormously increase the happiness of human life. Human beings would remain active and vigorous, bodily and mentally, long after the

period at which most people are now a burden to themselves and others. The duration of the working period of each individual life would be enormously increased. But the psychological effect would be even greater. Metchnikoff has shown, by a most interesting series of studies, that in a normal human life there is a gradual succession of instincts. One of the most important of these is what may be called the instinct of life, the sense of the value of life. This is almost absent in the young, and grows slowly as maturity is reached. Persons who die, or who become aged in early middle life may never acquire it. Pessimism, the expression of the absence of the sense of life, is a phase of youth. Many of the best known pessimists, such as Schopenhauer, have lived to survive their pessimism; and perhaps a majority of great men—Goethe for instance—pass through pessimism to a convinced optimism. In Metchnikoff's opinion, it is of the utmost importance that this truth should be realized, and that those who are in the phase of pessimism should understand its temporary nature.

THE INSTINCT OF DEATH.

Still more interesting is the relation of "orthobiosis" to death. At the present time, death comes in the vast majority of cases by some accident of disease or degeneration, and cannot be regarded as in any way natural. We have as yet almost no information as to what would be the natural limit of human life, but it may be set down as, at the least, considerably more than a century. As it nearly always comes too soon, and as the result of morbid processes, we are ignorant as to what natural death would be.

Metchnikoff has collected information from a few rare cases which leads him to suppose that if it came in its proper season, death would be as welcome as any other normal phase of the cycle of life. In a harmoniously developed life, the sexual instinct would appear at sexual maturity, and not before that time. As life went on, the sense of life, or instinct of life,

would grow stronger and stronger, but in the end would be replaced by what Metchnikoff calls the instinct of death. This would come not as the wish to be free from pain, but as a gentle acquiescence of the mind and the emotions in the natural processes of the body.

It is doubtful if truly natural death ever does occur among human beings, and there is no direct evidence as to its cause. It is practically certain that it is not the result, as has been supposed, of a failure in the power of the constituent cells of the body to grow and reproduce. The most probable theory is that it is the result of a gradual accumulation within the body of narcotic by-products of cell-activity, and that it is directly comparable with sleep, and that the last sleep would be received as gratefully by the permanently tired body as temporary sleep is received by the temporarily tired body. For such a condition to be attained it is necessary that life should be stretched out to its due limit, and not shortened by "accidents" of disease or habit.

The research has been brought against the philosophy of Metchnikoff that it is purely selfish, considering the individual rather than the race. It seems obvious, however, that the race, apart from the individuals of which it is composed, is a mere abstraction, and that that race is most likely to survive and develop further which contains the largest number of vigorous, happy, and active individuals. Moreover, Metchnikoff shows that as the scale of animal life is considered in ascending series, the importance of the individual increases. Among single-celled animals, when a colony is formed, the components are absolutely merged in the whole. In various kinds of poly colonial, the constituent individuals become specialized organs of the whole, losing their own integrity. Among colonial insects, although no physical link binds the units into the whole, the different individuals are incomplete; some, like the drones and queen bees, are useless except for reproduction; others like worker bees, being sterile.

Current Poetry

The Fires

Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smoke to me.

Across the high hills and the sea
And all the changeful skies,
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes
And my heart is willing broke;
For thinking of old memories
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind
The housewife remembers now,
From every quarter of mankind
Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold
And a roof against the rain—
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold
The Four Winds bring again!

How can I answer which is best
Of all the fires that burn?
I have been too often host or guest
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,
On any man's hearthstone?
I know the wonder and desire
That want to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe
Where'er his house-fires shine,
Since all that man must undergo
Will visit me at mine?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong
And know that this is true,
Scoop for a little and carry my song
To all the men I knew!

Where there are fires against the cold,
Or roofs against the rain—
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,
Take them my songs again.

—By Rudyard Kipling, in *World's Work*.

Silence

I am the word that lovers leave unsaid,
The eloquence of ardent lips grown mute,
The murmuring mother's heart-ory for
her dead,
The flower of faith that grows to un-
seen fruit.

I am the speech of prophets when their
eyes
Behold some splendid vision of the
soul.

The song of morning stars, the hills'
replies,
The far call of the undiscovered pole.

And since I must be mateless, I shall
win
One boon beyond the mood of common
clay:

My life shall end where other lives begin,
And live when other lives have passed
away.

—By Charles Mangrove.

City Comradeship

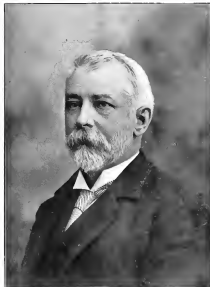
Face on face in the city, and when will
the faces end?
Face on face in the city, but never the
face of a friend,
Till my heart grows sick with longing
and dreads with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands,
in a loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers? Their
told to me with mine
We offer the fruits of our labor on the
same great city's shrine.

They are weary as I am weary; they
are happy and sad with me;
And all of us laugh together when re-
ceiving acts us free.

Face on face in the city, and where
shall our fortresses fall?
Face on face in the city—my heart goes
out to you all.

See, we labor together; is not the bond
close?
Lo, the strength of the city is built of
your life and mine.



HON. W. S. FIELDING
Minister of Finance for Canada

At the moment Hon. W. S. Fielding is more in the public eye than any other Canadian because of his efforts to promote trade in winter fashions and business men particularly in getting the winter coats. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier was forming his Cabinet of the Windsor House in Montreal, in 1896, Mr. Fielding was then, and had been for many years, Premier of Nova Scotia. Since not represented in New, James Sutherland, the Williams right hand man, the name of Mr. Fielding for the Cabinet. Mr. Sutherland answered that he was afraid Mr. Fielding was not a big enough man for the position, but after a moment's reflection, he remembered: "Well, he could be made about the average of men to have been good power in Nova Scotia for so many years and to have avoided any serious mistakes." Another gentleman present added to Mr. Sutherland's comments, "I don't think there are few states in Canada with so much personal experience. A few hours later Mr. Fielding was on his way to Montreal in company to a telegram from Sir Wilfrid. His appointment to the Ministry of Finance was the greatest surprise in the Cape Colony, and when it was publicly announced by one of the Montreal newspapers, the leading dailies of the country rejoiced the possibility, thinking it would go to Sir Richard Cartwright. Many of our readers will differ from Mr. Fielding's views on many questions, but all will agree that he has become the strongest man in public life in Canada after Sir Wilfrid. Few men acquire as quickly the grasp of affairs as does Mr. Fielding. This is undoubtedly due to his extensive training, for he is, by profession, a journalist and was for many years editor of the Halifax Chronicle.

Banking in Canada

By H. S. Strathy



H. S. STRATHY
Veteran Banker of Canada

Mr. Strathy has for some time been the senior banker in Canada, and has recent resignation from the general management of the Trusts Bank has resulted from his retirement from banking a solid career ago. He began as a junior clerk in the office when he served his time with the Bank of Montreal, and when the Bank of Commerce was organized he was selected the London assistant, and two years later he took the general management of that institution. The capital was increased during the same years following, and Strathy was in 1880, and the rest to the present. A short time to attend to his banking and went on to the Montreal Trust Bank, resigning sixteen months later to organize the Trusts Bank, of which institution he became General Manager, continuing as such up to the time of his resignation a few weeks ago. It is easy to see that Mr. Strathy was a man pre-eminently qualified, not only by experience but by business ability, to bring about a period of rapid healthy expansion of the Trusts Bank into a financial institution, it now ranks among the largest in the Dominion.

OF the making of banks there appears to be no end. At the present time there are no less than four applications before the Dominion for charters, all from the Northwest, and the policy of the people at Ottawa seems to be to say, yes, directly they see the requisite \$500,000 subscribed, and \$50,000 paid up. Canada has altogether too many banks now for the good of the country—the older banks are quite ready and willing to increase their capital as the needs of the country demand it. The cry of the people is for "more banks." They overlook the fact that it takes a lot of money, too much in fact, to run them any way at all, and that an executive head of ability and experience, able to see the thing through, is not only an expensive luxury, but one found neither here nor there. It would be much better if the smaller institutions could amalgamate into one strong bank.

Nowadays you will find the banks make their money by avoiding bad debts rather than by large profits. Take the lumber trade for instance. Large losses were sustained in the early days by bankers from advancing large sums of money on timber limits which perchance didn't "palm out" according to expectations. Of course, lumber accounts are a good thing for any bank to have, provided they are judiciously handled. We have learned by experience to be more cautious, and prefer now to let the other fellow take the chance.

Banking, moreover, has latterly been placed upon an altogether different footing as far as circulation is concerned: the time was when there was practically no limit to

the extent of a bank's circulation; now this is a first charge against its assets, and everybody knows that a bank's circulation at present is practically limited to the amount of its unimpaired paid up capital, and that the Government requires a guarantee fund from every bank as a protection to the public.

We have practically abandoned the practice of loaning money on long credit—three to six months is usually the limit nowadays; the kind of security required is a thing we are much more particular about than we used to be—real estate, for instance.

Fortunately for Canada, the Trust Companies are not as big a feature as they are in the United States. Oddly enough, the public think everything of one extra per centum on an investment, and to get it they will willingly transfer their savings from a place of absolute safety to one about which they know absolutely nothing. Many of these loaning institutions have a comparatively free hand; they take deposits to any extent that suits their convenience; they lend money on real estate, etc., should depositors make sudden demands. A Trust Company is practically at the mercy of its banker. It is easy to imagine under these conditions just such a financial crisis as happened in New York the other day. Trust and Loan Companies should have a proper cash reserve and be placed under the strictest government supervision. They should regularly publish an authoritative financial statement so that the public may be kept duly informed of the business being transacted.



SIR CHARLES MOSS
Chief Justice of the Court of Appeal of Ontario

Sir Charles Moss, to whom the honor of lordship has recently been conferred, is one of the links which bind old Canada to the new. His mother has been one of our outstanding public benefactors. After completing his public school training he was engaged by his father in business with his father, the late John Moss. It was he who introduced the study of law and was called to the bar five years later. He continued and worked steadily as well as the release and quiet force with which he devoted himself to duty more marked in his devotion to the bench. The law firm with which Sir Charles was connected has a rather interesting history. It has given first place to the bench of Ontario, the late Chief Justice Holmes. It has given first place to the bench of Ontario, the late Chief Justice Holmes. It has given first place to the bench of Ontario, the late Chief Justice Holmes.

Once did Sir Charles appear as counsel in the Provincial Legislature but without success. There is no doubt but he would have been a strong and progressive legislator and would have achieved distinction as honorable as that of Sir Thomas Moss in the House of Commons. But certain things he have destined him for the bench. In his judicial duties he has added as active and personal interest in the Provincial University as Vice-Chancellor and one of the Board of Governors. He commands the respect and respect of all Canadians and cannot know how wide and deep is the public admiration over the recognition he has just received.

Trade Unions and Trusts

By Henry R. Seager in Political Science Quarterly

TO the student of economic phenomena who starts out with the preconceived notion that trade unions and trusts are phases of a general combination movement, the very different policies which democratic states have adopted towards them must appear surprising if not inexplicable. Confining our attention to English-speaking countries influenced by the traditions of English law we find that as regards trade unions the last one hundred years have witnessed a revolutionary change in the state's attitude. Under the combination acts in force in England a century ago, combinations among wage-earners even for the most obvious purposes of mutual benefit, such as securing higher wages or shorter hours, were criminal, and those participating in them were liable to severe penalties. Though this statutory condemnation was withdrawn in 1824, the courts continued for some time to hold that combinations that led to strikes were conspiracies at common law and to punish them accordingly. The view that strikes were an unwarrantable interference with the business of the employer was, as is well known, also held by American courts in the early part of the last century.

Both in England and in the United States, however, public opinion was more tolerant of strikes than were the courts; and in both countries, partly through legislation and partly through changes in the judicial interpretation of the common law, the ordinary policies of trade unions have gradually been legalized. In England, since 1875, trade unions have been freed from the risk of being condemned as conspiracies while peacefully pursuing the ordinary purposes of organized labor by the express declaration of Parliament that nothing done in connection with a trade dispute by a combination shall be

deemed a conspiracy unless the same act performed by an individual be punishable as a crime.

In the United States there has been a similar liberalizing of the law in reference to combinations of labor. Strikes for ordinary purposes have long been distinguished from conspiracies by the courts; and the highest court in one of the states (New York) has gone so far in one of its decisions as to uphold a strike which had for its purpose the prevention of the employment of workmen not members of the striking organization. If certain arguments advanced by the court in this case should come to be generally accepted, all of the special restraints which the law of conspiracy has imposed upon men acting in combination would be withdrawn, and trade unions would be even freer in the United States than they already are in the United Kingdom.

But the attitude of tolerance towards combinations of wage-earners that has displaced the older policy of condemnation and suppression in England and the United States is after all negative rather than positive. An indication of what it is likely to lead to with the further progress of the democratic spirit is furnished by what has already taken place in New Zealand and Australia. There, wherever courts of arbitration have been established to substitute reason and justice for superior strength and staying power as arbiters in labor disputes, the awards of these courts habitually give to members of labor organizations preference of employment. Only when organized labor has been fully employed is there an opportunity under these awards for the unorganized man, the scab, to gain employment. Thus in Australia and New Zealand the trade union is virtually accepted as an organ of the state itself, and its members are ac-

corded such privileges that the lot of the non-member is hard indeed.

In marked contrast with this attitude of the state towards the trade union, the combination on the side of labor, is its attitude in the United States towards the trust, the combination on the side of capital. Instead of accepting such combinations as the natural fruits of industrial progress or leaving it to the courts to adapt the common law of conspiracy to the novel situations to which these combinations give rise, most of the states and Congress itself have expressly condemned them in sweeping anti-trust acts. As interpreted by the supreme court of the United States, the federal anti-trust act has been held to condemn reasonable as well as unreasonable combinations, and its limitation to commerce among the several states has alone prevented it from having a most serious influence on the industrial development of the country. In other English-speaking countries (excepting Canada) there has been no similar anti-trust movement.

Trusts are not encouraged as are trade unions, but there has been no effort to legislate them out of existence. Nor is this to be explained, as some writers have asserted, by the absence of trusts in these countries. As Mr. Macrosty's recent book has shown conclusively, the United Kingdom has its full share of capitalistic combinations. The failure of these to arouse any very general anti-trust sentiment in that country must be ascribed to the absence in England of those causes which have made American trusts a public danger.

In order to understand why such different treatment is accorded to trade unions and trusts in the United States it is only necessary to recall the benefits usually ascribed to the former and the evils commonly laid at the door of the latter. A review of these alleged benefits and evils will also serve as a useful test of the value of the analogy which is the guiding thread of this discussion.

The principal benefits credited to trade unions may be summarized in three propositions:

(1) They enable wage-earners to bargain on more nearly equal terms with their employers, and hence lead to fairer wage contracts.

(2) They tend to give greater stability to the relations between employers and employees by lessening strikes and lockouts, and thus make for industrial peace.

(3) They train their members in habits of self-restraint and self-government, and thus serve as useful schools of citizenship.

While far from denying the general truth of these propositions, in favor of labor organizations, I think it must be admitted that they are subject to important exceptions. Organization on the side of labor, when its advantages become appreciated may easily be carried to a point which enables the union to have the upper hand in bargaining with the employer. To use this advantage to force the harassed employer to grant better terms than he would be willing or able to maintain in the long run is short-sighted; but trade unions sometimes are short-sighted, just as the employer who is in a position to sweat his employees is sometimes short-sighted in not paying living wages, and thus gradually driving away the labor supply on which his own long-run prosperity depends. Moreover, a situation which permits a strong union to take advantage of weak employers is hardly one that makes for industrial peace. On the contrary, the existence of the union with its short-sighted leaders is a constant incentive to industrial war. Only when the employers also become organized and bargaining on equal terms is again possible, are contracts likely to be made to which both sides will adhere with some degree of strictness. Finally, the value of trade unions as schools of citizenship depends largely on the sort of ideals that are accepted and inculcated by the leaders and on the sort of methods that are adopted for attaining trade-union ends. Each of the above propositions, then, while true in general, fails to cover the whole case. Intelligently directed trade unions, which are not carried

away by a sense of their ability to demand and secure wages at monopoly rates for the labor supply which they control, doubtless bargain with the typical modern employer, who is a large employer, on more equal terms than individual wage-earners. The wage contracts they secure for their members are fairer and therefore more enduring. But there are trade unions of a different type. For them liberty spells license; and the practices of which they have been guilty are as reprehensible if not quite so far-reaching as any charged against the trusts. They have at times completely abandoned all idea of dealing fairly with employers and have limited their exactions only to what the latter could be forced to concede. They have been guilty of violence and intimidation on a scale that makes the phrase "industrial war" an accurate characterization of the trade disputes to which they have been parties. Their leaders have been convicted of corruption and graft and yet have been upheld by the organization in a way that has reflected on the honesty and integrity of the rank and file. Finally, in place of the ideals of good workmanship, temperance, fidelity to contracts and self-control which are essential to good citizenship in a republic, they have inculcated fraud, disregard of agreements and violence.

Happily this characterization is true of no union at every stage of its development. It is also untrue of many unions, probably of most unions, at all stages of their development. It cannot be denied, however, that it accurately describes some unions at some stages of their development. It is these last that keep alive the hostility of well-meaning employers to trade unions in general. They do harm out of all proportion to the direct range of their influence; and any measures that could be taken to curb these excesses of unionism would be even more of a boon to the better and more common type of labor organization than to the community generally.

Turning now to the evils charged

against the trusts, we may summarize them also in three propositions:

(1) They have advanced prices and have extorted huge monopoly profits from helpless consumers.

(2) They have allied themselves with the common carriers of the country to evade the spirit and often the letter of the law requiring the latter to treat all shippers alike.

(3) They have used unfair methods to crush their competitors. For example: they have lowered their prices below cost at competitive points while retaining them at monopoly heights elsewhere; and they have forced iron-clad agreements upon retailers, requiring them to boycott other than trust products.

These practices, proved against a few of the trusts, have served to engender a wide-spread distrust and even hatred of all of them. Without stopping to inquire whether such practices are the necessary or even the principal fruits of the movement towards combination on the side of capital, public opinion has condemned the whole tendency. The anti-trust acts are a response to this anti-trust sentiment.

As a dispassionate study of trade unions results in a somewhat qualified recognition of the benefits with which they are commonly credited, a similar study of the trusts in operation leads one to qualify the statement of the evils with which they are commonly charged. Unreasonably high prices, at least over short periods, have undoubtedly been exacted by many of the trusts. Some, like the Standard Oil Company, because of conditions peculiarly favorable to the realization of monopolizing ambitions, have been able to control prices so as to reap large monopoly profits over long periods. Many, perhaps most, of the trusts, however, have not advanced prices or extorted unreasonably high profits from the consuming public, either because the situation did not permit of such a policy or because it was recognized that moderate profits over a long term of years were more desirable than excessive profits for a

year or two followed by an almost inevitable reaction and loss.

As regards the other clauses in the indictment brought against the trusts a similar verdict is to be rendered. Many have been guilty at times; others have been guilty all the time; still others have not been guilty at any time, either because of the nature of their business or because of the greater conservatism or honesty of their business managers.

It would be a great injustice to the business men who have taken part in the trust movement to think that a desire to share in monopoly profits extorted by unfair means from a reluctant public was their dominant motive. From the point of view of the business man the arguments for combining his capital and abilities with those of other business men, and for carrying such combination to a point where a certain amount of control may be exercised over prices and output, are fully as convincing and defensible as are, from the point of view of the wage-earner, the arguments for trade unions. The economies resulting from large-scale production call for production on a scale continuously increasing with every improvement in the means of transportation and communication. Even before manufacturing industry had grown up to the limits in the economically desirable size of the producing unit as fixed by the railroad and the telegraph, new standards were set by the trolley car and the telephone. Still later the automobile and the wireless telegraph have contributed their portion towards the concentration of industry. With the growth of the size of the producing unit that is most economical and the accompanying heaping-up of capital in fixed forms, the losses due to unregulated competition and the resulting variable market have increased greatly in magnitude. To escape these losses by combining with other producers sufficiently to steady prices and outputs is, from the point of view of the business man, the dominant reason for entering the pool or trust. That this is the case is proved by the world-wide scope of the com-

bination movement. Wherever modern methods of transportation and machine industry are found, there is found also the tendency towards combination. Germany, with her state-owned railroads dealing impartially with all shippers, has at least as many cartels as the United States has trusts. England, although without a protective tariff, "the mother of trusts," is little behind the protectionist countries in the combination movement.

Until quite recently the formal condemnation of capitalistic combinations in American anti-trust acts has been important in the field of morals rather than in the field of business. Under a divided system of government and according to the earlier decisions of the courts, power to deal effectively with the trust appeared to be vested neither in the state legislatures nor in Congress. Their business went merrily on while the sentiment against them was temporarily appeased by the enactment of statutes strong in words if weak in execution. The moral effect of this situation has been most unfortunate. In the minds of those opposed to the trusts—that is, the great majority of the voters of the country—the impression has been created that the rich and powerful are able to evade the law with impunity. Widespread distrust of the governmental machinery has been engendered, and an atmosphere of cynicism has been created that tends to paralyze all efforts towards reform. In the minds of those interested in the trusts a contempt for law and a spirit of lawlessness have been developed that are equally if not even more dangerous. Convinced of the injustice and inexpediency of the anti-trust acts and of the justice and expediency of erasing them by almost any means, trust managers have been changed from law-abiding citizens into habitual law-breakers and have lost their power of discriminating between legitimate methods of advancing their business interests and methods which at an earlier period they would have been the first to repudiate. Thus, if the evils enumerated above have

been characteristic of many American trusts, it has been in no small degree because of the crudity of the legislation which has thus far been enacted with a view to curbing them.

The latest phase of this situation is the earnest effort of the present executive to enforce the federal anti-trust act and the amended interstate commerce act in a way that will bring it home to these giant corporations that they are still creatures of law. The pending suits to dissolve the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the holding company which perpetuates the oil trust, and the sixty odd corporations which constitute the tobacco trust will, if successful, no doubt be made precedents for attacking the other trusts. When it is considered what would result from this policy should it be upheld by the courts, the bitter denunciations of the president and all his works which have begun to appear in the financial press are perfectly comprehensible. The business community has no sympathy with the anti-trust acts. It perceives clearly that the combination movement has behind it sound business considerations. It sees no reason why legislation should not be confined to the evils connected with the trusts—and most business men will go so far as to admit that there are serious evils—instead of prohibiting combinations altogether.

It was the purpose of this article to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust was more than formal. We have seen how widely different has been the attitude of the state in the recent past towards these two forms of combination. We have seen also that the tolerant but negative attitude of the law towards the trade union permits the continuance of policies on the part of some unions that are squarely opposed to the public interest. Finally we have seen that the very different attitude of the law towards the trust, that of sweeping condemnation, has brought the country into a critical situation, because it prohibits what the sound judgment of the business community approves, while it fails

effectively to prevent the evils which alone justify condemnation of the trusts. It now remains to consider whether the analogy between the trade union and the trust is capable of affording any suggestions for constructive legislation that shall curb the bad tendencies of trade unions, now too commonly ignored, and also the evils of the trusts, which there is now an equal tendency to exaggerate.

If, as we have argued, combinations on the side of capital advance the general welfare as well as combinations on the side of labor, a repressive policy towards either is indefensible. If, furthermore, both forms of combination are susceptible of abuse, as will be generally conceded, then it is the duty of the state to adopt towards both a policy of regulation and control which shall prevent abuses, without checking any of the beneficial tendencies in the combination movement.

In general outline the evils connected with trade unions and trusts are not unlike. Trade unions are under temptation to try to secure monopoly earnings for their members, just as trusts are tempted to ask monopoly prices for their products. To secure monopoly returns in either case it is necessary to control the supply of the thing sold. Trade unions which enter on this policy try to maintain a monopoly by keeping down their membership on the one hand and by making the lot of the non-member as uncomfortable as possible on the other. Trusts similarly try to maintain their monopoly by controlling as far as possible raw materials and transportation facilities, and by putting all sorts of obstacles in the way of the business success of their competitors. These lines of policy on the part of both forms of combination give rise to most if not all of the serious evils connected with them. In the case of trade unions they lead to unfair methods of keeping down the membership and to intimidation and violence towards non-members. They create a situation in which the employer feels that he is paying higher

wages to his employees than he would need to pay if competent workmen who would be glad to work for him were allowed freely to do so, and in which therefore the relations between employer and employees are strained and likely at any time to terminate in a strike or a lockout. In the case of trusts they lead to discriminatory arrangements with the railroads and unfair methods of competition as regards business rivals. Finally, so far as these policies are successful, they tend to keep wages and prices at monopoly heights and thus to oppress the consuming public.

As the evils connected with trade unions and trusts have a general resemblance to one another, so the regulations that would be necessary to check these evils are not unlike. In the case of trade unions the most important regulation would be one effectively preventing any union from debarring from its membership any competent and respectable workman who was willing to bear his fair share of the common expenses of the organization. Unreasonable apprenticeship regulations, arbitrary and unfair entrance examinations and exorbitant initiation fees—these and other obstacles to the free admission of competent men should be abolished. This done, there would be little opportunity left to the unions to build up a monopoly of labor force. In the case of the trusts the most important regulation would be one effectively assuring to all shippers fair and equal treatment on the part of the common carriers. It has been mainly through advantages of transportation that the few trusts that have attained to the position of successful monopolies have gained their ascendancy. If these advantages were completely taken away, the element of monopoly would be reduced in most cases to insignificant proportions. The next regulations applying to trade unions would need to be directed against the unfair and unlawful methods to which they too often resort in connection with strikes. It is desirable for the good of trade unions themselves that

they be compelled to admit non-members freely to membership in the union, rather than impelled to resort to violence and intimidation, as is too often the case at present, in order to keep down their numbers and maintain a labor monopoly. To accomplish this end it would be necessary not only to have the organization run as an open union, but to protect from violence and the fear of violence all workmen who for any reason preferred to remain independent of the union. The next regulations applying to trusts would be those designed to check unfair methods of competition. Similarly other policies, such as forcing exclusive contracts upon retailers, which when practiced on a small scale may be passed over as phases of ordinary business competition, are magnified into serious evils when employed by monopolistic trusts. Regulations would need to be devised to put a stop to these practices, so that the independent producer would be protected against the effect of unfair discrimination on the part of his stronger rival as effectively as the scab would be protected against violence by the analogous regulations applying to trade unions.

If these regulations were effectively enforced, presumably through commissions resembling those already so generally established in the United States to control the railroads, the more serious evils to which trade unions and trusts may give rise would be checked. It might even then be true, however, as regards some trusts, if not as regards any trade unions, that a monopoly based on control of the supply of raw material or upon some other advantage would still be maintained. In such a case the final regulation that would have to be imposed would be that already applied to the railroads, that is, such regulation of the prices asked as would make them fair and reasonable. The few trusts that would not be shorn of their monopolistic power by the other regulations advocated might be successfully attacked by a revision of the protective tariff.

Jolly's Father

By HAZEL PRESENT SPOLLEN in Harper's Monthly Magazine

REALLY, it was not the partiality of a young mother and father that pronounced little Jolly an enchanting baby. He was an enchanting baby. His face of the soft bloom of a rose petal, his eyes like forget-me-nots turned into stars, his hair in tendrils of gold, his dimpling smile, his cooing and gurgling, his exquisite feet that were a perpetual wonder both to him and to every one else, his cries of delight, his sobs of sorrow, his loving embraces, his eager little ecstasies, made him so perfect a piece of flesh and blood that it seemed as if he must, after all, be only spirit. In fact, he was a miracle of excellent nature. We have his father's and his mother's word for it; and certainly they ought to know—he was their baby.

"His name is Jolliffe," said his mother, in all but the first words spoken after his arrival.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Harrison. "He is to take your family name. I suffered enough from this name of mine when I was a boy, and so did my father before me. This fine fellow sha'n't—"

"His name," said his mother, firmly if faintly, "is Jolliffe Harrison." And as it was so time to dispute the matter, the father withdrew, taking with him the godfatherhood of his heroes—Watt, Fulton, Tesla, Bell, and the others. Jolliffe was his own name; and he had been called Jolly Harrison, and Jolly Harry, and Jolly Boy, till the sound had teased him like the buzz of a horse. But, when all was said, it was an honorable name, worn by several generations of honorable men. And it is due to little Jolly's charm to say that, after he assumed the name, it seemed a strain of music.

The point being settled, Mr. Harrison went back to the intricate design and the springs and wheels of the model of his machine that was going to upset one branch of the

work that moves the world, and in which, before he knew and married Louie Leslie, he had been wholly wrapped. The machine had been neglected of late, but now its ideas must be wrought out, for the boy must be justified in his choice of a father. And then Louie had been very patient, sparing, going without, believing—that must not go for nothing. Why, they had economized to such an extent that it had even been a question if they could allow themselves the luxury of keeping Dane—Dane with the appetite and nearly the size of a tiger. But Dane had determined the point by coming back repeatedly after being given away, and making every footstep of Louie's his especial concern. There had been a good deal of fear of Dane's jealousy of the baby; and when little Jolly was lying across the nurse's knees, Dane, who had been very uneasy outside, was brought in, Mr. Harrison's grasp on his collar, Mrs. Murray and the nurse on guard, and Bridget in the door. Just then Jolly gave a little cocky cry; Dane looked him over carefully, glanced up in his master's face, and as, in the disorder of the blankets at the cry, one little foot was exposed, he put out his tongue and lapped the foot, then turned his great pathetic eyes on Louie, telling her plainly he knew all about it, and lay down at the nurse's feet, the baby's special consolation from that day. And Jolly, as soon as he was able to put his arms round Dane's neck, lavished kisses on his nose, and later was apt to be found asleep between the great protecting paws.

One night when Mr. Harrison came in softly, Louie sat, the baby in her arms, with the flames of the low fire playing over her face and throwing floating shadows on the wall behind her; and he stooped in the door, his somewhat sensitive spirit struck with a rapture of the moment. What a change in the whole outlook on the

world, on time and eternity, a year had made! His wife seemed to him something holy, as he gazed; the symbol of all motherhood, the eternal Mother and Child. He did not know that he had passed in a sort of awe, till she looked up and smiled and beckoned. "I wonder," he said, "if every one else feels as I do—as if this thing had never happened before?" And then the fire snapped and threw out a great blaze, and Dane got up and stretched himself, and the young father laughed, and Louie laughed with him. Yet he had a dim notion that the laugh was a prelude.

"Do you know," he said, "there's something odd about the way this little chap makes me feel near all the other little chaps. I stopped to put his roller-skates on Murray's little Pete—by George! I hardly knew there was a little Pete. I had half a mind to go and buy a pair for Jolly."

"Oh no!" whispered Louie. "Something might happen. He—he might not live to wear them."

"Don't say such a thing, Louie!" he cried, sharply.

"You dear goose!" said Louie. "Strange—a man always wants a son, to carry on his race," said Mr. Harrison presently. "And the boy doesn't. He has his mother's traits, and carries on his mother's race—with modifications, of course. And there you are. It's left to the daughter to take the father's traits, as he took his mother's. Don't you see?"

"Jolliffe Harrison?" said Louie. "Just look up there!" Up there was a queer old portrait of an early Harrison, their only heirloom.

"And now look here," said Louie. And here was the tiny wisened face of the baby stamped with the seal of that same countenance.

"You're right," said the father. "Jolliffe Harrison, as I'm a sinner. Lord! if I hadn't been so much of a sinner, how much happier I should be to-day!"

"You couldn't be happier," said his wife over her shoulder, reaching up her hand caressingly.

"Well, I've got to do the best I can with the material now, anyway," he

said, taking her hand and passing it across his lips. "And if the little beggar's only as good as that old Jolliffe—We must try for it!"

"If he's as good as you are, he'll do very well!" cried his wife.

"If he's as good as you, you mean."

"I!" exclaimed the mother, sharply, like the cry of one suddenly convicted of sin.

As the months sped by, the universe, for Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, seemed ordained and kept in order solely with reference to little Jolly. Sooth to say, the father did not work with so much absorption as once.

In the hours when he had been scheming and devising he had to indulge himself in sport with Jolly, he being the first to degrade the name of the laughing baby, always ready for a frolic. Or it might be that Louie wished him to see the perfect thing the child was in his sleep; or they both hung over him, joyous in his joy, as he lay and cooed to the shadows of the leaves of the window vine dancing over his crib curtains. Or it must be decided if that first uncertain murmur meant a word or not; and if that sunbeam in his glance showed that he really knew them and knew that he belonged to them; in short, to determine all the other mysteries and enjoy all the other delights of this soul they had called out of the vasty deep of souls.

In the meantime, Mr. Harrison had to pursue the routine of his business; he was head clerk in a banking-house. When he came home in the afternoon, he worked in the small garden, while his wife sat there with the child; and in other hours not given up to the worship of little Jolly he wrought towards the perfection of the model of his machine. He never allowed himself to think of it a moment while at his desk.

It would have been difficult to find a man more content with fate than Jolliffe Harrison was the day he saw his machine finished in all its potentiality. Various people—his neighbors and friends—had long been interested in its progress, and were forming a company to put it on the market.

They were not wealthy people, most of them being clerks like himself, but feeling so sure of the work the thing could do and the fortunes it was bound to make, they were willing to invest in its manufacture and introduction a good part of their small savings. Once they had brought Mr. Devoy, the vice-president of the bank and a big railroad man, to see it; and he was so vitally impressed by it that their own belief was redoubled.

As the machine had approached perfection these friends had been by way of dropping in by door or window at all moments.

"It's a miracle!" said Murray, who lived the nearest of all, when on one occasion he had watched the tiny model at work.

"And you are a marvel!" said Denmy.

"For my part," said John Carter, almost grazing his nose on a whirling wheel, "the man that can do such a piece of work as that is more a miracle and marvel to me than the machine itself. Harrison, it makes me proud to know you!"

"Thank you, Carter! Thank you, boys! It makes me proud to think my friends have such confidence in me. There's money in it," he said, running his fingers through his hair, that stood up like a brush. "There's money in it. There's a fortune for every son of us—Down, Dane, down!"

"And fame for you, Jolly Harry!"

"Yes, I think maybe there is—in a way," he answered, with a modest hesitation. "I hardly know why I care—except for Jolly. I hope my little Jolly'll have reason to be proud of his father. He'll do something in the same line himself, I think. Why, yesterday I saw him take two straws and—"

"By King!" exclaimed John Carter. "I haven't fully allowed it before, but now I see myself sailing away to Spain with Sarah Carter on my first receipts! I've always had castles there. I'll go over to put in the underpinning. And I never should but for you, Jolly."

"You're flying high, John," said Mr. Green.

"Why. I don't know. 'Twon't cost more than a couple of thousand."

"Well, I'll be content," said Murray, "if I can give my wife a bank account, so that she'll never have to ask me for five dollars again—and I without a dime to spare and having to say No."

"Well, since we're spending our money," said the founder of these fortunes, "what I want is to salt down enough for my wife, and give Jolly a fair start. I don't want to leave Jolly a big capital. A man can't do his son a worse turn than to leave him a fortune. Just put in trust enough to keep him from want, and then let him build his own future, and develop his own talents, and live his own life. He'll make money enough. He'll pass me. But I hope he'll grow up to use his money for the good of those that haven't any. Have another cigar, Green. Wait a minute, Carter; there's a fresh siphon in the refrigerator."

"Come, come, Jolly, you're not a millionaire yet!"

"Going to be," said Jolly. "All of us. Well, perhaps not quite that. But this machine means perpetual income at a comfortable little figure, I'm sure, if I'm sure of anything! Well—let me see this is Monday. You'll be back from up-country by Wednesday, Denmy? The papers are all drawn up. Then we'll sign Thursday, put the money in the bank, and begin to manufacture as soon as may be. Mr. Devoy has given me some ideas about exploiting the machine. Going? Well, Thursday evening, then."

"Guess we'll all have pleasant dreams," said John Carter, as they went down the walk. "I shall have a good walking one when I tell my wife."

"Haven't you told your wife yet?"

"No! I put it off for fear Harrison might find some of the rich bank men ready to go in at Devoy's advice, and so cut us out."

"No. He isn't the man to go back on his friends. Why, I remember his taking a furling at school rather than tell the other boy's name. The boy's

name was Murray. Used to make fly-traps then."

"No. He isn't the man. Good stock, good old stock."

"So it is. And Louie Leslie's done well for herself. Let's see—you introduced them, didn't you, John?—Well, this doesn't look much like garden weather, Denny. And here we are close on April!"

"April weather's sure to come," said Denny, gazing up wistfully. "And all the birds with it. Big ones on the lilacs now. I brought home a lot of seed and flower catalogues to-day—don't know but I have about as much fun with them as I should with a garden. By the bye, here's your paper, Murray."

"All right. Pete'll come for the Weekly when you've done with it." And full of the cheer of hope and of comparative youth, they went in at their respective doors where the bright windows gave welcome; and Dane, who had seen them all safely on their way, turned to his own affairs.

"Good fellows!" said Jolliffe Harrison, as he sat toasting his feet. "And not a word of all the self-denials they've undergone so that they could trust their money in my hands. I knew Murray was saving up when he wore that seedy overcoat. And there's Denny, fond of his garden, and never buying a new shrub! I'd have given him some cuttings of my damask roses if I'd thought. Bad thing, this not thinking. Well, he can have a whole greenhouseful in a year or two."

Then he put out the lights and went upstairs in his stocking-feet, passing stealthily to look at little Jolly's deep and dewy dream. The crib was at his mother's side, and, as she slept, one arm lay over the little coverlet, protecting the boy even in unconsciousness. How beautiful the mother seemed in the dim glow of the night-light, with her long braid on the pillow, and the dark lashes resting on her cheek, and the smile on her sweet lips! And oh, how beautiful the boy, the little gold curls clustering moistly round his forehead, a smile chasing across his face like the

sun across a flower, an aura of innocence about him fair as the reflection of some heavenly light! He could never cease wondering at the child. How good had fate been to him! What had he done to deserve these blessings? What could he do to deserve them? As he stood there he saw in swift flashes of thought, almost as vivid as pictures, the boy growing—the rosy swimmer in the pool; the eager curly head at school speaking—"The sting at eye had drunk his fill"; the young college athlete, nothing less than a full-back; the valedictorian of his class, on fire to enter the lists of life; plunged in business, proud of his father's name, and making his own way with it. His father's name—yes, yes, little Jolly should always have reason to be glad he wore that name! And a silent prayer for the boy, for his wife, for himself, went up from the man's heart before he was asleep.

It was the next afternoon, as the bank closed that the president in his private rooms sent for Mr. Harrison, and began his conversation abruptly.

"Mr. Harrison," said the president, "I have heard of your very remarkable invention. You were showing it the other day to our Mr. Devoy; and from what he tells me it is going to revolutionize the—I mean, cheapen all the processes immensely—that is, if you get it properly financed."

"Why, I thank you and Mr. Devoy for thinking so, Mr. Mauleverer," said Mr. Harrison, blushing. "I—I think so myself. I mean, I hope so."

"That," said Mr. Mauleverer, with a smile, "is to be expected. But Mr. Devoy is very much interested in the model—so much so, I may say he is enthusiastic. And he is so level-headed a man that his enthusiasm moves me to say I would like to see it myself."

"I am sure," was the flattered reply, "I would be delighted, Mr. Mauleverer. And at any time you say."

"Suppose I say to-morrow, then, at this hour. I will bring a party of our directors. And if the thing is all right—if, I say—we will form a

company at once and proceed to make and advertise the machine."

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Mauleverer. But the company is already formed."

"What! Already formed? Incredible! And by whom? Who constitute it?" demanded the president, authoritatively.

"A few of my friends and neighbors are willing to put their savings into it."

"Are willing? Then they haven't done so yet?"

"The contracts are drawn up, ready to sign."

"Mr. Harrison, don't you think this is very unfriendly, very unkind?" said the president, in a gentler tone. "Don't you think it was very short-sighted, too, knowing the directors and myself were capable of taking up the affair in a large way? Poor business! I won't speak of ingratitude. But it certainly shows a singular want of confidence." The president was plainly touched by this want of confidence, as he leaned his head on his hand and looked down.

Poor Jolly's heart was shaking; he wouldn't have hurt the president's feelings for all the money in the bank. "Not at all! Oh, not at all!" he cried eagerly. "I shouldn't have ventured—I shouldn't have presumed. My friends and neighbors have known about it from the beginning. They have been with me all through; they know the parts by name; it means almost as much to them as it does to me. They have their savings, and they believe in it so that they are willing to risk them."

"Their savings! A parcel of cheap jacks! Absurd! Trifling, too trifling! Why, from Devoy's account there may be millions in it, properly handled. You can't handle it. You have no initiative. Come, come, we mustn't think of any such waste of time and money! The contract isn't signed, you say?"

"But my word has been given, sir."

"Your word! What inventor ever kept his word! It isn't expected."

"Mr. Mauleverer!"

"Now, look here! If this is just a

conspiracy to make me buy you out at a big price!"

Even Mr. Mauleverer hesitated before the sudden blue lightning of those eyes.

"Well, well," said the president. "Of course, of course. But look at it sensibly. With those men in the affair you may have some small penny-pocket returns. But with the directors and myself, why, you will pass out of all acquaintance with such people in a couple of years. Or, in fact, you will be in a position to benefit them if you wish—to make them every one comfortable. Think it over. You shall have generous treatment—just one share less than the majority of the stock; because, as the business end, we must have our way. We find all the money, and go to work on a scale that will make things hard. No creeping on little savings, but flying on big money! Yes, think it over, Harrison. I won't ask you to make up your mind to-night. Take a day or two. And I won't ask to have the directors see the machine till after you manifest your willingness to accept our offer, if we find things as we hope. Devoy has a mechanical turn himself and knows what he is about. He went into it thoroughly, and is perfectly satisfied. Our visit would be merely a formality," said the president, rising and pacing ponderously up and down. "Now, Harrison, if you think well of my proposal, when you had time to look at it in all its bearings, report here day after to-morrow. If not—well, I doubt if in that case it would be very agreeable for you at a desk here. You will be too busy with your invention. I don't wish to be unpleasant, though, Harrison," he continued, throwing himself into his chair. "I am speaking, as you must see, for your own good, as well as for ourselves. I am only urging you, rather against your first idea, to become a millionaire."

Mr. Harrison was waiting with his mouth open, trying vainly to oppose his stammer to the president's urgency.

"Not a word," said Mr. Mauleverer, holding up his fat white hand, palm

outward. "Not a word. Nothing hasty. Take till day after to-morrow. Well, I think that's all. Good afternoon."

Mr. Harrison may or may not have given the president a military salute; he did not know or think. But he went out of the office with the step of a grenadier. He seceded to that proposition! Not by all that's good! He betray his friends in that fashion! No, sir! He wouldn't even tell them of the offer. Murray and Denny and Green and Carter and the others had stood by him, and had built their hopes on his, and he was not going to play them false now. He would be a scoundrel. And there had never been a scoundrel of his name yet. Good-by, then, to this portion of his life, this period of simple drudgery, and the freedom from anxiety that a salary gives. He would be his own man at last. And it was true; there would be plenty to do with establishing his invention.

He thought he would walk home. It was only a few miles to their small suburb. He did not want to talk in the trolley cars; he was quite too excited. He felt the need of oxygen, and his legs wanted stretching. He strode off sturdily, with his head in the air. There was enough in the machine for all of them; he had figured it out many a time. Their wants were modest, dear fellows.

He had never been an envious man. He had seen other men at the windows of their luxurious clubs, and had never wished to be one of them; he had never coveted high-stepping four-in-hands of other men, or their racers, or their thousand-dollar terraces, or anything that was theirs.

But by the turn of the last mile Mr. Harrison was somewhat tired with walking, and when a young fellow driving a tandem flashed past him, and he was conscious of an ache in his weary feet, it occurred to him that it would be extremely pleasant to be met after office hours by such a team as that. And when a huge motor car, offensively red, shot along like a comet, the low sun shining on its burnished brasses and its fiery var-

ish, then the swiftness and ease of motion, the sense of luxury and power, struck a chord of which he had never been conscious, and the condition of those who could command such things suddenly rose before him like an angel with a flaming sword. "Oh, well," he said, "I could be driving one, too, if I chose. I don't choose."

But by this time the hot blood with which he had left the bank had begun to cool, and it occurred to him to ask why he didn't choose. Was it—was he—could it be—that possibly he was making a mistake? Might it not, after all, be better, he was not saying it would be better, but if it could have been arranged honorably in the first place, might it not have been a wiser policy to have his invention taken up by rich men than by men with hardly enough savings, indeed, to start it even in a small way? Let alone advertising it and forcing markets for it. Of course there could be no doubt that that would have been superior business and sharper foresight.

Pity. Almost too bad he had given his word to those others! Very likely they would let him off if he explained. But they would be terribly disappointed. Oh no, it wasn't to be thought of! He had been too precipitate—that was it—in too much of a hurry. Why, in the name of common sense, hadn't he waited and told Manglever about it first? Manglever—yes, he was calling him by his surname, quite on terms of equality, as he would be doing if he had accepted the president's proposal. Yes, by George! if he had accepted, he wouldn't be coming home to this seven-by-nine shelter; he would be driving up the avenue of an estate.

A boy on roller skates wheeled into him and sent him staggering and scrambling—one of Murray's—Murray indulged his kids out of all reason! Why in the world, he was saying, as he regained the balance that little Pete had endangered, should he sacrifice himself and his future and his boy's future to those men who were nothing but his neighbors!

To be sure, when he should be pulling in money in Manglever's com-

pany he could make a point, as the president had said, of giving every one of these men all that they had ever expected from the machine. The trouble was, they wouldn't take it. "Dash it all!" said Mr. Harrison, as he wiped his feet lingeringly on the door mat. "I've been a blamed fool! When I gave my word I didn't know what I was about. I was an idiot. A man isn't obliged to keep a promise he made when he didn't know what he was about. If there was any way to be out of it! By George! I don't know—with only twenty-four hours. Denny'll be back Wednesday. Rather a rough trip, that of his. If anything happened to him—" He caught himself back, pushing off the welcoming dog, suddenly fearing those great soft eyes. What in the name of Heaven had he been thinking? Was he going to be accessory in his thoughts to a railroad massacre? What in the name of Heaven or the other place—was he coming to! He finished wiping his shoes and went in. But it seemed to him, as he closed the door, that he had just lost a great deal of money.

Little Jolly, in his mother's arms, was waiting to spring from behind the door with shrieks of laughter. They had been watching for him at the window—the precious two in the red firelight. And there was a great romp with the boy, whose cheeks were burning like deep roses. And then all was quiet, and whether his mind was in tune or not, he and Louise were teaching the broken speech of the little fellow to murmur his "Now I lay me."

Mr. Harrison sat looking into the coals moodily a while after he came downstairs. When Louise joined him he was figuring on sheets of paper, and then throwing them angrily into the fire. Through dinner he was silent and far away in thought; and he went to his workroom early. He had no sooner turned on the light there than the machine looked at him like some demon, capable of coining money for which he had sold his soul, till he felt cold chills running up his back. But money was money; it

meant power, pleasure, the kingdoms of the earth. "By all that's good!" he exclaimed aloud before he left the room. "I won't be made a fool of! I'll accept Manglever's terms! And I'll see what can be done for the fellows afterward." And if he slept soundly it was because comforting emotions had tired his soul, and because he did not hear Dene howling to the moon.

It was hours later that, in the dead waste and middle of the night, Mr. Harrison and his wife found themselves sitting up in bed, waked by a horrible sound that echoed through the house like the loud sucking of the sea in a cave. It was little Jolly's labored breathing in the croup.

To run for the doctor, asking a neighbor's wife—Mrs. Murray—to be with Louise while he was gone, seemed the work of an hour, although it was, perhaps, three minutes. Back again, having the child breathe the steam of alcohol, putting teaspoonfuls of nauseous stuff into the dear little mouth, torturing him and themselves too, through what eternities the agonized hours of the night and day were dragged! And in the intervals, when there was nothing to do but to wait dreadfully, while the dear child struggled for his breath, the man was either knocking by the mother's side, his arm across the bent neck and his head on her shoulder, sobbing under his breath, "Oh, my poor wife, my dear Louise!" or burrying up and down the room with half-articulate beseechings, now challenging Heaven, now offering his life for little Jolly's life. His neighbors were in and out, wishing to relieve the watch, bringing food and drink, keeping up the fires, walking the floor beside him, trying to divert his thoughts, encouraging, comforting, soothing, helping in every way they could, showing they felt his trouble as their own—Dene walking up and down with them. Their interest in little Jolly was like that they might have had in some rare bird alighting among them—perhaps because they had something of the same feeling for Jolly's father.

The gray despairing dawn, the long

day with its pitiless blue unfeeling sky, wheeled into the indifferent dusk before Jolly's father breathed freely once more, the child himself breathing freely. Then, as he stooped, the little boy had put up his arms and clasped them round his father's neck and had hidden his face there in the way he had when afraid, and had fallen into deep sweet sleep, and the house grew chill as death itself. It was a long time before his father laid Jolly down at last, and kissed his weary wife, and went away to his workshop, crying then like a child himself—Dane following and lifting up his voice with him.

Mr. Harrison had not time to hide his tears, when two or three of his friends came in by the outer door.

"You needn't be ashamed of it, boy," said Murray. "I've been there myself. When Pete—"

"And in my case I didn't know," said Carter, "but the happiness at last was worth the misery."

"I never had the happiness," said Green, in a lower tone than usual. Mr. Harrison reached over and wrung Green's hand.

By and by they went away—Dane going too. But Jolly's father hardly knew it. He sat there and listened to the stillness of the night till the morning star looked in like a great summoning spirit. It seemed to him—his head was perhaps so light from fatigue—as if he had been journeying through space by infinite distances, and all the affairs of life had other relations. Only one thing remained a fixed quantity—Jolly. What if Jolly had died, and looking for his father, had found what he was on Tuesday night! A creature who had bartered his right to heaven for the pride of the eye and the lust of the flesh—a sordid knave! But now he had passed through fire. God grant it had burned away the base metal! The boy was going to live; he must find his father at the end all he had believed him to be in the beginning. No price could pay for the constant knowledge that his boy's belief in him was belief in another and different being, for the fear that at some time the

boy might know he had betrayed his friends for thirty pieces of silver. Those kind good friends of his! Men across whose minds could never come a dream of the possibility that he had so lately escaped, who had denied themselves so much, whose wives had helped them do it, that they might prove their faith in him. To whom, indeed, through the way in which their confidence, their companionship, and encouragement had held up his hands, the machine belonged almost as much as it did to him, the dear fellows!

He crept in, after the sun was up and busy, to look at the sweet sleep of mother and child, a great beam of purple light slanting over them, and he felt no painter ever drew lines or dreamed colors diviner than theirs. And then he drew the curtain, and went and took his bath, and, shoes in hand, crept downstairs, drank his coffee standing, and hurried into town and to the bank. He would be back presently, of course; and he would bring Louie an armful of white roses if it took every cent he had. Then he sent Dane back to his mistress; for the dog had tried to follow him. Perhaps Dane was not quite sure that he could trust him.

Only a few of the clerks had come in. Mr. Harrison quickly gathered some private papers from his desk and secured a slender parcel that had storage in the safe—three or four bonds and his life insurance policy. He was just putting them into an inner pocket, and looking round the familiar place with a sort of yearning farewell, when the president hurried in breathily, as he was wont, and, as he passed, he asked Mr. Harrison to follow him.

"Glad to see you, Harrison," said Mr. Mauleverer. "I suppose, by your being here, that you accept my proposition. Very well—"

"No, Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, standing very straight, but his blue eyes shining with a glad light. "It was tempting. I admit I nearly fell to it. But the—the keeping of my word, sir—I—I cannot change my previous arrangement."

"What! Do I understand you—"

"Certainly, sir." Although Mr. Harrison was a fair-faced young man, of certain regular contour of feature, and although he did not look exactly like St. Michael slaying the dragon, on Raphael's or on Guido's canvas, yet he felt as that angel did.

"Come, come," said the president, getting out of his greatest and hunting through all his pockets for his keys. "This is preposterous! I must talk with you. You can't be quite decided."

"Absolutely, Mr. Mauleverer."

"Now, look here! I can't submit to see you stand in your own light." "It is really idle—I—I beg your pardon," stammering and blushing after his old custom. "I am absolutely decided, sir."

"Jolliffe Harrison," said the president, throwing himself into his chair and rubbing his head till it shone, his face beaming rubicund pleasure, "we have been looking for an honest man with a lantern, looking for an honest man to take a position of serious trust in connection with the work of the bank. And I believe we've found

him! I don't want your little machine, though we'd have taken it if you had consented, very like. We'll let you have all the credit you want to start it with, anyway. But you won't want much. You'll be in the way of a very pretty pot of money yourself in your regular business after this—big salary, big opportunities. By mighty! an honest man's worth any money! Now," said the president, "to get down to details."

"Mr. Mauleverer," said the other, "if you please, this is enough for one day. I must—must go home—and tell Louie. My boy—"

But he could say no more. And the president pushed him out of the office; and he went home with his arms full of roses. And that night his wife, innocent of all the evil, was surprised as if he had told her, as a new discovery, that the sky was blue on pleasant days, when leaving over him on one elbow she heard him murmuring in his sleep, "Thank God that Jolly's father is an honest man!" while Dane, outside the door, growled as if some one had doubted it.

The Heart-Beat of a City

Each day the living tide throbs in and out—

A rush of human atoms to and fro;

Some carry basins—health and hope and truth—

And some a secret poison, as they go.

Some feed the hungry virus through which they pour,

And into life bring new life—some to flame.

While others, ruled by wilful passions, rend

The very heart whence their own being came.

In love and hate these flint atoms strive,

Flung back and forth by Time's insistent breath;

For woe or was the flintal terror runs—

The blood that gives the city life—or death!

Herbert N. Casson.

The White-Slashed Bull

By Edwin G. D. Roberts in Saturday Evening Post

HER back crushed beneath the massive weight of a "deadfall," the mother moose lay slowly sobbing her life out on the sweet spring air. The villainous log, weighted cunningly with rocks, had caught her just above the withers, bearing her forward so that her forelegs were doubled under her, and her neck outstretched so that she could not lift her muzzle from the wet moss. Though her eyes were already glazing, and her nostrils full of a blown and blood-streaked froth, from time to time she would struggle desperately to raise her head, for she yearned to lick the sprawling, wobbling legs of the ungainly calf which stood close beside her, bewildered because she would not rise and suckle him.

The dying animal lay in the middle of the trail, which was an old, half-obiterated logger's road, running straight east into the glow of the spring sunrise. The young birches and poplars, filmed with the first of the green, crowded close upon the trail, with here and there, a rose-blooming maple, here and there, a somber, black-green hemlock, towering over the thick second growth. The early air was fresh, but soft; fragrant with the breath of opening buds. Faint mists streamed up into the sunlight along the mossy line of the trail, and the only sounds breaking the silence of the wilderness were the sweetly plaintive calls of two rain-birds, answering each other slowly over the treetops. Everything in the scene—the tenderness of the color and the air, the responses of the mating birds, the hope and the expectancy of all the waking world—seemed pitifully at variance with the anguish of the stricken mother and her young, down there in the solitude of the trail.

Presently, in the undergrowth beside the trail, a few paces beyond the deadfall, a twig snapped sharply. Astonished by that experience of a

thousand ancestral generations which is instinct, the calf lifted his big, awkward ears apprehensively, and with a shiver drew closer to his mother's crushed body. A moment later a gaunt black bear thrust his head and shoulders forth from the undergrowth, and surveyed the scene with savage, but shrewd, little eyes. He was hungry, and so his palate no other delicacy the spring wilderness could ever afford was equal to a young moose calf. But the situation gave him pause. The mother moose was evidently in a trap; and the bear was wary of all traps. He sank back into the undergrowth, and crept noiselessly nearer to reconnoitre. In his suspicious eyes even a calf might be dangerous to tamper with, under such unusual conditions as these. As he vanished the calf shuddered violently, and tried to climb upon his mother's mangled body.

In a few seconds the bear's head appeared again, close by the base of the deadfall. With crafty nose he sniffed at the great timber which held the moose down. The calf was now almost within reach of the deadly sweep of his paw; but the man-smell was strong on the deadfall, and the bear was still suspicious. While he hesitated, from behind a bend in the trail came a sound of footsteps. The bear knew the sound. A man was coming. Yes, certainly there was some trick about it. With a grunt of indignant disgust he shrank back again into the thicket and fled stealthily from so dangerous a neighborhood. Hungry as he was, he had no wish to try conclusions with man.

The woodsman came striding down the trail hurriedly, rounded the turn and stopped abruptly. He understood at a glance the evil work of the game poachers. With indignant pity, he stepped forward and drew a merciful knife across the throat of the suffering beast. The calf shrank away and

stood staring at him anxiously, wavered between terror and trust.

For a moment or two the man hesitated. Of one thing he was certain: the poachers who had set the deadfall must not profit by their success. Moreover, fresh moose-meat would not be appreciated in his backwoods cabin. He turned and retraced his steps at a run, fearing lest some hungry spring marauders should arrive in his absence. And the calf, more than ever terrified by his mother's unresponsiveness, stared after him uneasily as he vanished.

For half an hour nothing happened. The early chill passed from the air, a comforting warmth glowed down the trail, the two rain-birds kept whistling to each other their long, persuasive, melancholy call, and the calf stood motionless, waiting, with the patience of the wild, for he knew not what. Then there came a clanking of chains, a trampling of heavy feet, and around the turn appeared the man again, with a pair of big brown horses harnessed to a dragged sled. The calf backed away as the man approached, and watched with dull wonder as the great log was rolled aside and his mother's limp, crushed form was hoisted laboriously upon the sled. This accomplished, the man turned and came to him gently, with hand outstretched. To run away would have been to run away from the shelter of his mother's presence; so, with a snort of apprehension, he submitted to being stroked and rubbed about the ears and neck and throat. The sensation was curiously comforting, and suddenly his fear vanished. With his long, mobile muzzle he began to tug appealingly at a convenient fold of the man's woolen sleeve. Smiling complacently at this sign of confidence, the man left him, and started the team at a slow walk up the trail. With a hoarse bleat of alarm, thinking he was about to be deserted, the calf followed after the sled, his long legs wobbling awkwardly.

From the first moment that she set eyes upon him, shambling awkwardly into the yard at her husband's heels,

Jabe Smith's wife was inhospitable toward the ungainly youngster of the wild. She declared that he would take all the milk. And he did. For the next two months she was unable to make butter, and her opinions on the subject were expressed without reserve. But Jabe was inflexible, in his taciturn, backwoods way, and the calf, till he was old enough to pasture, got all the milk he wanted. He grew and thrived so astonishingly that Jabe began to wonder if there was not some mistake in the scheme of things, making cow's milk the proper nutriment for moose calves. By autumn the youngster was so big and sleek that he might almost have passed for a yearling.

Jabe Smith, lumberman, pioneer and guide, loved all animals, even those which in the fierce joy of the hunt he loved to kill. The young moose bull, however, was his peculiar favorite—partly, perhaps, because of Mrs. Smith's relentless hostility to it. And the ungainly youngster repaid his love with a devotion that promised to become embarrassing. All around the farm he was forever at his heels, like a dog; and if, by any chance, he became separated from his idol, he would make for him in a straight line, regardless of current bushes, bean rows, cabbage patches or chickens. This stormy directness did not further endear him to Mrs. Smith. That good lady used to be awake at night, angrily devising schemes for getting rid of the "ugly brute." These schemes of vengeance were such a safety-valve to her injured feelings that she would at last make up her mind to contend herself with "takin' it out on the hide o' the critter" next day, with a second hickory stick. When next day came, however, and she went out to milk, the youngster would shamble up to greet her with such amiable trust in his eyes that her wrath would be, for the moment, disarmed, and her fell purpose would fitter out in a futile "Scat, you brute!" Then she would condone her weakness by thinking of what she would do to the animal "some day."

That "some day," as luck would

have it, came rather sooner than she expected. From the first, the little mouse had evinced a determination to take up his abode in the kitchen, in his dread of being separated from Jabe. Being a just man, Jabe had conceded at once that his wife should have the choosing of her kitchen guests; and to avoid complications, he had rigged up a hinged bar across the kitchen doorway, so that the door could safely stand open. When the little bull was not at Jabe's heels, and did not know where to find him, his favorite attitude was standing in front of the kitchen door, his long nose thrust in as far as the bar would permit, his long ears waving hopefully, his eyes intent on the mysterious operations of Mrs. Jabe's housework. Though she would not have acknowledged it for worlds, even to her inmost heart, the good woman took much satisfaction out of that awkward, patient presence in the doorway. When things went wrong with her, in that perverse way so trying to the careful housewife, she could ease her feelings wonderfully by expressing them without reserve to the young mouse, who never looked amused or attempted to answer back.

But one day, as it chanced, her feelings claimed a more violent easement—and got it. She was scrubbing the kitchen floor. Just in the doorway stood the scrubbing-pail, full of dirty suds. On a chair close by stood a dish of eggs. The mouse calf was nowhere in sight, and the bar was down. Tired and hot, she got up from her aching knees and went over to the stove to see if the pot was boiling, ready to make fresh suds.

At this moment the young bull, who had been searching in vain all over the farm for Jabe, came up to the door with a silent, shambling run. The bar was down, surely; then, Jabe was inside! Overjoyed at the opportunity he lurched his long legs over the threshold. Instantly his great, loose hoofs slid on the slippery floor, and he came down sprawling, striking the pail of dirty suds as he fell. With a seething souse the slops went abroad, all over the floor.

At the same time the bouncing pail struck the chair, turned it over, and sent the dish of eggs crashing in every direction.

For one second Mrs. Jabe stared rigidly at the mess of eggs, suds and broken china, and the startled calf struggling to his feet. Then, with a hysterical scream, she turned, snatched the boiling pot from the stove, and hurled it kindly at the author of all the mischief.

Happily for the blunderer, Mrs. Jabe's rage was so unbridled that she really tried to hit the object of it. Therefore, she missed. The pot went crashing through the leg of a table and shivered to atoms against the log wall, contributing its full share to the discouraging mess on the floor. But, as it whirled past, a great wedge of the boiling water leaped out over the rim, flew off at a tangent, and caught the floundering calf full in the side, in a long flare down from the tip of the left shoulder. The scalding fluid seemed to cling in the short, fine hair almost like an oil. With a loud bleat of pain the calf stooped to his feet and went galloping around the yard. Mrs. Jabe rushed to the door, and stared at him wide-eyed. In a moment her senses came back to her, and she realized what a hideous thing she had done. Next she remembered Jabe—and what he would think of it!

Then, indeed, her conscience awoke in earnest, and a wholesome dread calmed her remorse. Forgetting altogether the state of her kitchen, she rushed through the slop to the floor-barn. Flour, she had always heard, was the thing for burns and scalds. The pesky calf should be treated right, if it took the whole barrel. Scooping up an extravagant dishpailful of the white, powdery stuff, and recklessly spilling a lot of it to add to the mixture on the floor, she rushed out into the yard to apply her treatment, and, if possible, postpone her conscience.

The young mouse, anguished and bewildered, had at last taken refuge in the darkest corner of the stable. As Mrs. Jabe approached with her pan of flour he stood staring and shivering,

but made no effort to avoid her, which touched the over-impetuous dame to a fresh pang of penitence. She did not know that the stupid youngster had quite failed to associate her in any way with his suffering. It was the pot—the big, black thing which had so inexplicably come bounding at him—that he blamed. From Mrs. Jabe's hands he expected some kind of consolation.

In the gloom of the stall Mrs. Jabe could not see the extent of the calf's injury. "Mebbe the water wasn't quite bilin'!" she murmured hopefully, coaxing and dragging the youngster forth into the light. The hope, however, proved vain as brief. In a long streak down behind the shoulder the hair was already slipping off.

"Sarved ye right!" she grumbled remorsefully, as with gentle fingers she began sifting the flour up and down over the wound. The light stuff seemed to soothe the anguish for the moment, and the sufferer stood quite still till the scald was thoroughly covered with a tenuous white cake. Then a fresh and fiercer pang seized the wound. With a bleat he tore himself away, and rushed off, tail in air, across the stump-pasture and into the woods.

"Mebbe he won't come back, and then Jabe won't never need to know!" soliloquized Mrs. Jabe, returning to clean up her kitchen.

The sufferer returned, however, early in the afternoon, and was in his customary attitude before the door when Jabe, a little later, came back also. The long white slash down his favorite's side caught the woodman's eye at once. He looked at it critically, touched the floor with tentative finger-tips, then turned on his wife a look of poignant interrogation. But Mrs. Jabe was ready for him. Her nerve had recovered. The fact that her victim showed no fear of her had gradually reassured her. What Jabe didn't know would never hurt him, she mused.

"Yes, yer pesky brat come stumbin' into the kitchen when the bar was down, a-lookin' for ye. An' he upset the bilin' water I was goin' to

scrub with, an' broke the pot. An' I've got to have a new pot right off, Jabe Smith—mind that!"

"Scolded himself pretty bad!" remarked Jabe. "Poor little beggar!" "I done the best I know'd how for him!" said his wife with an injured air. "Wasted most a quart o' good flour on his worthless hide! Wish't he'd broke his neck 'stead of the only pot I got that's big enough to hile the pig's feed in!"

"Well, you done just about right, I reckon, Masdy," replied Jabe, ashamed of his suspicions. "I'll go in to the Cross Roads an' git ye a new pot to-morrer, an' some tar for the scald. The tar'll be better'n flour, an' I keep the flies off."

"I s'pose some men ain't got nothin' better to do than be doctorin' up a fool mouse calf!" assented Mrs. Jabe promptly, with a snort of censorious resignation.

Whether because the flour and the tar had virtues, or because the clean flesh of the wild kindreds makes all haste to purge itself of ills, it was not long before the scald was perfectly healed. But the reminder of it remained ineffaceable—a long, white slash down across the brown hide of the young bull, from the tip of the left fore-shoulder.

Throughout the winter the young mouse contentedly occupied the cow-stable, with the two cows and the yoke of red oxen. He threw on the bare Jabe provided for him—good meadow hay with armfuls of "browns" cut from the birch, poplar and cherry thickets. Jabe trained him to haul a pung, finding him slower to learn than a horse, but making up for his dullness by his docility. He had to be driven with a snaffle, refusing absolutely to admit a bit between his teeth; and, with the best goodwill in the world, he could never be taught to allow for the pung or sled to which he was harnessed. If left alone for a moment he would walk over fences with it, or through the most tangled thickets, if thereby seemed the most direct way to reach Jabe; and once, when Jabe, vain-gloriously and at great speed drove him in to the Cross

Roads, he smashed the vehicle to kindling wood in the amiable determination to follow his master into the Cross Roads store. On this occasion also he made himself respected, but unpopular, by killing, with one lightning stroke of a great forefoot, a huge mongrel mastiff belonging to the store-keeper. The mastiff had sprung out at him wantonly, resenting his peculiar appearance. But the store-keeper had been so aggrieved that Jabe had felt constrained to mollify him with a five-dollar bill. He decided, therefore, that his favorite's value was a luxury, rather than a utility; and the young bull was put no more to the practices of a horse. Jabe had driven a bull moose in harness, and all the settlement could swear to it. The glory was all his.

By early summer the young bull was a tremendous, long-legged, high-shouldered beast, so big, so awkward, so friendly, and so sure of everybody's good-will that everybody but Jabe was terribly afraid of him. He had no conception of the purposes of a fence; and he could not be taught that a garden was not meant for him to lie down in. As the summer advanced, and the young bull's stature with it, Jabe Smith began to realize that his favorite was an expensive and sometimes embarrassing luxury. Nevertheless, when September brought budding spikes of horns and a strange new restlessness to the stalwart youngster, and the first full moon of October bared him one night away from the farm on a quest which he could but blindly follow, Jabe was inconsolable.

"He ain't no more'n a calf yet, big as he is!" fretted Jabe. "He'll be gittin' himself shot, the fool. Or maybe some old bull'll be after givin' him a tickin' fer intererin', and he'll come home to us!"

To which his wife resorted with calm superiority: "You're a bigger fool'n even I took ye fer, Jabe Smith."

But the young bull did not come back that winter, nor the following summer, nor the next year, nor the next. Neither did any Indian or hunter or lumberman have anything

to report as to a bull moose of great stature, with a long white slash down his side. Either his quest had carried him far to other and alien ranges, or some fatal mischance of the wild had overtaken his inexperience. The latter was Jabe's belief, and he concluded that his ungainly favorite had too soon taken the long trail for the Red Man's land of ghosts.

Though Jabe Smith was primarily a lumberman and backwoods fanner, he was also a hunter's guide, so expert that his services in this direction were not so to be obtained without very special inducement. At "calling" moose he was acknowledged to have no rival. When he laid his grimly-humorous lips to the long tube of birch-bark, which is the "caller's" instrument of illusion, there would come from it a strange sound, great and grotesque, harsh yet appealing, rude yet subtle, and mysterious as at the uncomprehended wilderness had itself found voice. Old hunters, wise in all woodcraft, had been deceived by the sound—and much more easily the impetuous bull, waiting, high-antlered and eager, for the love-call of his mate to summon him down to the shores of the still and moon-tranced lake.

When a certain Famous Hunter, whose heart took pride in horns and heads and hides—the trophies won by his unerring rifle in all four corners of earth—found his way at last to the tumbling wilderness that lies about the headwaters of the Quah Davis, it was naturally one of the great New Brunswick moose that he was after. Nothing but the noblest antlers that New Brunswick forests breed could seem to him worthy of a place on those walls of his, whence the surly front of a musk-ox of the Barren Grounds glared stolid defiance to the snarl of an Orinoco jaguar, and the black, colossal head of a Kadiak bear was eyed derisively by the monstrous and malignant mask of a two-horned rhinoceros. With such a quest upon him, the Famous Hunter came, and naturally sought the guidance of Jabe Smith, whom he lured from the tamer distractions of a "timber cruise" by

double pay and the pledge of an extravagant bonus if the quest should be successful.

The lake, lying low between its wooded hills, was like a glimmering mirror in the misty October twilight when Jabe and the Famous Hunter crept stealthily down to it. In a dense covert beside the water's edge they hid themselves. Beside them stretched the open ribbon of a narrow water-meadow, through which a slim brook, tinkling faintly over its pebbles, slipped out into the stillness. Just beyond the mouth of the brook a low, bare spit of sand jutted forth daintily upon the pale surface of the lake.

It was not until the moon appeared, a red ominous segment of a disk—over the black and rugged ridge of the hills across the lake, that Jabe began to call. Three times he set the hollow hirsch-bark to his mouth, and sent the hoarse, appealing summons echoing over the water. And the man crouching invisible in the thick shadow beside him, felt a thrill in his nerves, a prickling in his cheeks, at that mysterious cry, which seemed to him to have something almost of menace in its lure. Even so, he thought, might Pan have summoned his followers, shaggy and dangerous, yet half divine, to some symbolic revel.

The call evoked no answer of any kind. Jabe waited till the moon, still red and distorted, had risen almost clear of the ridge. Then he called again, and yet again, and again waited. From straight across the strangely-shadowed water came a sudden sharp crashing of underbrush, as if someone had fallen to beating the bushes furiously with sticks.

"That's him!" whispered Jabe. "An' he's a big one, sure!"

The words were not yet out of his mouth when there arose a most startling commotion in the thickest clade behind them, and both men swung around like lightning, jerking up their rifles. At the same instant came an elusive whiff of pungency on the chill.

"Pooh! only a bear!" muttered Jabe, as the commotion retreated in haste.

"Why, he was close upon us!" remarked the visitor. "I could have poked him with my gun! Had he any special business with us, do you suppose?"

"Took me for a cow moose, an' was jest a-goin' to swipe me!" answered Jabe, rather elated at the companion's which the bear had paid to his counterfeits.

The Famous Hunter drew a breath of profound satisfaction.

"I'll be hanged," he whispered, "if your amiable New Brunswick backwoods can't git up a thrill quite worthy of the African jungle!"

"Sit!" admonished Jabe. "He's a-comin'. An' mad, too! Think that racket was another bull, gittin' ahead of 'im. Don't ye breathe now, no more!" And raising the long bark, he called through it again, this time more softly, more enticingly, but always with that indescribable wildness, shyness and roughness rasping strangely through the note. The hurried approach of the bull could be followed clearly around the head of the lake. It stopped, and Jabe called again. In a minute or two there came a brief, explosive, granting reply—this time from a point much nearer. The great bull had stopped his crashing progress and was slipping his vast, impetuous bulk through the underbrush as noiselessly as a weasel. The stillness was so perfect after that one echoing response that the Famous Hunter turned a look of interrogation upon Jabe's shadowy face. The latter breathed almost inaudibly: "He's a-comin'. He's a-comin'!" And the hunter, clutching his rifle with that fine, final thrill of unparalleled anticipation.

The moon was now well up, clear of the tretops and the discoloring mists, hanging round and honey-yellow over the hump of the ridge. The magic of the night deepened swiftly. The sandgilt and the little water-meadow stood forth unshadowed in the spectral glare. Far out in the shine of the lake a fish jumped, splashing sharply. Then a twig snapped in the dense growth beyond the water-meadow. Jabe

furtively lifted the bark, and mumbled in it excretingly. The next moment—so suddenly and silently that it seemed as if he had taken instant shape in the moonlight—appeared a gigantic moose, standing in the meadow, his head held high, his nostrils sniffling arrogant inquiry. The broad-limbed antlers crowning his straight head were of a spread and symmetry such as Jabe had never even imagined.

Almost imperceptibly the Hunter raised his rifle—a slender shadow moving in paler shadows. The great bull, gazing about expectantly for the mate who had called, stood superb and indomitable, ghost-gray in the moonlight, a mark no tyro could miss. A cherry branch intervened, obscuring the fore-sight of the Hunter's rifle. The Hunter shifted his position furtively. His crooked finger was just about to tighten on the trigger. At this moment, when the very night hung still as if with a sense of crisis, the giant bull turned, exposing his left flank to the full glare of the moonlight. Something gleamed silver down his side, as if it were a shining belt thrown across his shoulder.

With a sort of hiss from between his teeth Jabe shot out his long arm and knocked up the barrel of the rifle. In the same instant the Hunter's finger had closed on the trigger. The report rang out, shattering the night; the bull whined away high over the treetops, and the great bull, springing at one bound far back into the thickets, vanished like an hallucination.

Jabe stood forth into the open, his gaunt face working with suppressed excitement. The Hunter followed, speechless for a moment between amazement, wrath and disappointment. At last he found voice, and quite forgot his wonted courtesy.

"D—n you!" he stammered. "What do you mean by that? What in —?"

But Jabe, suddenly calm, turned and eyed him with a steady gaze.

"Quit all that, now!" he retorted crisply. "I knowed just what I was doin'! I knowed that bull when he was a little, awkward staggerer. I bring him up on a bottle; an' I loved him. He skum out four years ago, I'd most nether 'ave seen you shot than that ther' bull, I tell ye!"

The Famous Hunter looked sour; but he was beginning to understand the situation and his anger died down. As he considered, Jabe, too, began to see the other side of the situation.

"I'm right sorry to disappoint ye so?" he went on apologetically. "We'll have to call off this deal atween you an' me, I reckon. An' there ain't goin' to be no more shooting over this range, if I kin help it—an' I guess I kin—till I kin git that ther' white-shaded bull drove away back over on to the Upeal Gulch, where the hunters won't fall foul of him! But I'll git ye another guide, just as good as me, or better, what ain't got no particular friends remain' loose in the woods to bother 'im. An' I'll send ye 'way down on to the Sevgole, where there's as big heads to be shot as ever have been. I can't do more."

"Yes, you can!" declared the Famous Hunter, who had quite recovered his self-possession.

"What is it?" asked Jabe doubtfully.

"You can pardon me for losing my temper and swearing at you!" answered the Famous Hunter, holding out his hand. "I'm glad I didn't knock over your magnificent friend. It's good for the breed that he got off. But you'll have to find me something peculiarly special now, down on that Sevgole."

Reaping the Ten Year Cork Crop

By Evelyn Stewart in Technical World

ALTHOUGH millions of corks are used annually, there are comparatively few people who know anything of the origin of these very necessary items of traffic in liquids of all descriptions. Yet the story of the cork is a very interesting one.

The outer bark of a species of oak tree is that which provides the common cork of commerce with which we are familiar.

The tree is an evergreen, growing to a height of about thirty feet. Its fruit is an edible acorn, resembling the chestnut in taste. The successful growth of the tree does not demand the nourishment of a rich soil; indeed, it thrives best on poor and uncultivated land. The cork tree abounds in many districts in Spain and Portugal, especially in the former country. Italy, Sardinia and France can boast of their cork tree forests; the environs of Bordeaux being well supplied. Algeria is another country where the cork oak is very plentiful, thousands of acres being occupied by it, cork harvesting forming one of the principal Algerian industries.

The basin of the Mediterranean seems peculiarly adapted for the successful fostering of the cork tree; its climate, soil, etc., have a most stimulating effect upon the development of the bark. Immense plantations are laid out from time to time, seed being frequently used for the purpose. As a rule, large, sweet scorns soon set forth strong, healthy shoots, developing with great rapidity into trees of regular growth, to yield, in due time, cork of excellent quality. Plantations are usually laid out with fifty trees to the acre.

The tree in the course of its growth will naturally shed its bark, i.e., the outer casing which we call cork. The latter periodically completes its growth, whilst the inner bark always

progresses, when consequently the cork splits off. The earlier splittings are coarse and woody and of very little value. During this period it is highly important to keep the forest cleared of naturally shed virgin cork, which, drying quickly in the great heat, soon becomes intensely inflammable, when, if once fired, it would probably be the cause of a huge conflagration in which the entire forest would in all likelihood be destroyed. Therefore, of little value as the early splittings are, they must be collected and stored safely away, to produce whatever small sum may be bid for them.

The time for artificial stripping varies with the locality from fifteen to thirty years. The first yield much resembles naturally shed cork and hardly pays for the workmen's time employed. But it is necessary to perform the operation at the proper period, so that the tree may begin to produce the second growth, which is of somewhat greater value. This, however, will not be ready for "barking" for at least eight or ten years, and subsequently the period named enables the tree to produce further growths, which become more valuable until the life of the tree begins to close—some 150 years or thereabouts during which it is valuable.

Andalusia, the most picturesque province of sunny Spain, is remarkable for its huge forests of cork trees. By far the largest supplies and best quality of cork come from that locality. The value of the cork annually collected throughout Andalusia is enormous. With such an attraction to those who have no scruples about making the most they can out of their neighbor's property, these forests are frequently visited by poachers, who, were they not watched, chased, and (sometimes) captured, would strip the trees of their valuable bark for their own gain. The authorities are

compelled, owing to this custom of itinerant "explorers," to employ a large number of watchers whose duty it is to see that the poachers are restrained in their efforts to gain wealth quickly. Frequent conflicts between the guards and the poachers ensue, but the forests afford excellent cover for the intruders, who use every wile to baffle the efforts of their enemies and to succeed in their nefarious designs on the cork, and despite the watchers many a load is carried off surreptitiously and disposed of through channels more or less illegitimate.

The cork harvest, it is hardly necessary to say, forms a very important annual event in Andalusia, an immense number of hands being employed during the two or three months in which the trees are in proper condition for barking. July and August are the months of the year when the industry is at its zenith.

The day having been chosen for the beginning of operations, as in an ordinary English harvest, the various workers are summoned, and the whole company proceeds to the spot agreed upon as a camping-place. It goes without saying that most of the men engaged in the cork harvest are of a somewhat rough and uncouth appearance, in some cases by no means pleasant to look upon, but their garb being of a picturesque description, if somewhat ragged, they are not without a certain charm to the foreigner who happens to observe the scene of making preparations for the coming sojourn in the forest. The company is usually in charge of one of the owners of the forest or his chief man, and a line of discipline is, perforce, laid down to which subordinates are subject under pains and penalties that need not be mentioned here. Hot words, and even stronger methods—in which knives sometimes play a part, if only for show—have often to be used, but on the whole the cork harvester is a happy-go-lucky, somewhat boisterous creature, full of song and laughter and seemingly enjoying the life.

Supplied with all the requisites for

the sojourn in the forest, the party tramps through the wood urging on heavily laden donkeys at the point of the stick, until a suitable spot for camping is reached. It is seen that the trip is properly organized for cooking utensils, food, and other necessities are promptly produced, and a good meal is provided for all. Tables, chairs, or other means of enjoying a meal in the shape of knives or forks, plates, etc., are almost invariably dispensed with as unnecessary. The food when cooked is laid out in huge wooden bowls, each large enough to hold sufficient for a dozen men. Every man is provided with a big spoon; this is inserted into the wooden bowl and withdrawn full of what appears to be something appetizing and dainty, for the diners devour it with exceeding relish, meantime standing about or walking around the camp, until the big spoon requires replenishing when another dip into the wooden bowl takes place, and the partaker of the fare is satisfied.

The daily round of the camp is somewhat monotonous, but to the Andalusian, who objects to hurry and scurry, the life appears to be pleasant enough. Work generally begins at 5.30 a.m., a pause for breakfast being made at eight o'clock; dinner at noon, a two hours' rest from the midday sun, and supper at six. An English "bopper" or fruit picker would probably turn up his nose at the quantity and quality of the food provided for the Andalusian cork harvester, but no complaints on that ground are heard by the visitor. Very little in the shape of physical enjoyment satisfies, there being much solace, apparently, in the cigarette, which the worker must have under all circumstances. Although a fire in the forest would be nothing short of a catastrophe, and in the hot weather there is considerable risk of this, the inevitable cigarette is to be seen in close proximity to the more or less inflammable material peculiar to the surroundings of a cork tree forest.

The harvesters are content with a gipsy life of the roughest description.

Here and there are roughly built huts, sometimes augmented by tents, and other still more primitive covering from the night air. With these and a remarkably small allowance of food the Andalusian is content for the time being. In his leisure he smokes or gambles or chats according to his inclination and the strength of his finances, which, by the way, are never of Rothschild-like proportions, for his pay is but scanty.

The corcheros, or bark strippers, are the first to begin work when camping preliminaries and refreshments are over. They are provided with sharp axes, having handles shaped somewhat after the fashion of a burglar's "jimmy." With the edge of the axe a cut is made around the trunk of the tree two or three feet above the ground. Experience has given these men the knack of delivering a blow upon the bark whereby the axe is inserted to an exact depth in the outer bark without penetrating the inner one in the very slightest, for, if the inner bark were injured the tree would probably die. When the lower cut meets with mathematical precision, a similar line is made with the axe just below the fork. Then, starting at the top ring, the stripper cuts a perpendicular line to the lower one. Then the wedge-shaped axe-handle is introduced into the perpendicular cut, and with a gentle pressure exercised the bark begins to come away from the trunk gradually in one piece until finally it drops off in semi-tubular form. The operation is usually performed with wonderful rapidity considering the amount of care and precision necessary. The stripper work done, the tube of cork is seized upon by a couple of assistants, who, by means of slings, carry it to a convenient place where a heap can be formed to await transportation in quantities.

According to the age of a tree, the upper branches also are stripped, the inner cork being that produced by that part of the tree. The thickness of the bark removed from any part of the tree is seldom less than three-quarter inch or more than three

inches. In France, by the way, are strictly enforced laws governing cork culture, no bark under a certain thickness being removable. In any case thin bark is of very little value and the cutting of it is time wasted.

The stripped bark being of a tubular shape and therefore inconvenient for handling or transport, various methods are adopted for straightening it out into "planks." The larger pieces are sometimes placed one on top of another partially flattened under heavy stones and then transferred to a big and roughly constructed screw press. In other cases, the curved bark is placed in front of a large fire, when the heat removes the warp in a more or less successful degree when the screw press is called into use and the pulling and pushing power of a couple of strong men reduce the bark to a state of comparative flatness which facilitates its removal to the factories. The larger pieces, stripped from the trunk, are cut into uniform "tables" of three and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet wide. This cutting is performed by skilled workers, known as *rajadores*.

As soon as the felling and splitting has been done, the crude cork is conveyed to various points in the forest convenient for removal afterwards and stacked in large piles, where it is left lying for ten or twelve days, sometimes less, so that some of the moisture may evaporate in the heat of the sun. This, of course, reduces the weight considerably and renders transport to stores or factories less difficult.

Owing to the nature of the surroundings transport is mostly accomplished by the help of a donkey corps of great strength. The cork having been dried and tied up in bundles of one hundred pounds weight or thereabouts, are ingeniously packed on the backs of the donkeys until there is scarcely anything of the animals visible except their poor little legs, which form a very ludicrous contrast to the enormous burden with which they are laden. However, that burden is not so heavy as it looks and the donkey corps makes great headway—and

footway too in the more difficult parts of the route—to their destination, covering an astonishing distance upon each journey.

Next come the various processes by which the crude cork is made ready for its various uses—and they are legion. In cork-growing countries the material does duty in many responsible positions: as pavements, sometimes as buttresses for churches, and even as coffins for the dead!

For the moment, however, we are interested in the future of the "tables" of cork as stoppers for bottles and other vessels. From the forest, they have been transported to the store yards of a mighty cork factory in the town of Algeciras, where hundreds upon hundreds of stacks of crude cork are always to be seen waiting their turn for manipulation and transformation into the common cork of commerce so largely in demand.

An important process necessary for that purpose is the effectual closing of its pores, otherwise it would be of little use.

The most common method of filling up cavities in crude cork is by placing the "table" before a hot fire to char or singe it, the heating being conducted with great care, the sides changed constantly. Objection to this process was taken because it causes a secretion of oil, which is apt to make its presence felt at inconvenient moments. The much better plan now generally adopted is to boil the "tables," scrape the surface and then dry in the sun. The pores are more effectually closed by sun than by fire-heat, and the sun-dried material does not show any of the darkness visible in that dried by artificial heat.

Having been extracted from the huge tanks of boiling water, the bales of corkwood are unroped and dried, and the scraping process ensues in due time. Skilful workers are employed at this process, as a good deal depends on the proper scraping of the material. A small hoe-shaped in-

strument is used, and in the hands of a clever workman the cork assumes a clean, smooth appearance, to which it has previously been a stranger.

The next process is the "trimming." This means a cleaning of the ends and sides of the "tables" of cork, which gives them a clean, bright appearance. In this way they are ready for pressing and tying by iron bands, in which condition they are exported to factories in other countries for further manipulation.

But when not intended for export the "tables" are subjected to further processes until they become "corks."

"Slicing" is the cutting of the corkwood into various sizes according to the purpose for which they are intended, or the size of the bottle or other vessel to which they will act as stoppers.

The "squares" are then washed by the primitive means of a tub filled with water and a boy with a stick, the latter being used to stir up the pieces of cork to make the cleansing effective. They are then ready for cutting into corks. It will come as news to most readers that even in this age of machinery corks are mostly cut by hand. Invention after invention for the mechanical shaping of corks has come and gone. The fact is, cork blunts the sharpest instrument almost directly, and a blunt knife won't cut cork. It is found, however, that a man with a specially prepared sharpening board before him can keep his knife constantly in good condition, and though many machines have failed at this point, latterly some cork-cutting machinery has come into use and has proved fairly successful for the purpose.

In many factories, however, the cut cork is still the work of a knife manipulated by a man. He works with marvellous rapidity, and it does not take long for a large heap to lie beside him. Then comes sorting and a final cleansing, and the cork is ready for packing and a customer.

Margaret's Lace

By B. H. R. Stowe in Person's

"THERE!" exclaimed Mrs. Kell impatiently, at the same time closing her box with a bang; "that is pecked at last and we shall be leaving Brussels in a couple of hours without one bit of lace. It's a great bother having to leave so suddenly. To take back some Brussels lace for Margaret was my chief object in coming here with you, John!"

"More lace!" groaned the Reverend John Kell wearily. "It has been nothing but lace, lace, all day. I tell you, Mary, I dare not spend any more money. We have only just enough to take us home."

"You managed to spare enough to buy some tobacco for old Giles and a box of cigars for yourself," remarked his wife with annoyance.

"Tobacco is cheap here," said the Reverend John, tying a label on his portmanteau with a sigh of relief; "but I shall not argue the matter. I am going down to have a smoke."

From this brief conversation it may be gathered that Mrs. Kell was a little out of humor. She admitted it herself. But then, it was unbearable to visit Brussels and not buy some lace.

Just then the door flew open in the usual unceremonious manner of Europe and a waiter came in with a letter.

Mrs. Kell recognized the writing. She eagerly tore it open and read:

"Dearest Mother—Auntie has just sent me the enclosed notes"—here a cry of pleasure escaped Mrs. Kell's lips and she hastily extracted several crisp notes—"Please buy me a lot of white lace, also a fichu—"

The Rue du Midi abounded in the desired shops. One particularly attracted her attention. The window was artistically dressed with lace, and in large letters stuck on the glass, she read, "English here spoke."

After spending some minutes admiring it, Mrs. Kell went inside.

"I want some lace," she said.

"Oui, oui, madame. I will show you the best in all Brussels."

"I will take that," said Mrs. Kell, pointing to a charming fichu, "and this." She laid aside several yards of excellent lace. "How much?"

"That will be ten pounds."

He looked at the notes as Mrs. Kell handed them over.

"Bank of Angletterre notes—oui, oui, I will take dem."

At that moment a sudden thought struck her.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried in alarm. "What about the duty? I have spent all my money on the lace."

"Your ladyship need not excite herself about that," said the little man coolly, giving her the parcel of lace. "Lots of peoples buy lace from me. Vm man I know crosses de frontier and carries his lace like dis." He lifted his leg and imitated a person binding something around it. "Den dare is an Englishman. He came in to mon establishment so thin, but, mon Dieu! he goes over de frontier so large, and I grow rich."

"How dare you tell me such abominable stories!" cried Mrs. Kell indignantly. "Good-day," and she swept haughtily out of the shop.

The short walk to the hotel gave her time for consideration. She racked her brain in vain for a suitable plan. One thing—she would not breathe a word to John.

It was not until she had locked herself in her bedroom that inspiration came. She wondered why she had not thought of it before. It was so simple.

Precisely ten minutes after entering, she unlocked her door and came down-stairs. The lace had vanished.

Mrs. Kell discovered her husband fast asleep in the smoking-room.

"Come! Wake up, sleepy head!" she cried playfully, giving him a shake.

The Reverend John rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch.

"Dear me," he said; "it is four o'clock. Only half an hour more in Brussels. Just time for a cup of coffee."

Having finished their coffee they drove to the railway station, and in a short time were seated in the train for Antwerp.

Mrs. Kell's thoughts would recur to the lace. She began to feel a trifle nervous. The passengers appeared to look at her suspiciously. When the train pulled up at a station it was worse. Everybody seemed to look in the carriage. And when a policeman entered the compartment at Malines, Mrs. Kell very nearly collapsed.

It was a relief when the train reached Antwerp. They soon boarded the boat. Mrs. Kell immediately retired to her cabin and did not appear on deck until the steamer had sailed some miles down the Scheldt.

It was wonderful what a damping effect the lace had on her spirits. She had been looking forward with pleasure to the voyage home, and now she did not enjoy anything.

"John," she said suddenly, interrupting him in the midst of an eloquent eulogy on the view, "do they search everybody at Harwich?"

"No, my dear, not everybody. But I have heard that the customs officers are so experienced that they can tell at a glance whom to search. Such people, you know, always give themselves away somehow or other."

Mrs. Kell felt more uncomfortable than ever.

"Do you think they would search me?"

"My dear Mary! Why do you ask such absurd questions? Let us change the subject. See," waving his arm up the river, "how stately Antwerp looks as we recede. Does not the cathedral spire look splendid in the distance. However, I am feeling hungry. We might as well go down to the saloon and have dinner."

Mrs. Kell could not eat and felt annoyed at seeing her husband make a hearty meal. What right had he to eat when she felt so wretched!

"What do you think the customs men would say if they found lace on me?" she said, trying to appear indifferent.

The Reverend John laid down his knife and fork and laughed unapologetically.

"Oh, Mary! you will never forget that lace. Find lace on you, indeed! Why, you might as well say at once if they found lace on me!"

"And why not?" said Mrs. Kell warmly. "Of course, I know you are a model of virtue," this sarcastically. "But please answer my question."

"Well, then, of course, I can't say exactly, but I read of a woman the other day being detected at Harwich trying to smuggle saccharine. She got six months, and well deserved it!"

"You are a heartless brute!" exclaimed his wife warmly, at the same time rising from the table.

The boat had now entered the sea, and her rolling added to Mrs. Kell's alarm.

It was growing late. The Reverend John Kell having smoked a cigar advised his wife to go below.

"I am too much worried to sleep."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear," he said soothingly; "this powerful steamer will not sink."

"I wish it would! I don't want to reach Harwich!"

"Why! what is the matter?"

"Only this," said Mrs. Kell, determined now to confess all. "Your wife is a—smuggler!"

"A what!" he almost shouted in surprise.

"Yes, a real smuggler, with yards and yards of lace concealed on her! I did it for Margaret—Margie sent me ten pounds this morning to buy her lace—I spent it all. It was all the fault of the little Belgian shopman—he persuaded me to buy such a lot—then he told me some tales of smuggling—that made me do it—it was the only chance of saving the lace—oh, John, dear, do help me! I am so frightened."

The Reverend John Kell had listened to this confession in mute sur-

prise. He could not realize that Mary, his wife, after all the eloquent sermons she had heard from his lips, had yielded to temptation!

"In the first place, where is the lace?" he said, collecting his thoughts.

Mrs. Kell blushed.

"I—I will go and fetch it," she stammered confusedly.

Quite a quarter of an hour elapsed before she returned and handed her husband a small brown paper parcel. This the Reverend John took, and stepping to the side of the ship he raised his arm as if to throw it over. A cry from his wife changed his mind, and, instead, he put it in his pocket.

"Oh, John! It is so beautiful! Poor Margaret will be disappointed. I shall blame you for my loss if I am not searched after all."

The Reverend John made no answer sad, wishing each other good-night, he and his wife retired to their respective cabins.

The reverend gentleman locked the door, sat down and undid the parcel. Fortunately the ship was not crowded, so he had the cabin to himself. He spread the fabric on his knees. He was charmed with it. What marvelous work! It would be a sin to throw it away. He opened his purse. No good! With a sigh he laid the lace on the chair, undressed, and climbing into his berth, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

He was aroused by the steward tapping at his door: "Time to get up, sir; we're just off Harwich."

The Reverend John clambered out of his berth and commenced dressing.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, his eyes alighting on the lace, "I must drop it through the port-hole."

He tried in vain to unfasten the latch. Quite overcome with his exertions he sat down. Once again his eyes were attracted by the lace. How disappointed Margaret would be. He could not make up his mind to destroy it; the port-hole refused to open—this must be the hand of fate.

The boat was fast approaching the dock and in a few minutes would be

moored alongside, so there was no time to be lost.

The Reverend John Kell therefore thoughtfully rolled up one trouser leg. He next divided the lace into two equal bundles; a little twisting and tying and the call of that leg had developed to a size that would have turned Sandow green with envy. Half the lace had vanished. A similar operation on the other leg absorbed the remainder.

Having completed his toilet he went on deck and soon discovered his wife.

"Good-morning, my dear," he said, "I hope you had a good night."

"I could not sleep a bit for thinking of the lace. What did you do with it?"

"It is below," he said evasively, looking at his boots. "Let us go ashore."

They found their baggage placed on a long table awaiting the customs inspection.

"I suppose we shall be searched soon?" remarked his wife, observing the officers hurrying about in all directions.

The Reverend John did not reply. He appeared lost in thought.

"I'll risk it," he thought; "it will show Mary that I was right and may also divert suspicion from myself."

Without saying a word he walked quickly to the farthest end of the enclosure, quite unconscious that his wife's eyes were curiously fixed on his retreating figure.

A customs officer was examining a box. He touched him on the shoulder.

"I say, my man," he said in a low voice, "do you see that lady over there, with the furs round her neck?"

The officer nodded.

"Well, I think you had better search her; but don't say who gave you the information."

The officer hastened away, and the Reverend John Kell anxiously awaited developments.

"Madam, will you kindly step this way?"

Mrs. Kell wheeled round and discovered a blue-coated, peak-capped man standing in front of her.

"What for?" she demanded indignantly.

"You had better come quietly. It is useless to make a disturbance. I have just received information which warrants me in having you searched."

Mrs. Kell protested. "It was ridiculous! He was most insulting! Did he know who she was?"

The officer was obdurate, and she eventually followed him into an office, where a female searcher made a most minute examination of her apparel.

The investigation proved unproductive, and she left the office burning with rage against that "somebody." Outside, she was met by the peak-capped man, who apologized for the mistake.

"Oh, don't mention it!" said Mrs. Kell icily. "The innocent are often mistaken for the guilty."

She laid her hand on his arm. "But, listen, I believe a clergyman caused this search."

He nodded and muttered something about wishing he had an opportunity of landing him.

"Well that man deceived you! He only set you on to me to remove suspicion from himself—you noticed how stout he was; said—"

But the officer had vanished.

The Reverend John Kell was beginning to breathe more freely. His trunk had been searched and duly "chained." Everything had gone off happily, and he was inwardly congratulating himself, when a hand fell somewhat roughly on his shoulder.

"Got you at last!" exclaimed the customs officer.

"How dare you speak to me like that!"

"Now, look here, you aren't going to bluff me a second time, I can tell you! You just come along with me."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the reverend gentleman coolly. "Nothing but a team of horses will induce me to go along with you."

Such drastic measures, however, were not found necessary. Two officers easily accomplished the work, and the Reverend John was led down the dock.

A cold feeling crept over him as he stepped into the office. He immediately confessed, and turning up his trousers discovered the lace.

"Hein," said the officer, grinning sarcastically, "rather a shame to hide such pretty trimming!"

"Such comments are unnecessary," said the Reverend John, quietly and with many blushes unwrapping the lace.

"So that is all, sir?"

The officer glanced at the small heap which had accumulated on the floor.

"Yes!" emphatically.

"Just so! But I seem to remember your face. It strikes me you left here a few weeks ago with a much smaller waist. You lived well on the Continent—eh?"

"You are most impertinent!" said the Reverend John, endeavoring to restrain his anger. "Kindly attend to your own business."

"I will," was the brisk reply. "Take off your coat and vest."

The Reverend John submitted to the examination without even losing his temper. He knew it was best so. Even when the officer gave him sundry slips through his shirt, to see that there was no padding, he only smiled and accepted them with Christian forbearance.

The officer seemed quite displeased at finding that his figure was genuine and, with an expression of annoyance, proceeded to turn out his pockets.

"Hullo! What's this?" he demanded triumphantly, holding up a small packet.

"Well, I declare!—I had completely forgotten. That is a pound of tobacco which I had bought for a friend—I assure—"

"Ah! Here's another!"

The officer pulled out a small box of cigars.

"That looks like nothing more, doesn't it?" he said, annoyed at his victim's complacency and apparent good-humor. "Why, you're like a department store. Chock-full of all sorts of things. Nothing more, indeed! Just you come along with me

and have a talk with the Chief Inspector!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Kell could not imagine why her husband was detained so long. At last, growing impatient, she walked down to the dock and peeped in the searching-room. Nobody was there.

The peak-capped customs officer happened to pass at the moment.

Mrs. Kell, assuming an air of indifference, inquired about his victim.

"Oh, we have made a grand capture!" he said, delighted to have some one to brag to.

"He was stout," he continued facetiously, "but I have considerably reduced his weight—just think of the old fellow trying to get you into trouble, when all the time he had no end of tobacco—cigars—and yards and yards of lace."

"Lace!"

"Yes; m'am, lace!"

"What are they going to do with him?"

"Oh, he will be out soon. The chief has been rather lenient. I expect he thinks he's a paragon."

Mrs. Kell heaved a sigh of relief.

"If I were you," continued the officer, mistaking it for fear, "I should scout. There is no knowing what he might do if he suspected you. It maddens them wild."

"Tell me where he is."

The officer pointed to a building.

"He's in there. But, remember, I warned you."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Kell was at the door. She opened it, and, heedless of the astonished Chief Inspector, rushed forward and impetuously threw her arms around her husband's neck and with many ex-

pressions of sorrow begged his forgiveness.

"It's all right, Mary," he said. "Half my case is settled. I am so far fined fifteen shillings on the tobacco and cigars."

"What about the lace?" she whispered.

"He hasn't come to it yet. Goodness only knows how much that will be." This also whispered.

Mrs. Kell stood up and faced the officer.

"You have fined him quite enough," she said. "I think you might at least overlook the lace."

"Under the circumstances I will grant your request," agreed the Chief Inspector with a short laugh.

"Trust your wife to get you out of a fix, John!" cried Mrs. Kell gaily.

The Reverend John was delighted at getting off so lightly.

"I hope," he said, as he paid the fine, "you will accept the cigars as a slight recognition of your courtesy. I would like to include the tobacco, but I have already promised it to a friend."

"Thank you!" said the Chief Inspector drily, "unfortunately, both are confiscated!"

Throughout this interview Mrs. Kell's spirits had been rising and falling like a barometer. They now sank from "change" to "stormy."

"Is—er—is—the lace also confiscated?" she faltered.

The Chief Inspector rose from his chair, and placed the lace in her hands.

"You need not have gone to so much trouble in bringing it over," he said, laughing. "The fact is, there is no duty on lace, nor has there been for the last forty years."

On the whole, it is patience which makes the final difference between those who succeed or fail in all things. All the greatest people have it in an infinite degree, and, among the lost, the patient weak ones always conquer the impatient strong.—J. Ruskin.

The Former Rulers of The Canadian West

THOSE who look upon trusts as modern growths may be surprised to learn that one of the most powerful on the North American continent is 86 years old. This is the Hudson's Bay Company, which probably furnished the muff, collar or the fur overcoat which you are wearing this winter. It is the continent's oldest trust.

Age isn't the chief distinction of this trust, however. It can claim, what no other trust can, that it has made a nation; for it would be difficult to exaggerate the Hudson's Bay Company's part in creating modern Canada. Many of the great Dominion cities of to-day have developed from trading posts established by the fur company many years ago.

In the forming of this trust and its development, tragedy and romance run riot. The killing of rival traders in close encounter, in duels and in pitched battles; the accidental death of many a man while engaged in his perilous work; the hardship of life in isolated sections, to some of which mail, even at this day, goes only once a year; the commercial romance connected with bay-tree growth of cities in the wilderness—these things might, if inanimate objects could speak, be told by the fur which drapes feminine shoulders or is exposed for sale in the store window.

Before the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed its rival and formed the first trust of the continent, its stirring history had already extended over a century and a half, and for a long time enjoyed a monopoly of the rich fur field.

If the Hudson's Bay Company had not absorbed the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal, in 1821, thus forming America's first trust, it is perhaps not too much to say that Canada for many years thereafter, perhaps almost to the present, would have been little more than a chain of towns and cities along the St. Lawrence and

around Lake Ontario, and a group of semi-isolated maritime provinces.

Not long ago a Toronto writer expressed this opinion, and found none to dispute it. It is not in itself an excuse for the existence of a corporation, as such, although it speaks volumes for the enterprise of this particular trust.

Maled by its many names, many people have thought the company's original scope of operation was only in the Hudson's Bay district, when, as a matter of fact, it extended from ocean to ocean, and from the latitude of Alaska south as far as the Great Lakes—a country hardly smaller than the whole of Europe. This immense region was populated by about 160,000 Indians, half-breeds and Eskimos.

Only twenty years after the landing of the English at what is now Jamestown, Va.—to be exact, in 1627—the nucleus of the Hudson's Bay Company had its birth.

At the present day the only thing in this country that can be compared with that struggle is the sheep feeds of the Northwest, in which shots have been taken at shepherds at sight and the sheep driven over cliffs to death.

In these battles up in the Canadian wilds guns were freely used. When it so happened that the combatants got close enough together, knives were brought into play. Fists were seldom used—this would have been too mild.

Stirred to commercial competition, the Hudson's Bay Company for a time paid the highest prices to the Indians, thus securing the pick of their furs; but the Frenchmen, so it is recorded, got around this by introducing firewater. And, in order to offer a formidable front to the English, the French traders in 1773 organized into the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal. Soon this company overshadowed its rival.

Instead of paying salaries to its men, as its rival did, the Northwest permitted them to work on commis-

sion, or to acquire partnership in the business, and so in a few years it was making annual profit of \$200,000, which in ten years jumped to \$600,000.

The principal "Northwesters," as partners in the Northwest company, were called, formed an exclusive aristocracy in Montreal and Quebec, living in lordly style, yet preserving associations with the superintendents of their trading posts, joining them in pleasures, dangers, mishaps and novel adventures.

When they ascended the streams, it was in magnificent barges, decked with red furs, with every luxury at hand, carrying with them their cooks and barbers—like sovereigns making a progress.

Colonists came from Great Britain, their coming spurred the French Northwesters on to acts of intimidation and violence. At this time Lord Selkirk, acquiring a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company and determined to punish the pertinacious rivals.

Where they established a fort they placed one. Every method that artifice, fraud or violence could suggest was adopted to get the skins from the Indians, who cared not who got them so long as the money and firewater were sufficient.

What ruses were tried to gain the upper hand in this old rivalry! Once the Hudson's Bay people, on the pretense of making friends, got up a grand ball with the Northwesters as their guests, and while the merriment was on, a few agents slipped out to meet a company of Indians whom the scouts had reported as headed for the town. When, next day, the Northwesters learned of the Indians' approach, they found them all gloriously drunk and not a skin left.

Another time, two trading parties met in the woods. The Northwesters proposed a fire and a round of drinks. Then, while the others drank, they poured their liquor on the ground.

Finally, when every Hudson's Bay man was helplessly drunk, the Northwesters bound them to their sleds, turned the dogs towards the Hudson's

Bay camp, and then hurried on to the Indian camp. This time they had the skins all to themselves.

Forts were attacked, burned and the settlers and officials made prisoners and terribly maltreated. In vain did the Governor-General of Canada exhort and threaten. These bloody scenes led up to a frightful battle at Fort Garry, the post of the Hudson's Bay people, in which seventeen men and three officers of the company, including Governor Sempie, fell, pierced by bullets.

Officers and men on both sides were hired with a view to their fighting qualities; prices were set so high and firewater flowed so plentifully that the trade was ruined.

Such was the condition when, in 1821, the cooler heads of both companies got together and formed the first trust on this continent. Like those of to-day, it was for mutual preservation.

Then, talk of your captains of industry of the present day! How small most of them seem beside a young Scotchman who, simply on account of his business acumen, was singled out among all the residents of British Columbia to be head of the new trust and governor of Rupert's Land, as the fur country was called.

This man was George Simpson—Sir George he afterwards became, for he was knighted because of the wonderful ability he displayed in his new position. For forty years he remained at the helm, and his reign was one of peace and prosperity.

When, in 1859, the Hudson's Bay Company was induced by the Canadian Government to part with all but about one-twentieth of the immense tract of land in its grant, the money recompense was \$1,500,000.

This ended the romantic, thrilling side of the company's history; it thenceforth became simply a very prosperous corporation, with capital swollen to \$10,000,000, no competition and enormous dividends assured.

As indicating the perilous lives of the hunters and half-breeds in those early days, it is recorded that of those Northwesters who assisted in the kill-

ing of Governor Semple and his nineteen associates, sixty-five died violent deaths.

First, a Frenchman dropped dead while crossing the ice on the river, his son was stabbed by a comrade, his wife was shot, and his children were burned; Big Head, his brother, was shot by an Indian; Cotonahouah dropped dead at a dance; Bathnah was mysteriously shot; Lavigne was drowned.

Fraser was run through the body by a Frenchman in Paris; Baptiste Morale, while drunk, was thrown into a fire by inebriate companions; another died drunk on a roadway; another was wounded by the bursting of his gun; Duplice was impaled on a pitchfork; Gardapic was scalped by Indians; another was gored to death by a buffalo, and still another shot by mistake in a buffalo hunt.

And so on down the list—there are fact and fate for every one of the sixty-five cases.

But, while some people prefer to consider this a punishment for what they term "the massacre," it is perhaps no more than an illustration of the dangers attending the fur-trading business on every hand.

To-day all is changed. Those places which the old school geography designated as trading posts have become prosperous cities, some of them with department stores as elegant and comprehensive as those found in the largest American and British cities.

For instance, near the head offices of the Hudson's Bay Company, at the point where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, one may now see the

principal stores of the city of Winnipeg, which is likened to Whiteley's Necessity Store in London, where you may buy a house or anything belonging to or around a house.

The great retail emporium of Victoria is the Hudson's Bay Company's store, and in Calgary the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping place is the Hudson's Bay store.

Since the opening of the Northwest provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the Dominion Government, about three years ago, the boom has been continuous. The country is becoming one of the most prosperous and up-to-date in America. And yet to-day, as two centuries ago, the Hudson's Bay Company is the greatest of fur-trading corporations, and fur trading is to-day a principal source of its profits.

As in the early days, the Indians come to the trading post with their packs of skins on their backs, to be traded for tobacco, sugar, corn, cooking utensils, lodge furnishings and more.

And to-day, as of yore, the scouts and agents of the company penetrate to the homes of the more isolated tribes, buy up their skins and "bats" back to the trading post on their backs or by dog team. But they are not the picturesque old fellows with tomahawk and moccasins and muskets and quaint accoutrements; they are prosaic-looking individuals.

Like the commonplace, present-day cowboy on the western ranch, they have become simply ghosts of vanished romance.

The Spirit of Progress

What is the Spirit of Progress? It is the desire to know what constitutes true success and the willingness to take the patient steps which lead to it; the desire to correct errors, traits and tendencies which retard progress and the willingness to receive new ideas and act upon them; the desire to act from sound motives, and the willingness to give up false and temporary success for vital and permanent growth; the eagerness to utilize every wholesome opportunity, the enthusiasm to strive for excellence for its own sake, and the energy to push on, pausing only when the victory is won.

The Cure of Hezekiah

By Norman Dawson in *Harper's Monthly*

IT was Hezekiah's mother—the widow of Red Tom Usher, of Wrath Harbor of the Labrador, and the mother, also, of Tommy—it was she who discovered the whereabouts of a cure. "Look! the Kurepain," she declared, convinced beyond doubt, "will sure do it!" There was no denying the virtues of the Healing Balm. They were set forth in print, in type both large and small, on a creased and greasy remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger, who had, as the mother of Hezekiah was immediately persuaded, providentially strayed into that far part. The works of the invaluable Discovery were not to be disputed. The Balm to Suffering Humanity was a positive cure for bruises, sprains, chilblains, cracked hands, stiffness of the joints, contraction of the muscles, numbness of the limbs, neuralgia, rheumatism, erysipelas, pains in the chest, warts, frost-bites, sore throat, quinsy, croup, diphtheria, toothache, and various other ills. Moreover, it was an excellent hair restorer. And if it had cured millions, why should it not cure Hezekiah?

Hezekiah's mother greatly desired a bottle.

"I've found something, Tommy," said she, a little twinkle in her eye, when, that night, the elder son came in from the snowy wilderness, where he had made the round of his foot-traps.

"Have you, now?" he answered, curiously. "An' what might it be?"

She sought to mystify him a moment longer, that his delight might be the more. "Tis something, b'y," said she, "I make you glad."

"Come, tell me!" he cried, his eyes shining.

"I've heered you say," she went on, smiling softly, "that you'd be fair willin' t' give anything t' be able t' find it. I've heered you say—"

"Tis a silver fox!"

"I've heered you say," she continued, shaking her head—"Oh, I've heered you say, 'if I could only find it, I'd be happy!'"

"Tell me!" he coaxed. "Please tell me!"

She hid a hand on his shoulder. The remnant of the Montreal Weekly Globe and Family Messenger she held behind her.

"Tis a cure for Hezekiah," said she.

"No!" he cried, incredulous; but there was yet the ring of hope in his voice. "Have you, now?"

"Look! the Kurepain," said she, "never failed yet."

"Tis wonderful!" said Tommy.

She spread the newspaper on the table and placed her finger at that point of the list where the cure of rheumatism was promised.

"Read that," said she, "an' you'll find 'tis all true."

Tommy's eyes ran up to the top of the page. His mother waited, a smile on her lips. She was anticipating a profound impression.

"Beauty has wonderful charms," the boy read. "Few men can withstand the witchcraft of a lovely face. All hearts are won—"

"No! no!" the mother interrupted, hastily. "That's the marvellous Oriental Beautifier. I been readin' that too. But 'tis not that. 'Tis lower down. Beginnin' 'At last the universal remedy of Biblical times.' Is you got it yet?"

"Ay, sure!"

And thereupon Tommy Usher, of Wrath Harbor, discovered that a legion of relieved and rejuvenated rheumatics had without remuneration or constraint sung the virtues of the Kurepain and the praises of Hook. He was a lad remotely born, unknowing; not for a moment did he doubt the existence of the Well-known Traveler, the Family Doctor, the

Minister of the Gospel, the Champion of the World. He was ready to admit that the cure had been found.

"I'm willin' t' believe," said he, solemnly, the while gazing very earnestly into his mother's eyes, "that 'twould do Hezekiah a world o' good."

"Read on!"

"It costs money to make the Kurepain," Tommy read. "It is not a sugar-and-water remedy. It is a cure, manufactured at great expense. Good medicines come high. But the peerless Kurepain is cheap when compared with the worthless substitutes now on the market and sold for just as good. Our price is five dollars a bottle; three bottles guaranteed to cure."

Tommy stopped dead. He looked up. His mother steadily returned his glance. Tommy had provided for the house ever since his father died. It had been hard work, and there had been times when the provision was lean enough. Five dollars a bottle! Five dollars for that which was neither food nor clothing!

"'Tis fearful!" he sighed.

"But read on."

"In order to introduce the Kurepain into this locality we have set aside One Thousand Bottles of this incomparable medicine. That number, and no more, we will dispose of at four dollars a bottle. Do not make a mistake. When the supply is exhausted, the price will rise to eight dollars a bottle, owing to a scarcity of one of the ingredients. We honestly advise you, if you are in pain or suffering, to take advantage of this rare opportunity. A word to the wise is sufficient. Order to-day."

"'Tis a great bargain, Tommy," the mother whispered.

"Ay," Tommy answered, dubious-ly.

His mother patted his hand. "When Hezekiah's cured," she went on, "he could help you with the traps, an'—"

"'Tis not for that I wants un cured," Tommy flashed. "I'm willin' an' able for me labor. 'Tis not for that I'm just thinkin' all the time

about seein' him run about like be used to. That's what I wants."

"Doesn't you think, Tommy, that we could manage it—if we tried wonderful hard?"

"'Tis accordin' t' what fur I traps, mum, before the ice goes an' the steamer comes. I'm hopin' we'll have enough left over t' buy the cure."

She patted his hand again. "There's credit t' he had at the store," she said.

"But I'm not wantin' t' get in debt."

"You're a good son, Tommy," the mother said at last. "I knows you'll do for the best. Leave us wait until the springtime comes."

"Ay," he agreed; "an' we'll say nar a word t' Hezekiah."

Hezekiah was eight years old— younger than Tommy by four years. He had been an active, merry lad, inclined to scamper and shout, given to pranks of a kindly sort. But he had of a sudden been taken with what the folk of Wrath Harbor called "rheumatics" of the knee. There were days, however, when he walked in comfort; but there were times when, thus walking, he fell to the ground in agony, and there were weeks when he could not walk at all. He was now more affectionate than he had been, but he was not so merry nor so rosy.

"'Twould be like old times," Tommy said once, when Hezekiah was put to bed, "if the lad was only well."

"I'm afeared, b'y," the mother sighed, "that he'll never be well again."

"For fear you're right, mum," said Tommy, "we must give un a good time. . . . Hush, mother! Don't you cry, or I'll be cryin' too."

But since they had laid hold on the hope in Hook's Kurepain life was brighter. They were looking forward to the cure. The old merry, scampering Hezekiah, with his shoes and laughter and gambols and pranks, was to return to them. When, as the winter dragged along and Tommy brought borne the fox-skins from the wilderness, Hezekiah foisted them,

and passed upon their quality as to color and size of fur. Tommy and the mother exchanged smiles. Hezekiah did not know that upon the quality and number of the skins, which he delighted to stroke and pat, depended his cure. Let the winter pass! Let the ice move out from the coast! Let the steamer come for the letters! Let her go and return again! Thus Hezekiah would know.

"We'll be able t' have one bottle, whatever," said the mother.

"'Twill be more than that, mum," Tommy answered, confidently. "We wants un cured."

With the spring came the great disappointment. The snow melted from the hills; wild flowers blossomed where the white carpet had lain; the ice was ready to break and move out to sea with the next wind from the west: there were no more foxes to be caught. Tommy bundled the skins, strapped them on his back, and took them to the storekeeper at Shelter Harbor, five miles up the coast; and when their value had been determined he came home disconsolate.

The mother had been watching from the window. "Well?" she said, when the boy came in.

"'Tis not enough," he groaned. "I'm sorry, mum; but 'tis not enough."

She said nothing, but waited for him to continue; for she feared to give him greater distress.

"'Twas a fair price he gave me," Tommy continued. "I'm not complainin' o' that. But there's not enough t' do more than keep us clear o' debt, with pinches, till we sells the fish in the fall. I'm sick, mum—I'm fair sick an' miserable along o' disappointment."

"'Tis sad t' think," she said, Hezekiah's not t' be cured—after all."

"For the want o' twelve dollars!" he sighed.

They were interrupted by the clatter of Hezekiah's crutches, coming in haste from the inner room; then entered Hezekiah.

"I heered what you said," he cried, his eyes blazing, his whole worn little

body fairly quivering with excitement. "I heered you say 'cure.' Is I t' be cured?"

"They did not answer."

"Tommy! Mamma! Did you say I was t' be cured?"

"Hush, dear!" said the mother.

"I can't hush. I wants t' know. Tommy, tell me. Is I t' be cured?"

"Tommy, b'y," said the mother, quickly, "tell us."

"You is!" Tommy shouted, catching Hezekiah in his arms and rocking him like a baby. "You is t' be cured. Debt or no debt, lad, by the Lord, I'll see you cured!"

It was easily managed. The old storekeeper at Shelter Harbor did not hesitate. Credit? Of course he would give Tommy that. "Tommy," said he, "I've known you for a long time, an' I knows you t' be a good lad I'll p' you out for the summer an' the winter, if you wants me to, an' you can take your own time about payin' the bill." And so Tommy withdrew twelve dollars from the credit of his account.

They began to keep watch on the ice—do wish for a westerly gale, that the white waste might be broken and dispersed.

"Tommy," said Hezekiah, one night when the lads lay snug in bed and the younger was sleepless, "how long will it be afore that there Kurepain comes?"

"I low the steamer'll soon be here."

"Ay?"

"An' then she'll take the letter with the money?"

"Ay?"

"An' she'll be gone about a month an' a fortnight, an' then she'll be back with—"

"The cure!" said Hezekiah, giving Tommy an affectionate dig in the ribs. "She'll be back with the cure!"

"Go t' sleep, lad."

"I can't," Hezekiah whimpered. "I can't for joy o' thinkin' o' that cure."

By and by the ice moved out, and in good time the steamer came. It was at the end of a blustering day, with the night falling thick. Passengers and crew alike—from the

grimy stokers to the shivering American tourists—were relieved to learn, when the anchor went down with a splash and a rumble, that the "old man" was to "hang her down" until the weather turned "civil."

Accompanied by the old schoolmaster, who was to lend him aid in registering the letter to the Kurepain Company, Tommy went aboard in the punt. It was then dark.

"You knows a Yankee when you sees un," said he, when they reached the upper deck. "Point un out, an' I'll ask un."

"Ay, I'm traveled," said the schoolmaster, importantly. "And 'twould be wise to ask about the company before you post the letter."

Thus it came about that Tommy timidly approached two gentlemen who were chatting merrily on "the lee of the wheel-house."

"Do you know the Kurepain, sir?" he asked.

"Eh? What?" the one replied.

"Hook's, sir."

"Hook's? In the name of wonder, child, Hook's what?"

"Kurepain, sir."

"Hook's Kurepain," said the stranger. "Doctor"—addressing his companion—"do you recommend—"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you do not?" said the other.

The doctor eyed Tommy. "Way do you ask?" he inquired.

"'Tis for me brother, sir," Tommy replied. "He've a queer sort o' rheumatism. We're thinkin' the Kurepain will cure un. It have cured a minister o' the gospel, sir, an' a champion o' the world; an' we was allowin' that it wouldn't have much trouble t' cure Hezekiah. They's as much as twelve dollars, sir, in this here letter, which I'm sendin' away. I'm wantin' t' know, sir, if they'll send the cure if I sends the money."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "Where do you live?" he asked at last.

Tommy pointed to a far-off light. "Hezekiah will be at the window," he

said, "lookin' out at the steamer's lights."

"Do you care for a run ashore?" asked the doctor, turning to his fellow tourist.

"If it would not overtax you."

"No, no—I'm strong enough now. The voyage has put me on my feet again. Come—let us go."

Tommy took them ashore in the punt, guided them along the winding, rocky path, led them into the room where Hezekiah sat at the window. The doctor felt of Hezekiah's knee and asked him many questions. Then he held a whispered conversation with his companion and the schoolmaster; and of their conversation Tommy caught such words and phrases as "slight operation" and "chloroform" and "that table" and "poor light, but light enough," and "rough-and-ready sort of work" and "no danger." Then Tommy was despatched to the steamer with the doctor's friend; and when they came back the man carried a bag in his hand. The doctor asked Hezekiah a question, and Hezekiah nodded his head. Whereupon the doctor called him a brave lad, and sent Tommy out to the kitchen to keep his mother company for a time, first requiring him to bring in a pail of water and another lamp. When they called him in again—he knew what they were about, and it seemed a long, long time before the call came—Hezekiah was lying on a couch, sick and pale, with his face tightly bandaged, but with his eyes glowing.

"Mamma! Tommy!" the boy whispered, exultingly. "They says I'm cured."

"Yes," said the doctor; "he'll be all right now. His trouble was not rheumatism. It was caused by a fragment of the bone, broken off at the knee-joint. At least, that's as plain as I can make it to you. I have removed that fragment. He'll be all right after a bit. I've told the schoolmaster how to take care of him, and I'll leave some medicine, and—well—he'll soon be all right."

When the doctor was about to step

from the punt to the steamer's ladder, half an hour later, Tommy held up a letter to him.

"'Tis for you, sir," he said.

"What's this?" the doctor demanded.

"'Tis for you to keep, sir," Tommy answered, with dignity. "'Tis the money for the work you done."

"Money!" cried the doctor. "Why, really," he stammered, "I—you see, this is my vacation—and I—"

"I 'ow, sir," said Tommy, quietly, "dat you'll 'bige me."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed the doctor, being wise, "that I will!"

And Tommy Usher was very much obliged.

What I Found Out as a Business Girl

By Laura A. Smith in Ladies' Home Journal

THERE are three vital qualities which the girl who succeeds in business must have. The common names for these are energy, "get-up-and-get" and "stick-to-itiveness." If you are serious in wishing to amount to something in your chosen line of work you must resolutely shake off sloth ("the mother of poverty") and laziness, greeting each day afresh with enthusiasm and buoyancy. Eternal vigilance must be your portion. You cannot afford to let even apparently unimportant details of your work escape you. Though you do your task successfully nine times and grow careless the tenth, you will hear from the tenth or imperfect time. As a business girl you must not hang back and find excuses when a disagreeable task is offered you. Take it cheerfully and willingly. The Girl-Afraid-of-Work cannot spell success. She who gives up a hard bit of work easily, in despair and disgust, will never attain the heights of the girl who sticks to difficulties with bulldog persistency. The latter may have to give up the task defeated, but she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she made a good fight.

Stick to one line of work long enough to give it a fair trial and be thoroughly convinced of your fitness for that particular kind of work. Butterflies have their place in society but not in the business world. To change from office to office and from

one kind of employment to many new ones in a short period of time may give one a reputation for instability, incompetence and untrustworthiness. This does not mean we must never change work or employers. We must grow, and, growing legitimately, step into higher things. Fatal to any business girl is the desire to secure employment that is very easy and yet that pays a large salary. Such positions do not exist for the average girl. If this is your ambition, stay out of business. The employer who can afford to pay well wants value received and will seek until he gets it.

The habit of concentrating mind and interest on the task of the moment is worth many dollars to you. Determine to accomplish your task in the very best manner possible, though the task seem a trifle which might be slighted. Your work represents you, therefore you cannot afford to be careless and slipshod. Thus you will be judged if you let imperfect work go from your hand. Learn to shut out diverting thoughts and noises and apply yourself to the task in hand. You will get along easily and quickly, although you may not be conscious that you are working rapidly. Every day is a habit cultivator. Train mind and hand so that careful, efficient doing becomes a second nature. If you slight your tasks you will not advance in position, salary or self-culture. Do not be the girl who scatters her

thoughts over yesterday's tasks and vexations, to-day's work, noon and closing hours, and good times past and future. If your thoughts wander into strange fields letters will be filled with errors or misdirected and important inclosures forgotten. It is useless to be sorry or petulant when reminded that the thought given by your employer to that particular letter went for naught; the time to rise to the occasion is when you have the letter in hand.

One of the very first and simplest things for you to learn is to make legible letters and figures and to write an address neatly, legibly and correctly. This seems such primerlike advice that, if you have big business aspirations, you will laugh. There are several items necessary in addressing in envelope or package—the name, street, number, city, State, and sometimes county and country. Leave off one of these items and some one will have to make up your deficiency. It is impossible to estimate the time, money and hard work devoted by the United States Post-office Department and business concerns to letters and parcels carelessly addressed. See that you do not conduct an annex to the Dead-letter Office. Nothing calls forth more just indignation in an office than when a pile of important mails comes from the post-office with the red line, "Returned for Correct Address."

If a clerk in a store you need this suggestion as much as does the girl in an office. Upon you depends largely the safety of the delivery of the valuable package the customer wishes sent to her home. Your particular business for the moment is to write that one address so that it will land the package where it belongs. You can see what it is worth to you if there is a mistake and your employer can say, "It is very unusual for this clerk to make a mistake. She is one of our most careful employees." While learning to write names carefully learn to call them correctly and to associate the name with the person who bears it. This is a gift which men in public life consider worth cul-

tivating. If, the second time a person comes to your place of business you can give her a smile of recognition and say, "Good-morning, Mrs. A," you have won a friend. Mrs. A immediately likes you, for she thinks, "Why, she remembered me; how nice." How far the girl who says, "Yes, Mrs. A" towers above the one who draws, "Yes, madam," plain Yes, or the taboos "Yes, lady." You have doubtless been instructed long ere this never, never to use "lady" as a term of address. If you have not decided from this moment to use "Madam" or the individual's name, "Lady" goes hand in hand with chewing toothpicks in public. Let us drop both.

Do not pride yourself on not knowing how to do things. Be business-like and master the little details which count for experience when you seek new employment. Nothing is accidental in a well-ordered office. Watch the trained and experienced person and you will find that every move means time saved and work facilitated. There is even a proper way to fold a letter and place it in an envelope. Learn how to make copies of important letters and file them for future reference, even though that may not come directly in your line of work. Learn to locate places on the map and on the railroad. Learn how to word telegrams, to send registered and special-delivery letters. Remember the close relationship between time and money, and know when to use telegraph, long-distance telephone or special-delivery letter if you are in charge of affairs. Notice carefully what you are signing if it is a business paper. This is your golden opportunity to learn something about different kinds of business paper and forms. This includes banking, making out or endorsing checks, opening an account with a bank, making deposits, book-keeping enough to keep your personal accounts correctly, and other details which will help you handle money throughout life. Ask for receipts from collectors and messengers to whom you give money or packages. File those receipts where

you can readily place your hand on them. Learn to decide and to act quickly in an emergency. Rely on your own judgment when there is no one at hand to advise. Be slow about paying out money for your firm on a C.O.D. package, unless you are convinced that you should. If you advance money from your own purse have a receipt to show for it. This is not sentiment, it is business. Your desire to keep money matters straight will enhance your worth in your employer's estimation. Keep receipts bills as long as possible to protect yourself should you be asked by a firm to pay the same bill twice.

Diplomacy and tact will carry you through awkward situations where lack of them might cause a break in your business relations. Remember that the public you serve is sensitive and you must win not lose friends. Remember, too, that you have a personal reputation as a business woman to sustain when tempted to strain a point of truth or honesty and do something that is bound to react against your business integrity. Be loyal to your firm and consult its interests always. Give heart and not lip service. If you have committed an error in the decision in an emergency profit by the experience and try harder next time. No matter what happens you must not stop trying. Learn to disassociate yourself as an individual from yourself as a representative of the firm. By doing this you will save yourself much unhappiness. Do not be sensitive and feel resentment toward the person making a legitimate complaint about a piece of goods or article. She is not complaining of you personally, but of the thing with which she is dissatisfied. Use discretion about repeating criticisms and suggestions to those over you in authority. If employed where suggestions are welcomed you can tell the proper person in a diplomatic way, not allowing the personality of the one complaining to color your report. Unimportant criticisms you can answer at once and pleasantly pass over. Never bother busy men with idle tales of busy-bodies

and chronic faultfinders. When you feel that the good-will of your firm is threatened report it in confidence to the one whom it most concerns, and above all, be brief in the telling.

One of your most difficult lessons will be to learn to go to headquarters to find out things which concern yourself and your work. Nine girls out of ten lack the moral courage to bring most important questions to an issue. Generally there is just one person who can grant you privileges or whose opinion makes a difference in your salary. Therefore, do not begin with the office boy and go all along the line wondering if Mr. A will do this or that for you, or complaining if your work becomes too heavy or unpleasant. Go direct to Mr. A. There is no royal way; just take the plunge and have it out with. A man busy with big schemes may not have dancing-school manners and he may "growl" at you, but he is likely to be fair and just and your interests will not suffer. At any rate, it will put an end to your surmises and suspense. You may strike Mr. A. in an unfortunate moment and suffer defeat. Never mind; learn to take business battles gracefully. Shake off the dust of the beset, mount with a laugh and spur ahead. Keep your colors flying at any cost. The slogan of old bicycle days fits into business beautifully: "Keep pedaling and look straight ahead." If you keep pedaling you will keep progressing. If you look ahead you will go the way you are looking. Have grit enough to keep still and ask no sympathy for your particular brand of worry. Silence is a grand weapon. Try it some day when you are harassed. A laugh, too, often saves the day and clears the atmosphere.

Keep sunny and contented in your work for your own sake and for the sake of the office atmosphere. Do not let misguided persons stir up discontent and persuade you that you are doing "a man's work and should receive a man's salary." You are doing your own work and are entitled to the highest salary you can earn. You could not be a man in business

if you tried. Really, why should you or any girl wish to be? Men get the hardest tasks, the longest hours and the hardest part of the business strain. If you grow into a woman with fine executive ability, poise and a thorough knowledge of business you will command a good salary and receive a great many privileges on your own account. Be content to be a girl in business, clinging to your womanly ideals, keeping your heart young and envying no one. Pay the men with whom you work the compliment to feel, and to show them that you feel, that they will treat you fair, protect you and look out for your interests. A very, very confidential bit of advice: when there is a cyclonic storm, followed by a decided outburst, in the office make yourself very small and unobtrusive. See nothing and hear nothing but your work. Storms will come. We cannot have smooth, plain sailing every day in any business office. After the storm passes consider the incident closed. Banish it from your thoughts and its effects from your countenance. Recognize any little kindly after-act and accept it cordially and sweetly with no reference to the late unpleasantness. The girl who pouts, the girl with "nerves," the girl who holds a grudge and the girl who mags are not popular in an office.

Business will do much for you. It will make you quick, alert, self-reliant and progressive. Being a business girl gives you no excuse for lack of gentle manners. Watch yourself carefully and try very hard to be as well-bred in your business as you are

in your social relations. It will be your own fault if you do not keep up with current affairs and if you do not increase your general knowledge every day. Do not shy at new words, but make them your own and use them. Look in the dictionary yourself for spelling and definitions. The dictionary habit is one of the best you can acquire. Business will teach you the value of dollars and pennies—how hard it is to earn and how easy to spend them. It will broaden your sympathies for the thousands of your fellow-creatures who make such a brave showing on very little money. It will teach you to judge not by externals but by achievements.

Take it for granted that every person is your friend, ready to do you a kindness. Greet persons in this spirit. There are more good people in the world than there are bad—more ready to help and encourage than to block your progress. Throw this thought into your manner when you approach persons and it will act like a charm. One great mistake we make is to forget a kindness shown and remember a blow. Control your recollections and thus keep your mind healthy. Drop business when you leave office or shop. Avoid having the business stamp on you so plainly that it can be detected at a glance. Talk shop with a few congenial spirits from whom you can learn, but avoid it when off duty. You may have difficulty convincing your social acquaintances that you prefer other topics of conversation, but persevere until you succeed.

Retirement from Business

By Mazon M. Marks in *American Review of Reviews*

THERE are many business men who could render most valuable service to the community and at the same time benefit themselves physically, morally, and intellectually, if they would but recognize their possibilities. To give full measure of their service involves retirement from the all-absorbing detail of everyday business. It is my purpose to point out that such retirement is within the reach of many business men (and in that classification I include merchants of all kinds, manufacturers, promoters, agents, etc.), and to offer some practical suggestions to this end.

Many men whose success has been phenomenal, and whose fortunes have far exceeded their fondest hopes, continue the daily grind of business because they have no taste for anything else. From early boyhood they have been completely absorbed in business, to the exclusion of everything that interfered in the least, until they have become slaves to their occupations. These men now go about their daily routine like the imprisoned squirrel treading the wheel in his cage, turning and turning, without making any real progress.

There are some who contend that business, per se, is a proper end in life; that any man may well devote all his years to building up and improving his establishment, giving himself up entirely to the one ideal of commercial development. The plea is made that wherever one's lot in life may cause him to be placed, there he should work out his destiny and develop the best that is in him; that business is an honorable and can be a noble calling, and that a great service to mankind may be performed by pushing a business to its highest plane, even though this may require a man's whole lifetime. A minister of the gospel may fairly take this position and carry on his good work

to his last day, spreading blessings among those with whom he comes in contact, and giving himself up with free heart to the service of God and man. A physician who has the spirit of self-sacrifice may also consecrate himself to the cause of humanity, responding day and night, summer and winter, to the call of the suffering.

There are also other callings that bring men into holiest touch with the hearts of their fellow-men, that may also well be followed to the last day in properly working out man's highest destiny. Shall business be included among these occupations? It is certainly not my intention to depreciate in the slightest degree the great constructive opportunities of a business career. In the relations with employees, with customers, with fellow-merchants, there are possibilities of achieving the highest ideals by co-operation. But let us not forget the restrictions of business. Hard as it may sound, business is not a philanthropic institution. Its first test is its earning power; it is a failure if one doesn't make money. To make money one must meet competition. This entails a great and cruel limitation of one's ideals; it restricts liberality and compels one to push and grind whether so inclined or not. The position of the minister and of the physician is different. The amount of money they have saved does not enter into the consideration upon which is based their "rating" in the community.

Now, as to the exaggerated idea of service to society in perfecting one's commercial scheme: What business man cannot retire with little loss to those who use the articles he may be manufacturing or distributing? In case he decides to step out, will not some one else be able, in a reasonable time, to grow into his place? In fact, may not the new man, possibly younger and more ambitious, put

However slight a man's education may be, there is nothing to prevent his learning to talk correctly. He can do more than that: he can learn to talk entertainingly upon any subject. This does not require a great depth of knowledge. It requires an observant attitude when others talk.

new life and energy into the development of the ideals of the business? This plea of a life-mission to be worked out to the end in business is, to my mind, usually not a reason for continuing in business, but more likely an excuse for satisfying the miserly instinct to pile up more money.

The complete absorption in business which we so often see seems to me positively unethical. Piling up business after the need of it is past, I contend, as sinful and useless as the hoarding of gold by the miser. No man has a right to give up his soul exclusively to financial gain. If men do not arrive naturally at the realization of this fact, the day will come when the feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, now strongly showing itself among the poorer classes, will break forth in tumult and disorder. It is not only right but public to give heed to this sign of the times. Men who cling to business after securing a competence, are encouraging discontent by their commercial avarice. Having secured the means to live, why should they not truly live and give others a chance to work up, and in turn get their competence?

It frequently happens that men acquire the means which would fully enable them to retire at an early age—say, when forty or fifty years old—but feel that they are too young to retire; feel, in fact, that they have no right to retire in the prime of life. How do they know that they will ever reach old age, or that in the rapid ups and downs of business they will be able to retain what they have acquired till they reach the age which they have arbitrarily set as the proper one? Many a man has been rich at fifty and well able to retire, and poor at sixty. Happy the man who can live the better life while the blood is still running warm and vigorous in his veins. Were there only enough such men to take an active part in public life, in the preservation of the rights of true citizenship, where would the scheming "bosses" be? There is crying need in public work for practical, successful, honest men who have time.

Nearly everybody seems to be "too busy" except the political "boss," who, taking advantage of the situation, puts his time into the scales with, alas! too much effect.

No one with a reasonable competence should be afraid to retire young. I do not mean retire like an oyster in its shell, to a narrow sphere, but retire from the detail and routine of business to do what is best for his own higher development, best for his family, best for humanity. If a man retire young, he can properly work out his life's problem. If he wait, he may be too old, his habits too firmly formed, his ability or even desire to adopt a new manner of life, gone.

If a man should decide to withdraw from active business, plans must be carefully laid and carried out with judgment to supply to the organization the equivalent of the talent and energy that are to be withdrawn. It will take time and thought to shift duties and responsibilities gradually and wisely upon the shoulders of others. A corresponding increase in the share of the profits of the business and of the honors of its management should compensate those who now assume these added cares. The founders of a business as well as the ones who have led it to success are entitled to fair consideration for their important constructive work. Whatever the good-will of the business is worth should properly be credited to them. But the new managers should not be handicapped; they should be liberally dealt with and encouraged, for their own sakes and for the safety and earning power of the investment which may remain in the business.

If the business has been well organized, there is reason to expect that the withdrawal can be effected without appreciable loss and without changing the personnel of the janitors; but if there has been too much concentration of authority in the hands of the one who now contemplates retirement, the process of reorganization will not be so simple. New blood may have to be infused by acquiring one or more men experienced in simi-

lar undertakings. But with patience, skill, and determination, there is usually a way to solve the problem in a reasonable time.

Some men, when they have acquired a capital of, say, \$25,000, set the sum of \$100,000 as the standard of their ambition. They declare, in all sincerity, that if they are ever fortunate enough to amass that amount of wealth they will certainly retire from active business, devote themselves to study and to travel, and get acquainted with wife and children, whom they now more or less neglect in the absorption of their affairs. They figure out their budget about as follows: \$100,000 at 4 per cent. would give a reliable income of \$4,000 a year. Their expense now is, say, \$2,500 a year; so even allowing for an increase of \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year in their expenses, retirement at \$100,000 would still be conservative, and leave them beyond any possibility of deficit. But alas for human calculations! As prosperity continues, one luxury after another is indulged in, and gradually becomes a necessity; there is a move from the little flat to a nest house, at higher rent, and requiring an additional servant; other conditions change in proportion, so that by the time the \$100,000 dream of fortune becomes a reality, expenses have doubled and show signs of still growing; and the thought of retirement is put aside till the day when a fortune of \$200,000 may make it conservative to figure on an income of \$8,000. Thus the standard of retirement from business is, like the cup of Tanhase, always a little out of reach; and expenses grow and grow.

Meanwhile the business man has been working and planning, his whole soul absorbed in his occupation. He leaves home early, before his young children are about, and returns home late, after they have retired. Weary, often fretful and impatient, after the strain of the day, he is hardly a proper companion for his wife. The telephone, the stenographer, and other modern facilities have put two days' business stress into one; the pressure

is intense. More agencies, more customers, more employees; rush, rush, rush; no time for anything but business; no time to do a true citizen's duty; no time for charity; no time for any of the higher, better things of life. And at home more luxury, more society, more expenses—an automobile, perhaps—and the day of retirement further and further away. If, some day, exceptional success should roll up a fortune beyond his ever-growing requirements, what then? The chances are that by this time the man has become so attached to his daily tasks that he hasn't the heart to leave them. He no longer does business to make money, but for the mere pleasure of merchandising. All the higher hopes of his youth have been stifled. The most serious mistake was made when his home expenses were allowed to grow out of proportion to his means. This is what kept him "in business" so long, that, like the old car-horse, he can be happy only when he hears the wheels rattle and the bells ring.

Few so-called merchant princes who keep on toiling laboriously after the need of such toil is past are willing to admit their weakness. Some of the reasons they give for continuing (that are really only excuses) have already been mentioned. Another so-called reason is their consideration of the welfare of their children. They say that they do not wish their boys to be compelled to work as hard as they themselves did, nor their girls to have any need to work at all. The girls, of course, should be provided for; and so they will be. For they are much more protected after their father has retired than when he has all his capital at the risk of a single undertaking; for, in the latter case, his chances of failure increase with his years. The boys, naturally, would have an easier time were they to receive a prosperous business, in good running order, or a substantial capital to start in with, than if they had to strike out and build up for themselves. But they would lose that most satisfying and proud feeling which comes to those

who, by enterprise and ability, push their own way to the front.

The father, in taking from his son this great satisfaction, is also depriving him of the important knowledge of the value of money, which only he thoroughly appreciates who has earned his first dollar; who knows what it means to be in need; who denies himself comforts, perhaps at times even necessities, in order to tide over a critical period. This father is taking from the son he loves so much the best opportunity for the development of strong character which comes in the first hard struggle with the world; and, on the other hand, he is laying him bare to a great danger. A young man coming into his father's well-established business is exposed to many temptations. He is at once in the false position of having received what he has not earned. On account of his name, deference is shown him which is not due either to his ability or his experience. This is apt to demoralize not only the young man himself, but the employees of the business, who see the old standard of worth displaced by the new standard of birth.

Putting all these considerations aside for a moment, let us carry the father's argument to its logical conclusion: If it is the duty of his father to continue in business for years after he has a competence, for his son's supposed welfare, will it not be just as much the duty of the son, in his turn, to keep the wheels moving for years and years for his son's sake, and so on? In other words, will not each generation be compelled to sacrifice vainly for the next? For the chances are great that a business, easily secured, will not be appreciated or properly guarded. How much oftener do we hear of the failure of a son who inherits a business than of one who has worked up his own. Another suggestion: Before you place your son into business ask yourself this question: What will be do after retiring? If we live so do business, then my suggestion is irrelevant; but if, as I firmly believe, we do business to live, then I feel that business men

should prepare to retire from the absorbing detail of everyday routine as soon as they have secured a fair competence. This being conceded, a youth intended for a business career should, wherever possible, be given the opportunity to develop those higher tastes, for literature, art, languages, the sciences, etc., which will enable him to enjoy life more and appreciate leisure when he has earned it.

The American business man occasionally falls back on another excuse for not retiring: He would be "out of things," would feel lost, would have no company, no friends situated similarly to himself; in other words, he says he fears to retire because we have no leisure class. If by leisure class he means the lazy, idle class, the drones in the human hive, let us accept his excuse; for business life with all its limitations is much to be preferred. But he forgets that, with retirement from business, new duties will soon come to him, which, if he does not shirk, will occupy his time to such an extent at least that he will have no cause to be lonesome. In England, in Germany and in France there is a substantial leisure class; in America it is only now in formation. And, with the spread of the movement in America, every year will strengthen the bond of sympathy between those who arrange to devote themselves to true living. In England there are some men who live on their income and give all their time to hunting, fishing and other sports; but a comparatively large number enter public life actively, throwing their effort and their influence in the direction of municipal and national betterment.

In Germany, while there are some men of the leisure class who spend their time at the coffee-houses and beer gardens, there are many who lead most useful lives, always ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed, in private or public affairs. In France, through gambling and other dissipations attract many who have achieved leisure, others in large num-

bers interest themselves in the field of art, in philanthropy, and in public matters.

Here, then, is the opportunity, the mission of our successful business men. As soon as they can afford it, let them retire from the pursuit of gain, joining the true leisure class, devoted to the patriotic work of high-level citizenship. Their children may

not receive as large a legacy in the shape of fortune as they would if the father had shaved all his life, but they will have a much dearer and more enduring inheritance in the proud memory of a parent who co-operated with them to work out the best that was in them, and whose life was spent in developing the highest ideals of humanity.

The Story of the Clarendon Press

By J.P.C. in Pall Mall Magazine

TO be precise, one ought to say the Clarendon Press, of Oxford, and the Oxford University Press, of London, but these matters of punctilio are difficult. I have diligently ploughed in the wake of a hundred predecessors, consulted the best living authorities; and studied at the Bodleian; but with all this searching, catechising, and boddelling, I fail to perceive where the one Press begins and the other ends. It is one of those undemonstrable things that the faithful must be content to accept as mysteries. There are things where it behooveth not to be over-wise, and even if one had the necessary knowledge it is not always easy to convey it. The man who could write the history of Oxford University afresh is a hero. The man who could expound what it might be if it had the funds, would be a visionary and a genius. But the person who undertook to say how the Clarendon Press is governed and financed and maintained on the high plane it occupies, and how it dovetails in with the Oxford University Press, and why one makes a profit and the other is indifferent, has probably never been born. At least, we have not met him, and in his absence we may imitate Charles Lamb, and not waste good opinions on a myth.

First as to the origin of the name "Clarendon," you may say that what

Wootley was to the University, Lord Clarendon was to its Press. When Oxford first wanted a printing-press in Reformation times, it had to stamp its title-pages, as it still does its Bibles, *Cum Privilegio*, in acknowledgment of one of those monopolies which royalty enjoys, like the shooting of herons and the minting of coin. Fifty enough the first printer who used the University arms bore the name of Scolar, but the succession since is a broken one, for at the whim of some one at Court who ought to have known better, the privilege was withheld for as many as thirty and fifty years at a time, and it was 1585 before Joseph Barnes obtained a loan of 4500 from the University, and started the press on a career that has never ceased. In 1636 another royal privilege was granted by charter for the University to print Bibles; but the parliamentary war began, and it had to leave this right to the Stationers' Company and betake itself to the printing of King Charles's pamphlets and proclamations. When the war ended, new strife began about Bible-printing, and after producing a Bible and Prayer-book, which the trade promptly imitated and undersold, the University gave the Stationers another lease of twenty-one years. Ultimately the right was divided between the University presses of Oxford and Cambridge and the King's Printers. As for its develop-

ment, the Clarendon Press owned precious little in early days to its royal patrons, and its chief benefactors were Archbishop Laud, Sir William Blackstone and Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, and the victim of certain uncharitable lines that need no quoting. Laud obtained the charter expanding an old Star Chamber grant, and directing all productions to be submitted to the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellors, and three doctors—wherein we see the origins of the Delegacy above described. Blackstone gave it his best energies, and Dr. Fell enriched it with new fonts of Dutch type, including the quaint shovel-shapes that figure in rare old Oxford hymnals. Lastly, Lord Clarendon gave the Press his "History of the Rebellion" by embodying it in that strange anomaly, a perpetual copyright, and out of the proceeds of this princely endowment was built the Clarendon Printing House in Broad Street.

Previously the Press had been a wanderer on the face of Oxford, for having begun under the shadow of Merton, it migrated to Buscher Row where it was burnt out, then to the Old Convocation House near St. Mary's, then to Cat Street, then up to the dome of the Sheldonian Theatre and down again into the basement. When the Sheldonian began to shake with the clatter of the presses, the undertaking was evicted and divided as well. The secular or "learned" portion moved to a place called Tom Pun's House, and the Bible portion to a house in St. Aldate's; and divided, in a sense, they remained for many years. It was 1713 before the new Printing House began to be used, and the Bible was still farmed out, like the taxes and customs of those days. In 1830 the new and present buildings were finished at a cost of over £30,000, and the two wings perpetuated the battle of the books, divine and secular. Each had its own manager until the arrangement grew unworkable and then Dr. Price, the learned Secretary of those days, took a masterly resolve. He lumped the sections together and appointed a mas-

ter printer, the first that the Delegates had ever had under their direct control. That was twenty-five years ago, and Mr. Horace Hart has been Architypographus Academicus Oxoniensis ever since. Nine years earlier Mr. Frowde had been engaged as publisher, and in these two remarkable men the Oxford and London businesses find their embodiment. Distinctions are difficult, as already remarked, and to allot their functions would require an Althausian. It is pardonable, then, if throughout this article the names of Frowde and Hart keep recurring, like that other illustrious head in the brain of Mr. Dick; but so long as we undertake neither to confound the persons nor divide the substance, all may yet be well.

The production put excellence by which the Oxford Press must stand or fall is its printing of the Bible, and when it has sent any display of its work to the great exhibitions, the Bible has been foremost in the number and variety of specimens. It issues seventy-one editions, ranging from the tiny edition in the type called "brilliant" to a resplendent pulpit folio like an altar-slab. America takes over six tons of these different Bibles every week, and the totals issued in the year amount up to millions. And yet the variety of editions is nothing to the variety of the four hundred languages and dialects in which the sacred text is printed. For the parable of the mustard-seed has been fulfilled in more ways than one, and out of those four crumbling codices which are the most precious bequest that Christianity derives from the past, have grown a Babel of type and an orbit of paper that speak to every man in the tongue wherein he was born—from Gurmukhi, Tamil, and "high-piping Ghehvi" to the still more uncouth jargon which assails the missionary on the wave-lapped fringes of Polynesia. Think of the difficulties of typing alone. A hundred characters are sufficient for our common Roman—what you may call the Vulgate of typography—but some of these exotic tongues either run into a different character for every word, or

else require each letter to be built up out of ten or a dozen pieces. Running the length of a long room at Oxford, sky-lit, whitewashed, and beset with a forest of "cases," are a hundred compositors who have each a smattering of a dozen languages, and a touch-and-go acquaintance with a hundred more; but for the most part they reckon not their own red, and set blindly, hoping for the best. As for the various result it baffles description, for it ranges from a hieroglyphic that looks like the patterns spun on an old-fashioned "sampler," or the Runic lettering that resembles a row of Palmer Cox's "Brownies," to the formidable Slavonian, that is like nothing so much as a cyclist's set of spacers lying among the fragments of a broken monkey-wrench.

But typing is not the greatest task by any means, and it costs far less to set up the Bible than it does to "read" it. A text like the Bible that is familiar to eye and ear is vastly more difficult of supervision than anything else, and it has been the dread of mistakes that has caused so many editions to be printed from electrotype—that is, a mechanical replica of type already passed as accurate. At Oxford every edition is "read" five times, letter by letter, and though in a spirit of modesty and gratitude the Press pays any one a guinea for each error first detected, the total paid yearly for all the Bibles issued never exceeds five guineas. Some years ago, it is said, two letters fell out of a page, and the text thus represented the Redeemer as "aching" in the Temple, instead of "teaching"; and on its discovery, the missing letters were printed by hand into the fifty thousand copies of that particular edition. The Bible, it is interesting to know, stands above all other works in another respect, for Bible type has a genius of its own, and as the result of this hard-and-fast rule a line of the type used for secular words, if it escaped into a Bible page, would disgrace it completely—which fact, cease to think of it, may rank among the things that are sent for our edification. And as there are 773,746 words in the Auto-

crised Version, and these contain 3,556,482 separate letters, one may roughly compute that it takes, with spaces and rules and margins, about five million pieces of type in the setting-up; and then all this labor is multiplied over again for the Revised Version. The story of the Revised Version has been often told—of its initiation, of the learning and labor it involved, and the deep interest it aroused all over the Christian world. But as it took a couple of generations to settle the Jacobean version into the minds of the people, so this Revision has never yet, and probably never will, uphold the established text of 1611. Nevertheless, it was a Herculean labor to edit, set, and read the new text, and print a million copies in such secrecy as to secure it against divulgence until the appointed day of publication. I have already said something to show the unworthy devices that were employed to get a glimpse of the precious text of the New Testament, and have only to repeat that the loyalty of an English firm's staff was proof against cajolery, money, and fraud. And the story of that fateful Monday, the seventeenth of May, 1881, when the first million copies went out in a single morning, makes one of the romances of Pater-noster Row.

It was in the endeavor to bring the text of Holy Writ into small compass, free from blemish or abridgement, that Oxford arrived at the famous India paper, and though its discovery was providential, it was not brought into actual use and sufficient quantity without thirty years of hard searching and experiment. A missionary brought back from the Far East in the forties a paper amazingly opaque, thin and tough, and again we Westerners marvelled that the East should be ahead of us in paper, as well as ink and printing. No one could match the paper when it came. It was a case of the Shyline leaves, but vastly worse, for there was no repetition of the offer; and when the original quantity was turned into a few copies of the Bible, these looked like mounting to fabulous prices, for

there came no more. The paper became more precious than the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life. Agents were sent in search of it, paper-makers were set to match it; all in vain. When opaque, the papers obtained were neither thin nor tough, and when they were tough and thin they were transparent and useless. Thirty years passed in these trials and investigations East and West, until the day when the long-sought texture proclaimed itself, and the Oxford India paper was an accomplished fact. Immediately the Bible shrank to a third of its original bulk, and the grateful evangelist, spending his eyesight beneath antipodean stars, could carry with him a neat and compact volume and read it in a bold and legible type. This paper is so tough that a ribbon of it three inches wide will bear a weight of twenty pounds without breaking, yet it brings a volume of eight hundred pages into a thickness of half an inch. So when a certain dread day comes, as prophesied, and we find ourselves being crowded into the surrounding seas by the accumulation of our printed matter, all we need do is to print it over again on Oxford India paper, and I believe the Clarendon Press and its paper mills at Wolvercote would be equal to the task at very short notice. But the receipt and method of the manufacture are a secret, and a secret they are likely to remain.

After the Bible the next point of pride with the University Press is the Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray. Dr. Johnson, that oracle among the lexicographers, would have it that in the matter of dictionary-making one Englishman was worth

sixteen hundred Frenchmen, and by this modest computation, Dr. Murray's undertaking, which has occupied seven times as big a staff as Johnson had, and two thousand volunteers as well, ought to outweigh all the other dictionaries in the British Museum. Honestly we believe it will. The Philological Society started collecting material for it, at Dean Trench's instigation, many years ago, but it was 1868 before the volumes dealing with A and B were out. Since then Oxford has beaten all the compilations of other countries in this particular line. Grimm's German Dictionary took half a century, and the Dutch Wordenboek, I believe, which was started in 1852, is not finished yet. I forget what was the record of Webster's Dictionary, or, as Bill Nye called it, "How One Word Led to Another"; but you may depend, the patriotic view is the right one. Besides, Oxford beats them all again in being more tolerant and more inclusive, and the editors of the new Dictionary do not strike out of their quotations the sentence of a homilist as Johnson did, because he detected an unsoundness in his doctrines of the Trinity. It is hoped by issuing four hundred and fifty pages a year to complete the work before this decade is out, and then we shall be in full possession of a vocabulary worthy of our noble selves. It will contain more than twice as many words as any previous dictionary, the longest among them being Dr. Benson's term, "antidissestablishmentarians," and not one of these many thousand words, admitted from every nation under the sun, has ever been stopped at port of entrance or paid a penny in the way of duty.

The Airship Age

By HARRIS BULARD in *London Magazine*

FROM time immemorial, the great God of War has claimed the first tribute of every invention that could render his strength more terrible and his cruelty more hideous. The first steel was used to kill, the first gunpowder to propel a bullet. The first roads of any importance in Europe were constructed that armies might move more rapidly along the path of conquest. The one primal instinct of the human race is to fight; and every brain is on the alert to seize on some new discovery which will give the fighter an advantage over his adversary.

It is not strange, therefore, that the imagination, fired by the prospect of the vast changes which the steerable airship will bring over the face of the whole world, should first draw a picture of the revolution in naval and military warfare. A terrible picture, this—death dropping silently from the clouds or from some grey blur that is scarcely visible in the blue sky; the smoking wreck of battleships, powerless to strike a blow even in the hour of their destruction; fair lands devastated and swept from end to end; shattered armies, blackened and crumbling fortresses, the ruins of proud cities; men living in caves and burrows to escape the rain of gun-cotton and dynamite. And then the meeting of aerial fleets, the rip of silk, the whirr of broken wings, the headlong fall of men and ships into the abyss.

But if the inventors of the airships were to give us no more than this, mankind could very well dispense with their gifts. The means of offensive warfare are already increasing at such a tremendous rate that even the greatest nations are feeling the burden of keeping pace with each other in the struggle for supremacy. The introduction of a force which may destroy thirty million pounds' worth of property in five minutes is not likely to

arouse much enthusiasm among those who will have to pay the bill. Fortunately, however, the airship promises to do more for the inhabitants of the world than wreck their cities and rob them of their lives.

From the remotest periods of antiquity to the present day the progress of civilization has depended largely on the means of communication at the disposal of the human race. At first man was content to use his feet, then he harnessed the horse, the mule, the ox, and the camel, and brought them into his service. Then he went forth on to the sea in ships; and distant lands were brought into touch with one another, with the inevitable result that the less-civilized nation benefited by the contact.

Then for a long while—for many centuries—there was no further progress in the way men moved from one place to another. The people of the Middle Ages were no better off in this respect than the Romans or the Carthaginians. To ride on horseback was still the speediest form of locomotion; and the ships that ploughed their way slowly from land to land were still small and incapable of facing the terrors of the great ocean storms.

Then, with the coming of the steam-engine, a new and stupendous force came into the history of the world. Greeted at first with doubt, and even with ridicule, it has lived to prove itself one of the greatest factors in the civilization of the human race. Every year the network of railways extends itself over the land, bringing men into closer touch with each other, and every year the turbulent seas are being brought more and more into subjection; and wherever there are deep waters and harbors the modern Leviathan of the ocean can carry men with speed and safety.

Then there came the telegraph, so

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it.

swift and wonderful that a man could ask a question of a friend on the other side of the world, and receive an answer in less than a minute and a half.

And then, in later times, the motor, which promises to revolutionize the internal goods and passenger traffics of every country in the world. It has even been proved, in the Pekin to Paris race, that a motor-car can traverse the wild and trackless wastes of the desert; and the possibilities which lie before it are so great that it may supersede every other form of locomotion on both land and sea.

And the eventual conquest of the air, to which all the discoveries of steam and electricity must one day yield supremacy, has been made possible by the petrol-driven engine, which at present is the only machine that is light enough to give the requisite power in proportion to its weight.

The mere balloon was a great invention, yet useless for all practical purposes, as it was of necessity at the mercy of the winds. The aeroplane, from which much is expected, and from which much may come, is at present so far off a state of practical utility that a few hundred yards represent the record of its flight. But the steerable balloon is an accomplished fact; and the future—at any rate, the immediate future—of the navigation of the air will rest with the airship.

And what a future! The brain reels at the thought of it, and the most vivid imagination can scarcely picture the stupendous change which will before long sweep over the face of the whole earth.

Yes, the whole earth! Not merely those portions of the globe which are known to us, but lands where the feet of a white man have perhaps never yet trod, and the dark places of the world, which from the day they first evolved from chaos have kept their secrets hidden from the eyes of all men—black, white, red, or yellow.

For at last man will have found his feet on the great, smooth road over which he can move without finding

any obstacle to his progress. North and south, east and west, the pathway of the air extends over the whole surface of the globe. All the barriers of earth and sea will disappear, as though at the touch of a magician's wand. Impassable mountain ranges, unfathomable rivers, impenetrable forests, the ice-strewn plains of the Polar regions, and the sand-swept deserts of Africa; all these will no longer prevent men from traveling where they will in their airships. The explorer will in a few years be a relic of the past. There will be no places left to explore. Every inch of the earth's surface will be mapped out, surveyed, and named. The novelist, who desires to write of unknown lands, will have to turn to other worlds than this.

But though the work of exploration may only last a few years, what golden years those will be for the men who will gladly risk their lives in order to be the first to set foot on an unknown land! These men, the pioneers, will not wait till the airship has reached such a state of perfection that their journeys are as safe and easy as cycling along a smooth road. They will take the best materials that are ready to their hands, and set out on expeditions from which, it is to be feared, some of them will never return. Mile after mile they will push forward and month after month they will establish new bases for those who come after them. Yet whatever they suffer, they will be repaid by the glorious ecstasy of the moment. Whether they see beneath them the wide, green forests of the Amazon, the ice hummocks of the North, or the dun, level sands of the desert, they will feel all the glow of victory, even though they realize that their own lives will be the price.

There is to be no waiting. At the time of writing, Walter Wellman is preparing to start for the North Pole in the airship "America." It is now eleven years since Andree went forth and never returned. Much has been done and learnt since then in the science of aeronautics. The passage of the airship is a matter of hours, not

of months. Success or failure will come in the space of a few days. There will be no long winters in the ice, no anxious waiting for news. The "America" will glide across the Polar regions with the speed of a railway train. Her victory will be swift, or else she will fail. It is safe to say that Walter Wellman will be the first of hundreds who will follow his example in trying to explore the unknown regions of the earth.

So much for the explorers—the pioneers. After them will come the man of commerce, the missionary, and, it is to be feared, the soldier. Year after year the uncivilized portions of the globe will be brought into closer touch with civilization. The airship will no longer be an experiment; there will no longer be any risk in using it as a certain and reliable means of locomotion. The Airship Age will have begun.

And when this day comes, there is little doubt that every other form of locomotion will eventually be superseded. Trains and steamers and motor-cars will remain for many years, perhaps for centuries, but they will only be retained for goods traffic. Human beings will prefer to travel in airships, which will represent more nearly than anything else the perfect poetry of motion.

It is difficult to think of any invention which can ever supersede the airship except the aeroplane, or some contrivance which will give each separate individual a pair of wings and enable him to fly as easily as he can now walk or swim. In any case, the future pathway of the world will not be on the land or through the water, but in the air. And all inventions relating to locomotion will be confined to improving aerial navigation. The first step has been taken. The steerable airship is now an accomplished fact. It is reasonable to suppose that when the inventive faculties of all the world are concentrated on perfecting the form of the ship and the machinery, progress will be almost startling in its rapidity. It is the first step that counts. It is taken after years—nay, centuries—of experiment. But, when

it is once taken, the faltering feet break into a run, and scientists and mechanicians will move swiftly towards the final goal.

This is the story of the man who fell asleep in London in the year 1907, and woke again in the Airship Age, 19—?

The first thing that struck him was the silence. When he fell asleep, his last waking impressions had been of the roar and din of traffic. The thunder of motor-buses, the shriek of engine-whistles, and the clang of tram-bells were echoing in his ears, and only grew fainter as sleep overcame his senses. But now, as he awoke, there was almost complete silence.

"It must be early morning," he said to himself; "one of those few hours of quiet that come between the noises of night and day."

But, as he looked out of the window, he saw that the sun was high in the heavens. The street was almost empty. Only a few people were stirring. There were no vehicles of any kind.

Then a shadow passed between the sun and the window—a small shadow, such as a bird might make. The man did not look up. His eyes were still riveted on the street below. He wondered if some terrible plague were abroad. Else why this silence and these deserted streets?

Then another shadow passed, larger than the last. Still the man did not look up. He gave the matter no thought, supposing that a small cloud had drifted quickly across the sunlight. He still watched the street, and for a moment he experienced a sensation of fear. Then he heard a faint whirr, and, looking up, saw a long, cigar-shaped balloon gliding down between the rows of houses. It carried twenty passengers, and bore the words "London Aerobus Co.," in large, red letters. It moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and was apparently as easily steered as a ship or a motor-car.

And then, as he watched, other airships came in view, some large and grey, constructed without ornament or

any desire to please the eye, others small and gaily decorated, glowering with gold-leaf and polished brass ornaments. Private conveyances, these, evidently, for not a few of them were blazoned with armorial bearings and the drivers were in livery.

For a time the man was fascinated by the strange sight. Then a doctor entered the room. At first the talk was of the strange disease which had sent the man to sleep for many years, and of all that had happened to his friends and affairs during the long period of oblivion. Then he questioned the doctor about the airships.

"Ah, yes," the physician replied; "the world has certainly moved on a bit. Let me see; was the 'Paris' built before your illness, or the 'Parseval'? Do you remember the names of Wellman or Count Zeppelin?"

"Yes; I remember the names, but little else."

"Well, Zeppelin's rigid airship carried eleven people over Lake Constance, and could have carried three times the number. It measured 128m. long and 12m. in diameter. The size of this ship was so enormous that it seemed as though the problem of size and expense would prohibit the carrying of any large number of people. But at that time an interesting discovery was made. It was calculated that, by increasing the diameter by only 2m., the tonnage would be increased by 4,000kg., while the weight of the airship would only be increased by 1,000kg. This meant that Zeppelin's airship would have carried seventy people if its diameter had been increased by 2m."

"I see. But this increase in diameter could not go on indefinitely?"

"It could go on until the diameter was a sixth of the length—that is to say, Count Zeppelin's airship could have been made 21m. in diameter, in which case it would have carried over 200 people. Experience has shown that when the proportion of length to diameter is six to one, the best results are obtained."

"Most interesting," said the man; "and now, I suppose, instead of tak-

ing a train or a cab or a bus, one takes an airship?"

"Precisely. Directly the difficulty of cost was overcome, and the ships were brought to such a state of perfection that they could move either with or across the wind, with equal ease and certainty, the world realized that every other form of locomotion must go."

"A great change, indeed; but I suppose the world goes on just the same? After all, there has only been an improvement in the means of locomotion."

The doctor laughed. "The change is greater than you think," he said. "All the industrial, social, and political conditions of the world have changed. In the first place, there is no longer any possibility of war."

"Airships—and no war? Impossible! Why, I remember that every nation in Europe was eager to be the first in the field with an air-battle-ship."

"You remember rightly. And, but for the possibilities of the airship in warfare, it is conceivable that it would never have reached its present state of perfection. But five years ago there was a great European war; and the horrors of it were so hideous that the whole world agreed to disarmament. The fleets and armies of the five combatants were ultimately wiped out."

"And England? What of her naval supremacy?" cried the man eagerly.

"England has no Navy nor naval supremacy. This would have happened in any case, even if there had been no war. Directly the air supplanted the sea as the great highway of the world, England's position as mistress of the sea was no longer of value. Her strength had lain in the fact that she was an island. For centuries she had made use of her insular advantages. She is no longer an island, either from a military or commercial point of view. Her boundaries are no more difficult to cross than the boundaries of France or Germany. In fact, what was her strength at first became her weakness. Before war was abolished she had still to carry on her vast com-

merce by means of ships, which were at the mercy of the airships of other countries."

"But surely England was not behind hand? She could make airships as well and as quickly as any other nation."

"She was handicapped from the start," the doctor replied. "Her motor industry was far behind that of France and Germany. Besides, the very fact that she was an island was against experiments in aerial navigation. Aeronauts did not like the sea in the early stages of the airship. They liked to be sure that they would alight on dry land. The British Isles are small; and the man who ascended in a balloon might soon find himself in the water. France and Germany had nearly the whole Continent of Europe at their disposal. And so it came to pass that England, when the supremacy of the sea no longer mattered, found herself left behind in the race for power."

"And now?" the man asked eagerly. "How does she stand now? Has she lost her Colonies, her independence?"

"She has retained all her Colonies, and is better able to rule them than she ever was. She is no longer an island—a great sea power. She is as much part of the Continent as France or Germany. She is a great continental land power. Her aerial fleet was second to none till the year before last."

"And then—?"

"The aerial navies were disbanded by common consent; and the power of every nation is now reckoned neither by the number of its soldiers nor the range of its artillery, but by its commercial stability and its capacity to breed men of worth and intellect."

"And the other nations?"

"The doctor did not answer, but, leaving the room, returned with an atlas."

"Look at that," he said quietly. "It will explain to you better than words what has happened in the world."

The man turned over page after page of the atlas, giving vent to exclamations of surprise as he noted the

changes which had taken place in the history of nations. Germany and Austria-Hungary were now one Federation, which had extended its territory over the Balkan Peninsula and Asia Minor to the borders of Persia. Turkey had ceased to exist. Japan had evidently gained the supremacy in the East, as China, and even part of Siberia, were under the standard of the Rising Sun.

But more extraordinary still than the redistribution of territory was the way in which every part of the globe was mapped out. Darkest Africa was now as well surveyed and as well known as Surrey and Sussex. The two Poles had already been claimed by European powers. Russia and America had taken the North, and England the South. The wildest nomad tribes were now in subjection. The Bedouins and the Esquimaux were both under the heel of civilized races. In the whole wide world there was not a single patch of uncharted land, not a single square mile that had not been claimed by one of the great nations of the earth.

"It is wonderful!" said the man, as he closed the atlas and stared out of the window at a passing airship. "I always thought that the conquest of the air would bring great changes, but I thought that they would be only surface changes. I never dreamt that the boundaries of empires would be altered, and that in a few years every unknown portion of the globe would be mapped out as though it were part of England."

"The change is deeper still," replied the doctor. "It is something more than the shifting of geographical boundaries, something greater than the surveying of unknown regions. The triumph of the airship bids fair to bring about the universal brotherhood of the human race. Already war has become impossible, and men are able to devote themselves to the spread of truth and morality. The savage will soon be as extinct as the dodo. Every little island in the Pacific, every inaccessible place in the midst of vast continents, is now in touch with the great cities of Europe and America."

A fortnight ago an airship went round the world in fifteen days, crossing both Poles on the journey. Soon the time will be reduced to ten days. Do you realize what that means? It means that the light of civilization must very shortly shine on every member of the human race. There is no corner so remote or so dark that it cannot be reached by the airship."

In a few days the man who had slept went out into the world, and saw with his own eyes the things he had heard. The absence of traffic in the streets and the new swift means of locomotion had made London a very pleasant place to live in. He noted with feelings of thankfulness that there was no discharge of ballast as the airships glided to and fro across the city. He had expected a continual rain of sand, which would have made all the town unendurable, and would have even been a considerable nuisance to dwellers in the country. But there was nothing of the sort. The inventive faculties of man had soon been able to overcome this difficulty; and the rise and descent of the airships were regulated by a less primitive method than casting out weight or releasing gas.

He noted, too, the great advantage the aerial traffic had over that which used to run through the streets. Not only was the superficial area of the atmosphere much greater than that of the roads, thereby enabling vehicles to pass on the same plane with less danger of collision, but the depth of the atmosphere allowed the airships to pass along different planes. The slow-moving machines kept close to the earth, and the faster ones swept above them.

For a while the man was content to see the changes in the great metropolis, and to enjoy the new experience of traveling from one part of the city to the other. Then he purchased an airship of his own, and commenced a series of tours through England.

He found that the country had benefited even more than the towns from the introduction of the airship. There was no longer any talk of agricultural depression, or of the depopu-

lation of the villages. The new means of locomotion had brought the rural districts into close touch with the cities. Enormous numbers of men, either rich or of moderate means, lived right in the heart of the country, and went to and from their business every day. This had a leavening effect on the rural population. The laborer was more intelligent, and realized that the world was not bounded by the limits of his own parish. He was better housed and better fed. He had money to save, and was able to think of other things than how to drag out a bare existence.

Everywhere there were signs of prosperity. Trade was good, food was cheap, and the enormous burden of taxation placed on the shoulders of the nation by naval and military requirements had been removed.

A visit to the various ports and harbors round the coast showed that the shipping had not yet shared the fate of the vehicles which had once been used on land. The fleets of the air were not yet able to cope with the millions of tons of merchandise which enter and leave our shores every year. There were no longer any liners, but the great cargo-boats were as busy as they had ever been.

Having completed a survey of his own country, the man resolved to visit the Continent, and then to travel to those lands which had only been explored since the steerable airship had become a practical means of locomotion.

He spent a year in touring through Europe; and everywhere he found the same advance in civilization. There was light on the dark Steppes of Russia, and the turbulent Balkan States had settled down into a peaceful and industrious community under the German flag.

He crossed Asia Minor into the desert of Arabia, and then made his way over the African continent, traversing it first from east to west, and then from north to south. The charts that were stored in the cabin of his airship were so complete that the aeronaut in charge was never out of his reckoning. The map was cover-

ed with a series of small red spots, exactly three hundred miles from each other. These were bases; and on their efficiency the whole system of aerial navigation depended. At each of these places the voyager would find petrol, if he needed it, and also a machine for recharging the balloon with gas.

From Africa the traveler flew into Asia, where Japan was now the supreme power. Here he was much astonished at the progress made by a nation that fifty years before had only just emerged from barbarism.

Then he visited South America, now one great commonwealth; and for the whole of three days he hung over the trackless forests of the Amazon—a wide, green ocean of leaves

that no man had ever looked upon before the age of the airship.

Thence he made his way through North America to the North Pole; and as, wrapped in furs and securely ensconced in his warm cabin, he gazed across the plains of rugged ice, he thought of the many lives that had been sacrificed—lives of brave men who had resolved to overcome the stupendous barriers of Nature or die in the attempt.

"The age of exploration is over," he said to himself. "The brain of man has triumphed over every obstacle. He has at last been given dominion over earth and sea and air. There will be light in the darkest places of the world."

Life on Board The "Dreadnought"

By Frank T. Ballou in London Magazine

QUITE recently it was my great and pleasant privilege to spend nearly a fortnight on board the "Dreadnought," not only Britain's greatest battleship, but a vessel which has surprised and considerably disconcerted all the naval powers in the world. The ship was under service conditions, being the flagship of the first mobilized immense Home Fleet, and, whether in harbor or at sea, by night or by day, was a scene of the most strenuous activity.

Due, possibly, to the fact that I am fairly well known in the fleet, but more, I think, to the innate kindness and courtesy of the naval man of whatever grade, I was not only made welcome, but with every branch of the working of this unique ship I was made most intimate. Here comes cause for tears. On many points—and those, as always happens, the most intensely interesting—my lips are sealed, as they would be about the private affairs of a friend whose guest I happened to be. Again, I am precluded from mentioning any names

or characteristics of the various officers who have been so kind, because service rules forbid, selection is invidious, and comprehensive description is impossible from lack of space.

But what I can say, and do gratefully assert, is this: that in the latest British battleship the grand old traditions of the service are fully maintained; that one and all rise to the height of their opportunities, and handle this vast, complicated box of tricks with as perfect an assurance as if they had been on board of her all their lives. If there is any higher praise than that, I am not acquainted therewith.

Few people outside of the inner circle of high scientific authorities and the men in charge of this ship can possibly form any idea of the immense and almost miraculous success she is. How long she was in designing I know not; but most people know that in addition to being the most revolutionary example of battleship construction and armament, she also constituted an astounding record in the

time occupied from the laying of her keel until she was commissioned for sea, exactly twelve months—from October 2nd, 1905, to October 3rd, 1906. Hundreds of contractors were concerned in her equipment, all liable to error, some unscrupulous; but all their efforts had to be concentrated in this ship, which, under a supreme driving force, was got to sea at the appointed time.

I know and admire with all my heart the men who watched her grow, who amidst entirely new conditions scrutinized every bit of work that was put into her with the most jealous care, their eyes ever on the clock as the time flew by. These men, unswayed, unnoted under service rules, took the wonderful ship to sea, and in the face of all difficulties, such as engineers only can appreciate, made her do what she was laid down to do.

Between seven and eight hundred men, all young and all British, all under the same discipline, and in their various positions carrying out the same great ideal, living within a space a little under five hundred feet long, about eighty feet beam at the extreme width, and about forty deep. Their duties are almost as multifarious as their characters, but in a very special way they are interdependent. Here, if anywhere, is the scriptural axiom exemplified that no man liveth to himself. Coming into this microcosm from without, the landsman or merchant seaman is at first almost stupefied by what he ignorantly imagines to be the many masters giving orders, the many duties being performed in apparently utter indifference to anything else that may be going on at the time. In short, he is inclined to regard life on board a battleship as a sort of happy-go-lucky chaos out of which emerges in some mysterious manner the perfect order and fitness for the prime duty of the ship, which is apparent at the bugle-call "Prepare for action."

Now, I do not wish to take any cut-and-dried routine of an ordinary day and present it to you, for it has often been done before. A typed copy of the ship's routine is framed and hung

in a conspicuous place, often opposite the commander's cabin-door, and, in the absence of that special work which may at any moment be the will of the captain or, if in a fleet, at the admiral's orders, he intruded, will be adhered to. For it is in the essence of naval training that every man shall be possessed by the knowledge that emergencies are to be expected at any moment, placid routine exceptional.

It can never be too vigorously emphasized that we have in each individual captain of a ship in the navy, when alone, and in the senior officer when in company with other vessels, a perfect autocrat in the highest sense. He is restrained from acts contrary to the articles of war by his allegiance to the Crown, apart from his own sense of what is due to his position; but in the carrying out of his general orders to make and keep his crew as efficient as can possibly be he is absolute monarch.

But, as should be the case in a truly well governed kingdom, the captain of a battleship has no need to concern himself with niggling details. His Prime Minister or chief executive officer stands between him and the thousand and one incidents that go to make up a day in a battleship; and I have little fear of any contradiction when I say that this officer, the commander, is the hardest-worked man in the ship. Certainly, it is an axiom that the commander makes the ship. He messes in the wardroom with the officers, is on the most familiar terms with all of them there, with the slight difference that in speaking to him a "sir" is occasionally slipped in, but he is the chief of them all. The whole of this article might be taken up in describing the work of a commander, but it would be very incomplete then.

In considering the "Dreadnought," however, especially as she was during my stay on board of her, we must take note of several exceptional circumstances. In the first place, she was the flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, Sir Francis Bridgman, K.C.V.O., a potentate who had under his orders five other admirals and a commodore. This con-

dition of things imposed upon Captain Reginald Bacon, who has commanded the ship since she was first commissioned, the additional and extremely onerous duties of chief of the staff, while lightening none of his other labors as being in command of the greatest series of new departures in battleship construction and equipment the world has ever seen.

There was of necessity also carried quite a large staff of special officers, mostly of the rank of commander, who, however, were hardly connected with the work of the ship herself, except in very special cases, such as gunnery trials. It was only in this way that the complement of the giant battleship was brought up to about 750, for really her crew, under ordinary conditions, number less than 700—690 I believe is the exact number, or about sixty less than the complement of a battleship of the "Majestic" class, with all their vast inferiority to the "Dreadnought."

One other essential factor in the life of the "Dreadnought," as compared with that of any other battleship in the navy, is the tremendous innovation as to the quarters of men and officers. The difference would appear to be trivial to a landsman, but it is really revolutionary. I allude to the fact of the rank and file being berthed aft and the officers forward, while the admiral's quarters, with those of his chief subordinates, are almost immediately beneath the fore bridge, or "Monkey Island" as those irreverent seamen term it, so that access to his position of direct oversight of his fleet is at once easy and swift.

No one who is not a seaman can understand the complications in terms, the strange subconscious feelings among all classes of the ship's company, to which this revolutionary alteration has given rise. The older men in other ships look sourly upon the "Dreadnought," with the once sacred quarter-deck infested by skylarking sailors. No stately admirals walk round the stern; and, an unsightly square opening at the water-line right aft, through which the debris from

messrooms and galleys escapes into the sea. But when once the change has been lived down, all hands are agreed that the new is by far the better way.

Life in the wardroom, or the senior officers' mess, is usually very happy. Though there be great variety of occupations as well of seniority among its inmates, within its doors all are equal, meeting as gentlemen meet in their club; and nowhere would a snob, if such a creature be possible in a wardroom, find his proper position with greater rapidity and certainty. In fact, I should define the wardroom as the officers' club, towards the upkeep of which every officer contributes liberally out of his pay, the balance being made up by the Admiralty. But—note well—extravagance of any kind is severely frowned upon, since in the navy it is not money but brains that makes the officer; and it is unthinkable that a good officer should find himself locked down upon because his purse happens to be shallow.

The gunroom is the stydom of the wardroom in a very special sense. It is the dining-room, living-room—home, in fact—of the junior officers, such as sub-lieutenants, assistant engineers, assistant paymasters, midshipmen, and cadets. One special manner in which it differs from the wardroom is that the members of the latter have each a commodious and comfortable cabin wherein to retire for study or privacy, while the juniors of the gunroom, outside of its doors, have only the bunks whereon their hammocks are slung, and the big chests which contain all their possessions. In fact, for them privacy only comes with promotion, as it does to the great majority of a battleship's company. Most of the men who man a battleship never know during the whole of their sea career what it is to be in private except during their leave ashore; many of them never have a corner which they can call their own, except that portion of the bag-rack where their kit is bestowed, and access to which is only available at stated times.

But we must not leave wardroom

and gunroom just yet. The three meals of the day—breakfast, luncheon and dinner, at eight, noon, and seven—are always most happy functions, attended by much lively chat, mostly on "shop" subjects—for your naval officer is far too sensible a man to be ashamed of being interested in his profession—and an enormous amount of chaff and "leg-pulling." Nothing is harder for the guest of a wardroom for a few days to learn—I doubt if he ever appreciates it—than this mania of the naval officer for giving a fellow some information, with a perfectly straight face, which is pure joke. Nothing, apparently, gives him more delight than to sell somebody in this way; and the greater the victim's annoyance, if he be wise enough to show it, the greater the joy of the perpetrator.

Sports, of course, is discussed, but never, in all my experience, given undue prominence to. In fact, remembering the enormous amount of highly specialized knowledge that a naval officer must possess if he wishes to remain in the service, and the very arduous nature of his active duties, most especially in a ship like this, I fail to see how sport can be, as it is with so many landmen, the be-all and end-all of life, and work only a disagreeable incident.

In the gunroom, fun is on a wilder and more boyish scale when it is indulged in. The junior naval aspirant lets himself go with a will when he does break loose; and the piano suffers assault and battery of the severest kind, often illegitimately. But, owing to the increasing pressure upon the youngsters in the matter of learning, I fancy there are fewer corroborates than there used to be—there really isn't time.

Apart, however, from its man-making facilities, there are in the life itself the advantages of seeing so much of the world, and mixing with the best cosmopolitan society, privileges which officers of all ranks share equally, and of the highest value in the formation of character.

Passing on to the next class on board a battleship which claims at-

tention, as well as highest respect, we come to the warrant officers—men who, I venture to say, are, as a class, without their peers in the world. Several new ratings have been added lately, so I am not quite sure of all of them; but there are such old-established ones as boatswain, carpenter, gunner, captain of the quarter-deck, and, now, torpedo-gunner, engineer artificer, chief stoker, signal boatswain, &c.

All these non-commissioned officers dress in uniform similar to the commissioned officers, but without stripes on the cuffs; all wear frock-coats and swords on special occasions, and all are—must be—addressed as "sir" by their subordinates and "Mr." by their superiors.

But what I find so admirable in these men is that, although all in the very prime of life, they have literally fought their way to the front from the ranks in the face of the most strenuous competition and against countless pitfalls of temptation, one slip or error of judgment even, under the iron discipline of the navy, meaning often the loss of years of strenuous striving.

Therefore, when you meet a warrant officer, remember he is a man to take off your hat to. No amount of luck, or favoritism—if such a thing could be where crews so often change—or anything else save the highest qualities of skill, patience, intelligence, and pluck, can bring a man to this position.

These gentlemen—and very rough diamonds in speech some of them are—have each a cabin to themselves. They have also a messroom to themselves, on the same lines as the officer of the wardroom, but, of course, on a lower scale economically. Most of them are married, and looking forward to a peaceful retirement in their old age on a sufficient pension to keep them in comfort—a pension well earned if ever money was. As might be expected, they are usually very staid, quiet men, whose conversation is mostly on service matters; indeed, were it otherwise, they would not be what they are.

And now we come to the bluejacket in all his varieties—the handyman par excellence—who, whether he be second-class petty officer or second-class boy, wears the familiar and sensible costume we all know and love.

I am sadly in want of a new term for him, since it is now utterly ridiculous, especially in a ship like this, to call him a sailor. True, you shall yet find among the petty officers men who, while they have absorbed the new learning, are skilled mechanics—specialists in various highly difficult mechanical directions—have not forgotten their early learning of knots, splicing, sailmaking, and fancy-work. Evidence of this is found in most unexpected places. Wandering one day among the byways of this amazing ship, I came across a massive and complicated contrivance in brass jutting out from a bulkhead. What its use was—whether it was electrical or steam, or hydraulic or compressed air—I do not know; but a curious thrill went through me as I noted how some neat and skilful seamen of the old school had worked "turks' heads" with fishing-line around the principal pipes, to make the dividing line between paint and polished brass. The "turks' head," which doubtless the Phœnicians worked on the footropes to their latent sails—I have seen it copied in ivory on a bishop's pastoral staff of the ninth century—brought into useful play said the mighty masses of metal in the latest of battleships.

But what shall I call this wonderful man, whom I know and love so well? Bluejacket? No; for he never wears a jacket when in uniform, and his most frequently worn rig is white, not blue. On the whole, I think, setting aside his own nicknames of mallow (waterfall), flatfoot, &c., I shall vote for *seaman*, with the prefix *naval*, to differentiate him from his brother in the merchant service.

But before taking him in detail, I must not omit mention of the warrant officer in chrysalis, as it were—the first-class petty officer, such as a chief boatswain's mate or leading stoker. He has attained to the dignity of a

jacket and peaked cap, and he has usually a great voice and a strenuous driving method, which, added to an almost uncanny knowledge of what every unit of the scattered crowd under his immediate charge is doing at any given moment, gives you the clue to his position. These qualities have brought him thus far on his way up; and their momentum will eventually land him at the goal of his ambition, bar officers.

But what can I say of the second-class petty officers, leading seamen, &c., with all their varying duties, responsibilities, and distinguishing marks? To the casual eye, all look alike as far as uniform is concerned, all wearing the loose blouse, tight, loose trousers, and round cap of the seaman; but on their arms they carry mystic signs, such as crossed flags, torpedoes, crossed cannon, single cannon, &c., which spell to the initiated the various duties they perform.

I have the highest desire to be impartial, but I confess that, if pressed closely, I should say that this large and most important class are my favorites of all a battleship's personnel. They are so amazingly able, so full of vitality, so obsessed with the importance and dignity of their profession, and yet, alas! so many of them have fluctuated between leading seamen and warrant officers for years, having the cup of their ardent desire hurled from their lips time and time again because—Well, because of a variety of reasons, but all too often because of the alignments of another cup, and the natural gentility that all of them seem to possess.

To know them is to love them; to watch them at their work as drill-instructors, gun-layerers, in charge of telephone exchanges, switchboard-rooms, torpedo-bats, is to be filled even to overflowing with admiration of their amazing knowledge, allied to executive ability.

I have several times lately had a severe qualm when wondering where such men are to come from under the new short-service system, remembering that many of these fine fellows have been upwards of twenty years

in the navy, and are only now in the prime of life. I should say that it was worth any sacrifice in reason to keep on breeding such men, for they are the string upon which the jewels of the navy are strung.

A great many of these men are married (may, most of them, I think), and look forward (or used to look forward) hopefully to a cottage in some seaside village, where the pleasant duties of the coastguard and their substantial pension would combine most satisfactorily. But I fear that the coastguard is to be abolished; and, without setting my feeble private judgment against the nature wisdom of the authorities, I feel and to think of the possibility of such a thing. That, however, is a side issue.

One peculiar feature about these men emerges upon close study of them, which is the way in which the principles and practice of economy lay hold of them. In their young days, doubtless, they were—as most seamen are—fairly reckless with their pay, which, scanty though it was, looked a lot when accumulated upon a commission. But now they will be found taking care of the pence in all sorts of curious ways, chief among which comes the use of the sewing-machine.

A great deal of money is earned by the skilled use of this little engine, by boat making and repairing, by hair-cutting, &c., nothing being done without an equivalent return in cash, for the navy's self-respecting motto is "Nothing for nothing, and a lot for a needle." Which is as it should be, though Jack is a most generous soul.

What he will not stand for a moment, however, is a bumper—a selfish brat who will spend all he has on himself, and then cudge for what he has been too mean to buy. That type is hardly ever found in the navy; the atmosphere is too highly charged for them to blossom in.

The rank and file of the ship's company—seamen and stokers—lead a life which, take it all round, is, I think, harder than that of any class of

the community. But it is an uplifting life, a life with very many avenues leading out of it to higher levels and better conditions, and many beckoning, as well as helping, hands always held out.

It is a strange life, which has no counterpart elsewhere, for nowhere else do large bodies of men of good character live under such communal conditions, nor yet where individuality is more strongly cultivated. Thus, while it is true of all ranks—with two prominent exceptions—in the Navy that the careful observer can tell the naval man by the cut of his jib, as we say, pointing to a pronounced type, it is emphatically true that nowhere is individuality more marked or more greatly encouraged than here. A man of exceptional ability has no ambition of being a specialist—there are many such—is immediately spotted, and very drastic methods are often used to arouse that ambition, since the man is wanted badly in the Service.

Again I am forced to specialise. Being familiar with the intricacies of the ship, watching the quiet seaman caressing his glittering web of complications in submerged torpedo-flat, lower conning-tower, switch-board room, telephone exchange, and magazines; observing him manipulating the terrific forces of electricity, compressed air, and hydraulic engines; watching the artificer engineer handling his gigantic charges at ever-varying speeds, and the modern stoker tickling the latest water-tube boilers, and noting how fearfully complicated is everything connected with them, my thoughts fly ever back to the bridge, where the signal boatswain and his crew are charged, as here in a flagship with the duty of keeping the admiral in constant communication with every member of the whole fleet of ships.

I do really believe that, beside the lightning quickness and amazing sight of the signal staff, all other occupations appear trivially easy. Watch that young seaman standing with an Admiralty pattern telescope at his eye—none of the best, by the way—and hear the message trickling from his lips which yonder cruiser is send-

ing by the waving arms of a semaphore on the bridge.

Few couldn't see the semaphore, much less read from it. At the same time, three or four strings of flags are ascending and descending, in addition to speed-signals. The mental exercise practised by every one of these seamen, to say nothing of the man in charge of them—the signal boatswain—would shame any Senior Wrangler. But look at the environment also.

Flags are devilish things to handle in bad weather, and, besides, mist and rain do not aid sight; but constant communication must be kept up—is kept up—and failure is not contemplated. It is the most fascinating sight on board a battleship, this work of the signalman.

At night the work is simplified, because all communications are made by means of flashing lamps; but even then, when you have a fleet of, say, twenty vessels, the winking eyes at each masthead seem as if they would induce madness. In this fleet we have well over a hundred vessels, all of whom must be kept in touch with the Commander-in-Chief from our bridge. But the steady work goes on; messages pour in and out with unshaking rapidity and flawless accuracy, and an utter absence of any idea on the part of the workers that they are doing anything extraordinary.

I approach with fear and trembling the motive power of the battleship, and the huge staff of unseen workers who are responsible for it. At the head of them comes the chief engineer, who is here a commander in rank, and has under him several engineer officers, who are inmates of wardroom and gunroom, according to their rank. They are highly trained in practice and theory, but the note of their service is responsibility.

Immediately beneath them comes the artificer—"tiffy," in naval parlance—who not only drives the engines, but, being a skilled mechanic, must needs repair them in an emergency. There are many thorny questions concerning him, the discussions

of which would be entirely out of place in this article, which are matters of hot debate and vexed controversy wherever working engineers do congregate.

One thing I can say wholeheartedly, and in this every officer will agree with me, which is that the "tiffy" is the linchpin of the ship, and that, remembering his onerous duties, he is all too poorly remunerated, while his prospects are in no wise commensurate with the wonderful work he does. I may not enter upon any controversial questions here, but I yield to no one in my appreciation of the work of the A.E.; and in all his legitimate efforts to obtain adequate recognition and pay he has my very best wishes.

Now for the lighter side, in one sense only. Such a community of stalwarts needs feeding, well and promptly. Hence a great array of cooks and domestics, who pass their calling in cheerful indifference to whatever else is going on. Blast of bugle or shrill of bo's'n's mates' pipe trouble them not; only the gravest emergency, such as fire or sinking, can turn them from their arduous duties of supplying the power of the best engine of all—the men. They form a little community of their own, the peculiar feature of which is, to my mind, that they may, and do, occupy their little niche on board this huge and complicated machine aloft for many months, and yet know nothing about her, outside of their own immediate sphere of action.

To this civilian category also belong the wardroom attendants, but they are nearly all marines, with drill and other duties to perform as well as the sick-bay attendants, fine, intelligent men; and the paymaster's staff, whose duties are simply clerical.

All of these folks have their own aims in life, which are purely civil. They are on the sea, yet not of it; and, although they do mix with the seamen at times, it is only as oil and water mingle, for in every essential detail they are wide as the Poles asunder. But in time of battle all these non-combatants have their places assigned to them, and they must perform essential

duties in aid of the fighting-men. At certain times they are drilled in those duties, much to their disgust and the dislocation of their work, for the drill is of a very stringent and onerous character, all the more so because of its infrequent occurrence.

I have left myself with little space in which to deal with the military element, the Royal Marine Light Infantry and Royal Marine Artillery, bodies of which are to be found on board of every battleship.

The first-named are soldiers pure and simple, and, however long they may be at sea, never lose their essentially military character. They fraternize far more freely than they used to do with the seamen; and I believe the idea of the authorities tacitly fostering antagonism between the two ranks has entirely passed away with the apparent need for it. But the Royal Marine Artillery, who handle the big guns, although they, too, are soldiers, seem to be an intermediate class between the seaman and the marine.

They are certainly held in the highest respect and admiration by the seamen, for their great ability and smartness in doing the same kind of work; they are highly esteemed for their prowess in all forms of sport that may be indulged in on board ship, and also for their skill and endurance at the oar.

I remember once, when with the Channel Fleet on one of their autumn cruises, how a boat's crew of R.M.A. successfully contested the supremacy of the whole fleet of over twenty ships for rowing, and held it all the cruise.

I do not for one moment pretend that this is anything like an exhaustive account of the life of the personnel of the "Dreadnought," or of any battleship, for space does not permit of it, and I should much like at least double the room in which to deal with the manifold interests and employment of the stokers, the paymaster's folk, the carpenter crew, tradesmen of all kinds who go to make up this floating microcosm. But I must not fail to seize a

few lines wherein to mention that most necessary but obviously far from popular body of men who wear on their sleeves the ominous letters N.P. (naval police).

The crew of a battleship is an essentially law-abiding community. To whatever branch a man may belong, he has continually drilled into him not only the absolute necessity of discipline, but its essentially beneficial character, not only for himself, but for all concerned. Yet where several hundreds of men are pent up together, even if the supposition were possible that they were all angels in point of disposition, there are bound to be offences against perfect discipline, breaches of law and order, omissions to perform certain duties in the proper way and at the proper time, which must be marked and punished. No such minute discipline is or could be possible elsewhere; here it is essential.

And consequently the N.P., with his notebook, is constantly on the prowl. He pervades the whole ship; and at the petty sessions each morning, when offenders—defaulters in naval parlance—are haled before the commander, he is on hand in force, armed with big books, wherein every infraction of discipline by the present offender during his stay in the ship is recorded and held up for reference at the word of command.

This informal court is quite a solemn function, but both offences and punishments would in the majority of cases seem to a landsman most trivial, the latter being often literally based on the good principles of the Mikado, whose object all sublime is so familiar to most of us. In conclusion, and leaving a fascinating subject most reluctantly, I can earnestly say that except for the introduction of the short-service system, about which I have the very gravest doubts, life on board a battleship tends ever not only to become the most perfect form of training in manliness, but to the eager, healthy, and willing, one of the jolliest and fullest forms of existence imaginable.

To Cut the Ocean in Two

By P. T. McGrath in Technical World

THE best thing I know between France and England is the sea, said Douglas Jerrold. And a quarter of a century before the English playwright had voiced these words, Napoleon boasted that, if he were given but twenty-four hours' control of the English Channel, the world would be his. The old fear of each other is still with the nations. Their mutual dikes they jealously guard.

In the early months of this year four great projects were revived—projects that, if consummated, would link Ireland to Great Britain; Great Britain to Europe; Newfoundland to Canada; and the Americas to Asia; so that one might travel by rail all the way from St. John's to Killybegs Harbor. Four great tunnels beneath the ocean's bottom were to constitute the binding chains. The English looked across to France, the coast of which on a fine day may just be mistily discerned from Kent, and shook their heads. The Russians were not particularly enthusiastic over the tunneling of Bering Strait; and so far as the people of the United States were concerned, they could see no immediate commercial advantage in joining with steel rails Alaska to Siberia. There remained, then, the two proposals: the borrowing under the bed of the choppy Irish sea, and beneath the fog-encompassed Belle Isle Strait. Perhaps it is because of the native sluggishness of the English temperament, or it may be because their enterprise is not urgent; at any rate, it looks as if the Canadians and Newfoundlanders, taking the initiative, would start the work long before their conservative English cousins have decided just what they will do regarding the matter.

The building of the Belle Isle Strait tunnel would mean much more than appears at first glance. It is not merely the offering of better trans-

portation facilities to the inhabitants of the misty island of the north. The first result would be that the distance across the Atlantic Ocean would be cut from 3,000 to 1,650 miles, and the voyage's duration to three days, just time enough for the ocean traveler to get seasick and recover, or if the traveler has his sea legs on, to enjoy a good sail and the ocean breezes.

A week at sea seems a long time, but three days—why, it takes longer than that to run from New York City to San Francisco! On land we have such fast service to dip the minutes as the Twentieth Century Limited offers. But in crossing the Atlantic we are going to save time in a new way—not by increasing the speed, but by literally annihilating distance. We are going to have a new starting point and a new destination.

At a recent session of the Newfoundland legislature, a firm of English contractors was granted the concession of establishing a steamship line between Killybegs Harbor, on the west coast of Ireland and Green Bay on Newfoundland's eastern coast. For Newfoundland feels keenly her economic isolation. She yearns to expand, to reach out, to take a part in the humming activity that suddenly seems to have possessed the main land. Give Newfoundland railroad communications with Labrador and Quebec Province. Let her export, St. John's, be one of the outlets of a continent, and who will dare prophesy the limits of her future? Within five years the favored company must, by the terms of its charter, take advantage of its concessions. Passenger traffic alone between Newfoundland and Ireland would scarcely be worth while. Freight must be carried—freight in vast quantities. It is essential, therefore, that the tunnel be built. An additional three years is granted for this purpose. It is believed that financiers, American,

Canadian and English, will, by that time, be vitally interested in the development of this new commercial path and that the Irish project, as well as the Newfoundland one, will be put through. With what results? Killery may, on the European side of the Atlantic, stand as the great rival of Liverpool, and on the American side St. John's as New York's. Why should not a tourist cut his boons on the ocean in two, and substitute for the perils and inconveniences of ocean travel the speed,

East in general. By following this path instead of sailing through the St. Lawrence Canal, the Englishman may save nineteen days in his journey from London to Tokio.

But it is not passenger traffic alone that makes for great seaports. The quantity of commercial products, grain, cattle, hogs, and manufactured goods, that pass through a city is a factor of still greater importance. Canada teems with wealth. Her vast plains are golden with grain and dark with cattle. Great pines crash be-



Wabana Iron Mine, Bell Island, Newfoundland

safety, and comforts of the railway express? Three million persons, it is estimated, cross the Atlantic every year. Of course, an enormous number of these are immigrants—glad to reach this continent, no matter how great the miseries they may experience in so doing. But the others will seek Killery Harbor and St. John's—to be reached by railroad from London and New York, respectively.

The Killery-St. John's route also furnishes the shortest, most direct route to Japan, China and the Far

East. The sturdy blows of the woodsman. Her bosom is pierced with pick and raked with dynamite that she may reveal her mineral boards. At present the bulk of her foreign commerce finds its way to the world's markets down the channel of the St. Lawrence. This is for seven months of the year, when that waterway is free from ice. During the five of these months the ships on passing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence turn north through the Strait of Belle Isle on their voyage to Liverpool. For the remainder of the year vast im-

penetrable fogs enveloped in chill, white fog, block this passage. It is then that the vessels from Montreal gain the open sea through Cabot Strait, south of Newfoundland. This latter course lengthens the voyage to Liverpool by one hundred and sixty-eight miles. When Cabot Strait is closed by winter's icy hand, Halifax is Canada's most northerly port.

With the recent phenomenal development of her natural resources, and the accompanying great influx of foreigners, Canada suddenly finds herself too big for her transportation facilities. The United States cannot

of Belle Isle—is likewise proposed. There would be little point in building a railroad through this Saguenay country, as it is termed, for the sake of the brief summer period when it would be possible to run steamers to Labrador, because there are numerous harbors along the Gulf that would serve the same purpose at far less expense. If, however, Belle Isle Strait were tunneled and the railway system extended through Newfoundland to St. John's, it would be possible to utilize it the whole year round; and this is what is contemplated. It must be remembered



LOG CABIN INN

A Famous Resort of the Field Newfoundland Railway

greatly assist her. At the present time the American railroads are over-worked. J. J. Hill's declaration that the railroad companies of the United States must within the next five years expend not less than \$500,000,000 if the volume of our business is to be handled is familiar to all of us.

To meet her most urgent needs two great lines of steel track are being thrown across the rich Canadian plains, namely, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern. The Laurier cabinet promises a road to Hudson Bay. A line to the Atlantic seaboard in Eastern Labrador—in the neighborhood of the Strait

that the shortest and most direct route between these western territories and the British Isles lies through Labrador and Newfoundland, and that cities like Chicago and St. Paul would be brought as near to Belle Isle Strait as to New York, so that the gain by this route would be as the difference of a steamer run of 1,550 miles against one of 3,330 miles. Cattle and grain could be moved direct from the ranches and elevators to St. John's even in the midst of winter. The climatic conditions in Newfoundland and Labrador are not so trying as in the Northwest, Ontario, or Quebec, nor



On the Humber River, Newfoundland.

is the snowfall so great. The average snowfall at Moose Factory, Hudson Bay, is only eighty inches, while at Montreal it is one hundred and seventy-seven inches, and the Lake St. John railway, in the northern section of Quebec, was operated continuously all through the exceptionally severe winter of 1904, when the railways in maritime Canada were blocked with snow for days together. Sir Wm. Van Horne, the great railway magnate of Montreal, recently declared that "Canada's hopper was too big for the sport"; in other words, that her products for export were increasing far more rapidly than her

Canada would no longer be dependent upon the United States for the bonding privileges through American ports and territory, which are no small factor in the effective development of her foreign trade.

Here then, we have the motives for the building up of a great seaport, which, in its turn, depends upon the construction of a tunnel under the Belle Isle Strait: it will greatly enhance the economic and political importance of Newfoundland; furnish an outlet of that big section of the continent called Canada, just back of her; free Canada from her partial dependence upon the United States for



Hay Time in Newfoundland

facilities for exporting them, and it was to remedy these conditions that the building of her new trans-continental railways was determined upon. In like manner, when the Dominion Parliament, in March, 1907, declared itself in favor of granting only to British goods, landed from British vessels in Canadian ports, the preferential tariff treatment which Canada now accords to the mother country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in accepting the principle, suggested that the date of enforcing it be left to the Cabinet, as by 1911 the new railways would be able to convey grain from the prairies of the West, and then

transportation privileges; and render her self-sufficing.

At its narrowest point—between Point Amour and Savage Cove—the Belle Isle Strait is slightly less than nine miles wide. A few years ago it was proposed to construct a vast dam here of gigantic proportions and use this as a causeway for railway tracks. Such a feat is entirely practicable. Flagler is doing that very same thing between the mainland of Florida and Key West. The plan had great merit. It would turn aside the chill arctic current, and correspondingly raise the temperature of the adjacent islands mainland. Looks

for liners to pass through were contemplated. The scheme fell through, however, for the reason that the strait is one of the natural highways of the sea, and such highways may be closed only by international agreement.

The tunnel project was then proposed. The feasibility of such an enterprise has never been questioned. The geological formation encourages the belief that the rock beneath the sea could be bored without danger of encountering any serious fissures. The Simplon tunnel, twelve and one-fourth miles long, cost \$16,000,000. But the work was done "above

ground"; i.e., the debris was removed by means of cars on a track and did not have to be raised to the surface. This latter factor greatly increases the cost of a tunnel. It is estimated that the tunneling of the English Channel would cost \$80,000,000. On this basis to burrow under the Belle Isle Strait would cost about one-third that sum. With its approaches the Belle Isle tunnel would be some fourteen miles long. It would take three years to build it. But Canada will spend the time and money on no better object, and those who are watching her development look for an early beginning.

THE HUSKERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry.

Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;

But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,

Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low by autumn's wind and rain, through hicks that, dry and sore,

Unfolded from their ripened sheath, shone out the yellow ear;

Beneath, the turnip lay concealed in many a verdant fold.

And plinketed, in the slanting light, the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking winn

Bore slowly to the long barn-door its load of husk and grain;

Till, broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down at last.

And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.



MR. R. L. BORDEN

Leader of the Conservative Party in Canada

Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Commons, has just completed a series of public meetings covering the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Everywhere they have been well attended, and he has been given a good hearing. What the effect of his campaign will be time alone will tell, but he has certainly caused the citizens in the West to give more thought to national questions. Mr. Borden has certainly had a most strenuous trip, and in order to keep engagements arranged for him had to make many night trips on freight trains when he should have been resting. On several occasions he has stepped out of a conductor's coach, dusty and gray, to shake hands with Reception Committees and he immediately launched off to address the voters. The people in the West asked why he had not a private car. It was explained that the matter had been considered by the leaders of the party in Ontario, who thought it more politic for him to travel through the West as an ordinary citizen. This caused one of the leading Conservatives in the West, where copper coins are unknown, to remark: "Just like the people in the One Cent Belt."

Dr. Robertson's Work for the Training of Canadian Farmers

By George Iles in *American Review of Reviews*

OF yore the educator was wont to look at the work-a-day world from afar, and somewhat askance. At college he had passed from the student's desk to tutoring, from tutoring to a professor's chair. He was accustomed to regard men and things chiefly as depicted in books, tabulated in statistics, or reported in the proceedings of legislatures and courts. How the college looked from outside, wherein it failed to prepare its graduates for the toil and tug of actual life, he knew not. And thus usually the college staffs of a generation ago were heaven indeed, but heaven that kept to its own corner, secluded from the lump. In contrast to these aloof educators of times past are thousands of teachers throughout the technical and agricultural schools of America to-day. They stand for a revolution profoundly affecting all other schools. Not many years ago all boys were educated as if to become clerks, or pass to the professions of law, the ministry, or medicine. But most boys must earn their bread at farming or railroading, in the factory, or workshop; why not, therefore, begin at school to teach how these life tasks may be performed faithfully and well? And why not, also, bring out the significance of these tasks, involving as they do principles of the highest importance and interest?

A notable leader in this work whose career is here sketched, came from the wheatfield, the milkroom, the warehouse, thence deriving golden lessons, and thither returning to broaden the knowledge of practical men with the winnings of the laboratory and the experimental plot. His labors, ever rising in width and dignity, declare a public-spirited pioneer of the first order; he asks: What great opportunities are there for good

to all the people? How best may these opportunities be developed?

James Wilson Robertson, a farmer's son, was born in Dunlop, Scotland, in 1857. From fourteen to seventeen he was clerk to a firm in Glasgow, where he learned much that has since stood him in good stead. He was taught to keep accounts accurately; to write letters promptly, clearly, and civilly; he was impressed with the essential morality of living up to an agreement. Every day, and especially at the annual stock-takings, he came to a sense of values; he saw how depreciation may overtake well-bought goods, how wear and tear bring down the worth of buildings, machinery, fittings.

In 1875 Robertson's father, with his family, emigrated to Canada, taking up the Maple Grove farm, three miles from London, Ontario, in the centre of a rich agricultural district. Here the elder Robertson resumed his business as a farmer, and began exporting farm produce to Great Britain, in all this being assisted by his son. Young Robertson soon remarked that cheese and butter were in active demand across the Atlantic, that there markets promised wide extension if supplied with prime qualities. But how was this excellence to be secured? At that time but little Canadian butter and cheese was of the first grade; most brands, indeed, were below medium quality. Young Robertson resolved that, as far as possible, the making of inferior grades should cease. Near Ingersoll, Ont., he found a first-rate factory where he could thoroughly learn how the best export cheese was made; he took service at \$13 a month. Soon, through his employer's illness, he was given charge of the place. His management was a success from the start; he had uncommon ability,

energy, and conscience; he turned out products which won the respect of his farming critics.

Before long, at Coteau, Wellington County, not far away, he took charge of a factory for a joint stock company of farmers, but it was not big enough to keep him busy. In a few months he was looking after eight similar factories, and doing well by them all. His talent for initiative, for administration, was already in evidence. Then from many dairymen, whose output was second-rate, came questions as to his working methods. In winter evenings he told them, first in groups of a dozen or twenty, then in assemblies that rose to 100 or more. He laid stress on cleanliness, on the use of the thermometer. He pointed out that hay, a common crop for export, grievously impoverished the soil, while dairying withdrew from land hardly any mineral values. He showed that corn is a cheap and good fodder; he distributed seed that his hearers might prove this at home. He demonstrated simple tests for the quality of milk which decide whether a cow should be kept at work or sent to the butcher, and he offered prizes for the cows yielding most rich milk. He attracted and held his hearers because he was one of themselves; speaking their own and not an academic tongue. Not long before he had shared their ignorances and perplexities; he rejoiced to tell them the way out, that they might exchange a lean wage for a decent profit. In dexterity and information Robertson has his peers; in good will, in the passion to have his neighbor thrive as himself, I know not his equal.

Once his labors were interrupted, but only that they might be renewed with more zest and disinterested than before. During the winter of 1878-79 he attended the college at Woodstock, Ont., where he received an instinctive impulse at the hands of that born teacher, Prof. S. J. McKee, now of Brandon, Man. Robertson, returning home, resumed his dairying, and continued his informal talks far and near, gaining power as an expositor, grow-

ing constantly in the confidence and regard of the people. Naturally enough, many of his auditors told their representatives in the Ontario Parliament of his mastery of an industry vital to the province, of his faculty to make others as proficient in the milkroom as himself. In 1886 the Ontario Government asked Robertson to become professor of dairy husbandry at the Agricultural College at Guelph, to promote and advance the dairying of the province at large. During his stay at Guelph the college sought more earnestly than ever before to further the welfare of farmers at home. Its staff went the length and breadth of Ontario addressing the farmers' institutes, which flourish there as nowhere else on the continent. As a rule, each institute meets four times a year; the speakers on dairying, live stock, field crops, or other topics are men of successful practice. In this work, of course, Robertson took part, growing still happier in making plain to his hearers how care and intelligence, order and cleanliness could better their products and lighten their toil. As his stay in Guelph drew to a close the college began to organize its famous traveling dairies. In this task Robertson had a share, glad that appliances simple and good should take their way through the villages of Ontario for the benefit of thousands of farmers who otherwise might never be stirred to reform.

More than once Robertson accompanied shipments from Canadian farms and dairies to the markets of Great Britain. There he saw the butter of Denmark, the bacon of Ireland, the eggs and poultry of France, the apples from the United States, all better than the Canadian exports. Why were they better? Because produced with more skill and transported with more care. He came home informed as to improved strains of cattle and swine, their best housing and feeding; the latest apparatus for creameries and cheese factories; instruction as to how chickens should be fattened, killed, shaped and shipped for the tables of London, Manchester,

and Glasgow. He sketched how Canadian butter, cheese, and poultry should be packed and forwarded at low temperatures, so that no link should be wanting or weak between a farm or factory in Canada and a shop counter in Liverpool or Leeds. With persistence and address he carried these projects to complete adoption; he had studied the situation as a whole; he persuaded all concerned to a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether. Soon Canadian farmers, dairymen, railroad managers, and steamship owners joined hands to develop a trade which grew fast to stupendous proportions. Backed throughout by the Dominion Treasury, the dairy exports which in 1890 were

of Canada invites the settler as Minnesotas and the Dakotas did a generation ago. At a bound this influx has opened a new era in the Dominion, and thoroughly aroused her farmers to the gifts proffered by the new education.

While Robertson journeyed from his home in Ottawa to Prince Edward Island, thence stage by stage to British Columbia and back again, he steadily gained experience as an educator, but of adults solely. Would it not be well, he thought, to give lessons to girls and boys, who, after all, are somewhat more plastic and teachable than their parents? In 1899, accordingly, he addressed himself to Young Canada: he had seen the profit in sci-



A New Dairy School, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

but \$9,700,000 rose, in 1900, to \$25,000,000, and in 1906 reached \$31,300,000. The man who chiefly wrought this great result had a national head in his hands. In 1890 Robertson was appointed Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion, so that the good practice of Ontario might extend to her sister provinces. In 1895 he was given the additional post of Commissioner of Agriculture for the Dominion. Loyally did he discharge his trusts. From ocean to ocean he lifted farming and dairying to new excellence, until his ambition to see his methods at the highest level seems fast approaching fulfilment. And his hour is fortunate. New areas for the plow in the United States are too few for national needs, and the scarcely breached wheat-belt

title dairying, he knew that equal gain awaited the twin pursuit of farming through sowing selected seed. He offered \$100 in prizes to girls and boys who would send him the largest heads from the sturdiest wheat and oats from their fathers' farms. So gratifying were the responses that he enlisted the sympathetic aid of Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal. This wise and generous friend of education had given technological departments to McGill University, at a cost of more than \$2,000,000. He at once offered \$10,000 as prizes to girls and boys who from the most vigorous plants on home farms should select the largest heads, and grow seed from these on plots of their own. By 1903 the yield of spring wheat thus

sown and reaped was 28 per cent heavier than that of three years before from unselected seed; in oats the increase was 27 per cent, area for area. All told, 1500 entries were received, 450 young folk rounding out three years' work, their parents always among the best farmers in their counties.

Of course, part of the recorded gain in yield was owing to improved cultivation; but the chief part was unquestionably due to systematic selection of seed. And the rule was confirmed which regards a plant as a whole, and restricts the choice of seed to only the most vigorous plants. It may be asked, when, in 1903, the prizes ceased, did selection come to an end? No. A Seed Growers' Association was formed, of seniors as well as juniors. In 1906, at their annual meeting, they reported manifold gains; kernels had been improved in size and quality, harvests had matured more evenly, strains had become better adapted to local conditions, more resistant to disease and more productive. It is estimated that in 1906 the crops directly bettered by the Macdonald seed-grain competition, were increased in value by half a million dollars. And immensely more is under way. In the Canadian Northwest, Red Fife is the best variety of wheat to sow. In 1900, outside the experimental farms there was not known to be more than 350 acres in reasonably pure Red Fife in that vast territory. There was plenty of No. 1 hard wheat for marketing, but the seed grain had become mixed, had lost quality. To-day, thanks to the 350 acres just mentioned, to the experimental farms, and to the Macdonald competition, no less than 34,000 acres are sown with reasonably pure Red Fife, with the expectation that in about five years the whole Canadian Northwest will be seeded with wheat true to name and true to strain.

Sir William Macdonald, warmly interested in the higher education, also earnestly desired to aid primary schools, especially those in country districts. He took counsel with Dr. Robertson, who reviewed their prob-

lems in the light of wide observation, and then, as is his wont, inquired: "Where are the best examples for our guidance?" He examined kindergartens and classes in manual training, nature study, and domestic science in the United States and England, that their best methods might be adapted to Canada. He was convinced that Canadian elementary schools were too bookish, that they did not appeal as they should, to the skill of hand and eye which fully call out intelligence, and prepare for the home, the farm, the workshop, the mill, where most girls and boys as they grow up must do their work. With Dr. Robertson as planner and counsellor, Sir William Macdonald founded throughout Canada manual-training centers at twenty-one places attended by 7,000 children, and costing \$3,600 a month for teachers' salaries during three years. At the end of that term the local authorities were free to continue the schools if they pleased. In every province manual training has been continued, and with constantly widening popularity. In Nova Scotia, for instance, more than twenty school centers of the Macdonald type have arisen, built and conducted with local funds. Ontario had at first Macdonald schools in three cities; now, counting their progeny, she has forty manual-training centers. What more can possibly desire than to gather disciples in such telling fashions? To-day about 22,000 children are attending manual training classes in Canada, and that instruction now forms part of the normal school courses throughout the Dominion.

In Canadian townships the schools were long sadly inadequate, chiefly through being too small, and out of touch with home life, with parental occupations. Most of them were attended by as few as twenty to thirty pupils, and as a rule, one teacher taught as best she could boys and girls all the way from seven to fourteen years of age. Here, surely, were defects crying for remedy. Hand in hand Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson

went to work with a will. They investigated how in Ohio, and other States of the Union, many petty schools had been superseded by consolidated schools at central points. In many cases it was found that the consolidators had continued much the same courses, and methods of study, which had prevailed in the one-room schools of old. It was deemed well that in Canada consolidation should be chiefly a means of enriching the whole round of instruction by school gardening, by sewing and cooking classes, by carefully chosen courses in manual training. All these to be of the very essence of a school, not merely tacked on as extras, to be pursued or omitted at will.

A prime necessity of the reform was, of course, in providing transportation. How this might easily be accomplished had been shown long before as individual dairies had given place to creameries and cheese factories. If routes for the carriage of their milk and cream could be readily established and maintained, why not similar routes for the conveyance of children to a consolidated school? There they would receive varied and complete instruction, the classes graded as in cities, every teacher, as in Montreal or Toronto, keeping to subjects she had thoroughly mastered. Four consolidated schools were founded by Sir William Macdonald, in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, with classes in manual training, household science, and nature study, based on work in school gardens. The cost of preparing special teachers, of erecting and equipping the schools, and of meeting all the expenses beyond those previously borne by the twenty-six districts concerned, was \$180,000 for three years. This capital example had the usual effect of inciting onlookers to do likewise. At Riverside and Florenceville, New Brunswick, are handsome consolidated schools, reared and sustained by these communities for themselves; Nova Scotia has now twenty-two consolidations in the room of fifty-three

schools of the old and inferior scale. On an average the daily attendance at the Macdonald consolidated schools has been 55 per cent. more than at the schools they supplanted, at Kingston, New Brunswick, the figure is 140 per cent. Thanks to the Macdonald movement, sound education in rural Canada is acquiring the force of fashion. Yet a few years and the Dominion will rank with Scotland itself, the land of good schools.

A moment ago it was said that every Macdonald school has a school garden. Besides those at the four original consolidated schools, a garden was laid out at each of five rural schools in each of five provinces, twenty-five in all. A trained instructor took charge of every group of five, giving one day every week to each school in his circuit. The outlay during three years grew to \$40,000. The plots varied from 15 to 120 square feet, the smallest being assigned to little tots. A wide variety of grains and grasses, vegetables and flowers were sown, with the incidental effect of adding much beauty to school grounds. At Hillsboro, Prince Edward Island, partnership was one year introduced with happy effect. While each pupil was responsible for his own plot, he shared with three others the work of keeping in order the intervening paths, of making the whole co-operative area as handsome as possible.

Everywhere these gardens prove with what delight and profit children may begin at school the work of later life, how principles of unending interest may be unfolded in simple tasks of sowing and pruning, hoeing and reaping. Here, harking back to noteworthy experiments, selected seeds are sown, with the striking contrast between their harvests and the crops reaped from ordinary seeds. Not less instructive is it to compare two plots planted with potatoes, one sprayed against blight, the other neglected and so only producing a few undersized tubers. In the course of four years a special area, of, say, twenty-five square yards, is cropped the first year with wheat, the second with

clover, the third with grass for pasture, and the fourth with a cultivated crop as Indian corn or potatoes. All to illustrate the profit of a rotation which in four years works much less exhaustion to the soil, yields larger crops, and leaves the land freer from weeds, than if only grain had been sown year after year. These simple lessons form what Dr. Robertson calls the tripod of good farming: (1) sowing selected seed on prepared soil; (2) protecting crops against insects and fungous diseases; (3) a rotation of crops adapted to the soil and to the markets. At Tryon School Garden, Prince Edward Island, the children reaped 32 per cent. more wheat from a plot sown with selected seed than was borne on an adjoining plot sown with unselected seed. When barley followed clover it yielded 17 per cent. more than when barley followed a cereal without clover stubble having been plowed in. As remarkable as these results in crops are the effects on the young sowers and reapers themselves. Uniform examinations for entrance to high schools are held throughout Ontario in July. In 1906 in Carleton County from schools without gardens 49 per cent. of the candidates were successful; from five Macdonald schools, where all candidates had been school gardeners for three consecutive years, 71 per cent. were admitted, mostly with high standing. As in all such education it was shown that when part of a school-day is given to toil with the hands, at the bench and out of doors, the book work at the desk takes on a fresh meaning, and inspires a new zest.

Sir William Macdonald and Dr. Robertson had now entered upon an educational reform so broad and deep, so novel in many details, that it demanded teachers trained on purpose. Recognizing this need Sir William Macdonald provided at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, two large buildings, equipped for the due instruction of teachers. Here are headquarters for manual training and household science, with brief courses in cooking, sewing and other

domestic arts. Short courses in nature study and school gardening are free to teachers. To promote their attendance four Provincial Governments have granted scholarships which have already enabled two hundred teachers to take elected instruction. In one important regard this College at Guelph has an enviable record: Two out of every three of its graduates return to the farm. This dividend back to the land is considerably higher than is usual at other such institutions.

Taking many a sterling lesson from the college at Guelph, from sister colleges throughout the Union, has arisen the Macdonald College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, on the Ottawa River, twenty miles west of Montreal. The grounds, through which pass the main lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railroads, are 561 acres in extent, arranged in three areas: First the campus, with plots for illustration and research in grains, grasses and flowers, 74 acres; second, the small-cultures farm of 100 acres, for horticulture and poultry keeping; third, the live stock and grain farm of 387 acres. All the buildings are of fireproof construction, in stone, brick, steel, and concrete, with red tile roofing. Every building is heated, lighted and furnished with water from a power house having six horizontal tubular boilers, each of 150 horsepower. The college now about to be opened, has Dr. Robertson for its principal or president. It is understood to have cost Sir William Macdonald about \$200,000. He has placed its administration in the hands of the trustees of McGill University, Montreal, with a sum exceeding \$200,000 as endowment. Some of the courses at the college lead to degrees from the McGill University.

Macdonald College has three departments: First, the School for Teachers, which takes the place of the Protestant Normal School, recently moved from Montreal. Special regard is paid the needs of rural districts. Second, the School of Agriculture, which aims to provide

through training both in theory and practice. Third, the School of Household Science, to impart instruction in all that concerns good housekeeping. In engaging his staff, in discussing them by item the programs of study, Dr. Robertson has sought to profit by the widest available experience. He stands ready to modify any detail in which the future may show an opening for improvement. There is no charge for tuition. Board costs, with a room to oneself, \$3.50 a week; where two share a room, \$3.25 each. Next year the college farms will be worked, in part, by apprentice-students, who will have an opportunity to earn enough in six months to pay for their board the following winter.

This school offers many courses; let it suffice to mention the two-years' course. It includes field and cereal husbandry, animal and poultry husbandry, home dairying, and horticulture. Farm machinery will be taken apart, reassembled, and tested; and need mowers, self-binders, and the like will be repaired. Object lessons of the first order are given on the main farm; its 387 acres are thoroughly drained and cultivated, and have good roads. Its buildings comprise a farmhouse, several cottages and barns, with stables for horses and cattle, and a sanitary pigery of concrete. The equipment for the study of cattle and swine is capital; a fair example is the dairy herd of pure-bred Ayrshires, one of the best in America.

The small-cultures farm of two acres is for productive work, for investigations in fruits large and small, in vegetables and poultry. There are several acres of apple orchard, displaying the Fameuse and other leading varieties. Spacious poultry runs accommodate about a thousand fowls.

Last August on the college grounds I saw the results of an experiment which might well be repeated by school gardeners throughout America: Five adjoining plots had been sown with wheat; one on the earliest possible day; the others at intervals

each one week later than the sowing before it. The plot first sown bore much the largest and best crop. This lesson, added to Dr. Robertson's "tripod," already outlined, clearly proves that the farmer who puts brains and energy into his business can readily earn a dollar where a careless farmer finds 50 cents.

A word as to the School for Teachers, which proffers a comprehensive and thoroughly practical training in the art and science of teaching. Its five classes are (1) elementary, (2) advanced elementary, (3) kindergarten, (4) model-school instruction, (5) pedagogy, including study of the history of educational theories and practice of educational methods and philosophy, the organization and management of schools. On the campus is a school for the village of Ste. Anne's, embodying the best rural methods; its classes are available for teachers-in-training. In addition, they have access to schools in Montreal, easily reached in less than an hour.

The School of Household Science affords a wide range of instruction, an important feature being the housekeeping of the college itself, in which students bear part. The one-year courses embrace the study of foods, cooking, household economics, clothing materials, dressmaking and millinery; fuels, ventilation and house sanitation; home nursing and hygiene, and home art. These courses admirably supplement those of the sister School of Agriculture, which show how wealth is won from the soil and the dairy, the cattle barn and the poultry shed. How to earn a good income is taught in one school, in the other school is learned the equally important art of using an income with economy, good sense, and good taste withal.

In all its departments the college offers excellent short courses, adapted to the needs of young men and women limited in means and time. Such courses are among the most useful afforded by the agricultural colleges of Ontario, Wisconsin and Iowa, and similar institutions of mark.

Education, it would seem, may in many cases come too early. When a learner in the fullness of his powers, comes to great principles unstated by premature familiarity, he may have reason to rejoice in the lateness of his lessons.

Much, too, is learned by the inter-

ested visitor at such a college as that at Ste. Anne's. Negotiations are afoot which next year will offer excursions to Macdonald College at nominal rates, following the example of the Guelph College, which welcomes every year in June, no fewer than 30,000 visitors.

A Russian Leader in Canada

By Lally Bernard in The Globe Magazine

"WELL, Lally Bernard, what do you think of your Doukhobors now?" was the question put to the writer about a month ago by an old acquaintance made in a remote district of the far west some seven years previously, when "Lally Bernard" had made her second visit to the Doukhobor colonies. Well, what did the writer think of the Doukhobors during that hurried visit of a few days, when during a drive of a hundred and forty miles through the autumn-tinted prairies she stopped at villages and saw the community-life in full swing, and here and there interviewed individualistic Doukhobors who had discarded the last link with community life and were homesteading with the rest and vim of genuine Canadians? The writer had recently arrived from England to find various sections of the Canadian press filled with paragraphs about the sixty odd Doukhobors who were on the march, seeking for a "promised land" which they imagined awaited them.

The eyes of the public were focused on this small fraction out of many thousands of Doukhobors settled in the country, and from the importance attached to the movements of the perambulating few one would have imagined that a wholesale exodus of the people was in progress. This is the way of the world. All that is abnormal, sensational and unfortunate attracts the attention of the modern

world in a degree which is quite out of proportion with the brighter side of ordinary everyday life. The visit of a few days was all too short. There is material for pen, pencil and public platform in those localities which would take months to accumulate, and the impression of a migratory journalist should always be weighed in the balance. With this frank confession, let me begin my account of my third visit among the Russian Doukhobors. The first visit was paid in 1903, when these people were endeavoring to locate the sites for their villages, when the greater portion of the men were employed in railway construction work, and many of the families were gathered in great log "serais" built by the Immigration Department for their temporary housing, or in bell tents loaned by the Government. There were others who had made for themselves habitations out of what material was at hand, sometimes of woven poplar wands, covered with clay, and even then one was struck by the order and method with which these people conducted their daily existence and the sort of military discipline which pervaded their ranks.

In the year 1900, during the month of September, the writer went among the Doukhobor settlements to distribute work which the National Council of Women had started to aid the women of the sect by giving them occupation and earning power during

the long winter months in these remote districts. The same organization had during the previous winter distributed spinning wheels, looms, stoves, "Duffie" (a thick sort of flannel) among the villages where such comforts were sorely needed. So the visit made this year was of peculiar interest, when, armed with old note-books containing the names of villages, the number of "souls" in each, a list of the stock, etc., in her possession, the writer tried to sum up the changes which had taken place dur-



PETER VERIGIN.

ing the seven years which had elapsed since her first visit.

Again the train carried her through the fertile belt which lies parallel to the railway line from Winnipeg to Yorkton, a district much changed by reason of the continued influx of settlers during the intervening years. Cattle ranches, wheat ranches and mixed farms were seen on every side. Here and there the ravages of frost were seen, but to the inexperienced eye the scene was one of prosperity

and progress. Late in the evening one found oneself at the hotel in Yorkton, now a thriving town, with a large population, formerly the railroad of what is now the Canadian Pacific line. One learned with pleasure that Peter Verigin, the recognized leader of the Doukhobors, was in town, but an evening interview was impossible, for the gentleman was indulging in a "Russian bath," an undertaking which would terrify many of the stoutest-hearted Canadian settlers. The writer had experienced the process in one of the Doukhoborist villages some eight years ago, when by the side of a stream a rough log cabin was built, with a series of broad shelves in the interior, a heap of red-hot stones in the corner on which icy cold water was dashed to produce steam, and where one was bidden to lie prostrate on one of the benches until the "steaming" process was complete, then massaged by strong-armed and skillful Doukhobor women, and finally drenched with cold water brought straight from the creek in huge buckets, to be tucked into a bed mainly consisting of huge cushions and warm blankets, to sleep the sleep of the just after a long and fatiguing day in the open. But this is to digress from the present to the past.

The morning following the arrival in Yorkton, Mr. Verigin and his interpreter, a bright young specimen of a "Douk" arrived at the hotel to pay a visit to the writer. One looked with keen interest at the leader of these thousands of "souls" about whom so much has been rumored—a tall, heavily-built man, with a heavy face and lightning glance, who, dressed in the ordinary garb of a city man, might pass for a broker or banker, but who on this occasion wore a garb which might possibly be considered suggestive of the phase of character through which he was passing. A long, dark overcoat of fine Oxford grey cloth, with silk revers, was worn over a Russian substitute for a waistcoat. The overcoat was evidently made by a London tailor, so far as one could judge from the cut and finish, but it

did not altogether hide the inner garment of a Russian peasant! One scanned the impassive, grave face, the well-kept hands, immaculately white, and to a student of palmistry they would suggest in their contour both idealism and practical ability of a high order.

This man is the manipulator of men. Conversation was difficult to carry on, for he paused long before replying to queries translated by young Reibin. As Verigin turned over some photographs which the writer happened to have brought with her of the Doukhoborists as they appeared when they first came to Canada, a sudden smile appeared, which lightened the heavy face immensely.

"Who," asked Reibin, translating his chief's words, "asked these people to carry their handkerchiefs in the absurd fashion?" This I could not answer, but remembered seeing the women on fete days folding their embroidered handkerchiefs and putting them over their clasped hands in just such a way as that he found so "absurd."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Seymour and the Government agent for that district, the Hon. Mr. MacNutt, Speaker of the Regina House, who was to accompany the writer on her tour. Dr. Seymour proceeded to ask if someone could be found who would translate into Russian the leaflets to be distributed on the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis, as he was then on his way to the colonies to make a medical inspection, having heard that the disease was more or less prevalent among the Doukhoborists. Peter Verigin's reply was essentially that of a Russian.

"These things we have known for centuries," was his rather scornful answer to the appeal, and then he went on to remark that the habits of Canadians in expectorating in public conveyances and the streets was a great menace to the public health! But the discussion ended in an amicable arrangement by which the leaflets should be translated and distributed. The incident, trivial as it may

appear, gave one some inkling of what was passing in the mind of the man whose Russian waistcoat or blouse was covered by a fashionable lightweight overcoat.

Rightly or wrongly, the impression left by this interview with a more or less common specimen of the Slav race was that the authorities of this country are, to use the vernacular of the west, "up against" a pretty stiff proposition in the person of this astute Russian. However, a man must be judged by his policy as a whole, and the first evidence brought before the eyes of the writer was a reassuring one. Thanks to the kindness of Dr. Seymour, the Government medical inspector from Regina, the writer was "spun out" in an admirably-driven motor car to a brickyard, some distance from the town, where a small regiment of Doukhobors, men and boys, are turning out from one of the most up-to-date brick-making machines some twenty-five thousand bricks per day, working with a system and neatness which entirely differ from one's preconceived ideas of the usual untidiness and confusion about this industry. A line of tents was occupied by the workers and their families, and the majority of men and boys spoke fairly good English, one or two of them with fluency. But one smiled as one heard the familiar, "I guess" and "sure," which they used for the affirmative instead of "yes."

So far, so good. To enter into the industrial life of Canada on the outskirts of a thriving town is in itself a step towards assimilation and Canadian citizenship. Twenty thousand dollars was the price of the plant, and above the machinery the men were busy erecting an excellently-constructed cement building, while beneath it was a deep rain water tank, for soft water is less injurious to the boiler than the alkali-charged well water of the neighborhood. All was so orderly, so neat and so substantial that one regarded it with unfeigned admiration. There was no difficulty about the "labor question" in this business; for wages there are none in the com-

munity system. The overseer of the works and the chief engineer give their services as freely as the most humble of the small boys who take the bricks from the machine on long trays and pile them in neat rows one above the other.

But it will not last. Let no one run away with the idea that as years go on men can live surrounded by the strong individualistic influence of the west, which places the family unit in the midst of a hundred and sixty acres, that these young men will be long content to share and share alike. A party of independents have already arisen and they will yearly increase their strength as a new language, the language which is used by many millions of people living under individualistic conditions, will bring with it a new set of ideas. Communism is, like high protective tariffs, adapted to the beginning of things in new countries, but education in one of its phases may develop the "ego" in the man, who later, with the larger vision, lapses again in the quasi-system of communistic government, where each individual contributes his mite to the funds expended for public welfare. All the movements in the municipal centres are more and more tending towards what is in truth community of interests, as evidenced in a thousand public institutions. The distribution of Government lands to the homesteader is in a certain sense communistic. So we should be slow to too readily condemn what is the less practical form of communism as practiced by a peasant people.

Viewed from a certain standpoint, the Doukhobor communities have made it apparent that their system enables them to live on the products of a much smaller area of cultivated ground than the individual settler. But one cannot arrive at any definite conclusion on this point, for one has no statement to show how much of their prosperity has been due to their earning power on the railways which are under construction. Then one has to take into consideration that they have spent nothing on tobacco and whisky, that their butcher's bills

have been absent from household expenditure, that a few other items which increase the expenditure of household funds have been absent. So the amount for granaries, school-houses and new residences and the purchase of stock and implements, clothing, etc., has been astonishingly large.

When one regards the fact that on their arrival in this country only four per cent. of the Doukhobors could read or write, and that the fear of an official class had been deeply rooted by more than a century of alternate persecution, prosperity and subsequent confiscation, it is not astonishing that there are difficulties in persuading them to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of full Canadian citizenship. Fear and suspicion are difficult feelings to eradicate, and the calm way in which certain Canadian citizens assume that corruption is part and parcel of our Government system certainly is not calculated to reassure foreigners or Britishers who come to seek their fortune in our country.

By 11 o'clock in the morning we were off, packed cozily into a double-seated wagon, on our way to Verigin, the new Doukhobor village on the Canadian Northern line. Through miles of newly-plowed prairie land we passed. Wherever the eye turned there were those acres upon acres, showing how great was the increase in settlement. Here against the velvety blackness of the upturned earth there would from time to time spring into view a vivid splash of deep rose color, one of the "last roses of summer," a blossom cheated out of its spring finery by the mass of metal which ploughed relentlessly through the thick matting of prairie grasses, turning them downward as the velvet lawn rolled upward, facing the sky. But the little flower was not to be cheated out of a last glimpse of the autumn sky, which had so often smiled down upon its late debut in days gone by, and poking up between the stiff ridges of earth the little pink flower sent its messages of promise of summers to come, and cheered us on our thirty-mile drive to Verigin.

The Heroism of Mr. Peglow

By E. J. Rich in *Everybody's Magazine*

EVEN though the door to the inner office was closed, the ears of Simeon Hobby could not escape from the maddening peck-peck-peck that came from beyond it. For at least the tenth time that afternoon he straightened up wearily from his desk, sighed, and shook his head slowly. Then he looked in the direction of Mr. Peglow, who was shifting restlessly on the top of his high stool. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Peglow shared the misery.

Mr. Hobby wondered if ever again the firm of Hobby & Hoople would know the joy of quiet, peaceful concentration, safe from the distracting peck-peck-peck that issued from behind the glass door. For three months now he had been unable to figure an estimate, write a letter, or even read a newspaper, except to the accompaniment of Miss Pickett's typewriter.

For sixty years Hobby & Hoople had prospered, in spite of the fact that their correspondence was not typewritten. The original Hobby and the original Hoople were dead these many years, but the firm, which was now none other than Simeon Hobby, solely and exclusively, had never seen any reason to change its sign. It was not much given to change, in fact. It had the same office, the same furniture, the same habits. It was highly respectable, deservedly prosperous, and enjoyed such a fame for conservatism that some people said it was old-maidish.

The buying of a typewriter and the employment of a young person to manipulate it had been a matter of long and serious consideration by Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow. By birth, instinct, and long training, Mr. Peglow was even more conservative than his employer. To-

gether, he and Mr. Hobby had grown up in the business, one to become the firm, the other its chief clerk and book-keeper. Together they had pursued an even tenor of commercial placidity. Mr. Peglow was little and thin and bald. Mr. Hobby was comfortably fat. They shared a serenity that nothing had ever disturbed—until Miss Pickett came.

It was Mr. Hobby who was really responsible for her. In a deferentially shy manner Mr. Hobby had let it be known that he considered her advent a dangerous innovation. He might even have carried the day had he been firm, but Mr. Peglow was far too considerate of his employer's desires to dream of anything like open opposition. So, in a moment of weakness, Mr. Hobby had yielded to the insidious advance of that thing called Progress. Henceforth, the letters of Hobby & Hoople would be typewritten.

Miss Pickett was young and brisk and smiling, in sharp relief to the dinginess of the office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow did not mind that so much—although when two men have passed the fifty-year mark together, without marriage, they are apt to be "set." It was the noise that hurt. That was something to which they had given no consideration. But for three months now they had been able to give consideration to little else.

They had never spoken to each other about it. Secretly, Mr. Hobby pitied Mr. Peglow, whose annoyance he had furtively watched for some time. Secretly, also, Mr. Peglow had observed the misery of his employer, and his grief had an added poignancy because he realized that, at the crucial moment, he had failed to be sufficiently outspoken against the impending evil. Miss

Pickett, who observed nothing of their distress, conscientiously pecked away at the typewriter, with what seemed to be a daily increasing ardor.

On this particular afternoon Mr. Hobby watched the trim figure of Miss Pickett depart from the office with a feeling of relief. Then he was seized with sudden resolution.

"Mr. Peglow," he said quietly, Mr. Peglow slipped from his high stool and approached his employer's desk.



The Original Hobby and the Original Hoople.

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow sat down, with full understanding that something of importance had happened.

"Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby, holding his hands across his waistcoat, "Miss Pickett has now been with us for three months."

"Yes, sir," confirmed Mr. Peglow.

"And we are having our correspondence typewritten."

"Yes, sir."

"Is our business increasing, Mr. Peglow?"

"It is normally good, sir," said Mr. Peglow conservatively.

"What I am getting at," explained Mr. Hobby, "is whether, as a result of having our correspondence typewritten, we are increasing the volume of our business."

"Hum," said Mr. Peglow reflectively. "I think it's about the same, sir."

The house of Hobby & Hoople remained silent for several moments, thinking deeply. At last he observed:

"I have been watching you at odd times, Mr. Peglow, ever since Miss Pickett came."

"Yes, sir."

"I think she annoys you."

"Oh, indeed," protested Mr. Peglow, "I am sure Miss Pickett is quite ladylike."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby hastily. "I did not mean that. Miss Pickett is, indeed, a genteel person. What I mean is, I think the noise of the typewriter is distressing to you."

Mr. Peglow shrugged his shoulders.

"I think it distracts your mind," continued Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow waved his hands in a deprecating way.

"In short, I think you no longer work in comfort, Mr. Peglow."

"Um—m—well—possibly," admitted Mr. Peglow.

"And do you know that I have the same feeling myself?" said Mr. Hobby, eyeing his chief clerk.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow promptly.

Mr. Hobby looked surprised. He did not know that Mr. Peglow had been observing him. After another pause he cleared his throat and said very firmly:

"We both owe a certain duty to the house of Hobby & Hoople, Mr. Peglow."

"We do, sir; most assuredly."

"The duty of always doing our best," added Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow confirmed it with a nod.

"On the other hand, Mr. Peglow, the firm"—Mr. Hobby always spoke impersonally of the firm—"owes to us an opportunity to do our best work. It owes us quiet and freedom from interruption, and a fair chance."

"Yes, sir; I think so, sir."

"But we are not getting that opportunity, Mr. Peglow," said his employer, with sudden and significant emphasis.

Mr. Peglow nodded his head mournfully.

"We are being annoyed," continued Mr. Hobby.

A shrug.

"Our nerves are being destroyed," added Mr. Hobby, in further indictment of the firm.

Another shrug from Mr. Peglow.

"Very good, then," said Mr. Hobby. "The duty of the firm is clear. We—I—shall dismiss Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow gazed out of the window and felt uncomfortable. Never in his day had the firm of Hobby & Hoople discharged anybody. Lifetimes were spent in its service, rather. The very idea of a discharge was a shock to Mr. Peglow. To be sure, Mr. Hobby had softened the word, but he could not soften the fact.

"The firm owes it to us, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby judicially. "I shall dismiss Miss Pickett to-morrow. Er—how long do you think it is customary to give notice?"

Mr. Peglow shook his head helplessly, for this was another innovation.

"A week?" asked Mr. Hobby doubtfully.

The chief clerk spread his hands in a gesture of doubt.

"Two weeks?"

Mr. Peglow pursed his lips, but made no gesture.

"Very well; it shall be two weeks," decided Mr. Hobby. "Thank you very much, Mr. Peglow."

It was quite nine o'clock the following morning when Miss Pickett arrived. Mr. Peglow had

been at his desk for an hour, and Mr. Hobby was already immersed in the morning's mail. As Mr. Peglow nodded a good morning to Miss Pickett, he felt a vague sense of pity for his employer. Presently he saw the young woman come out of the inner office with her notebook and sent herself beside Mr. Hobby's desk. Then he bent over his books and shut his ears against the world.

After a little while Miss Pickett went back to her office, and the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter again disturbed the serenity of the firm. Mr. Peglow wondered how



He Shut His Ears Against the World.

she had stood the blow. It seemed to have produced no discernible effect; rather, there appeared to be an added note of cheerfulness in the racking sound that came from behind the glass door. Nor was there any sign the next day, nor the next, in fact, all that week. Each morning Mr. Peglow would greet Miss Pickett gravely, almost sorrowfully, and each morning she would be smiling as gaily as the day before. It was inexplicable.

A second week began and Mr. Peglow found it necessary to consult his employer on a most unusual matter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said hesitatingly, "but shall I remove Miss Pickett's name from the payroll after this week?"

Mr. Hobby made no answer for a minute. Then he said:

"Sit down, Mr. Peglow."

Mr. Peglow sat down and waited.

"I—er"—began Mr. Hobby, with averted eyes—"I—well, the fact is, Mr. Peglow, I have not yet discharged Miss Pickett."

"Ah!" said Mr. Peglow, in mild astonishment.

"No," continued his employer. "You see, Mr. Peglow, there was a difficulty. I could not discharge her without sufficient cause. That would be unjust, and the firm of Hobby & Hoopoe cannot afford to work injustice to any one."

"Certainly not, sir."

"So I have been looking for a reason."

"I understand," said Mr. Peglow sympathetically.

"Can you think of a reason?" inquired Mr. Hobby.

Mr. Peglow thought for a moment and then shrugged his shoulders.

"We must have a reason, Mr. Peglow."

"Yes, sir; of course. I was just thinking—"

"Yes!" said Mr. Hobby eagerly. "Well," said Mr. Peglow uneasily and with a sense of guilt, "I was thinking that Miss Pickett is not always very punctual in the morning."

"You have spoken a truth, Mr. Peglow," declared his employer, nodding his head. "Miss Pickett is not punctual. Yet punctuality is one of the fundamental laws of business. I am glad you mentioned the matter. I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for not being punctual."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow, returning to his books.

A moment later he heard Mr. Hobby's bell tap gently. Miss Pickett came out of the inner office

with her notebook and slipped into her accustomed seat.

"I shall not dictate, thank you, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

Miss Pickett lowered her pencil from his nose.

"Miss Pickett," began Mr. Hobby, with an effort.

"Yes, sir?" said Miss Pickett encouragingly.

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Hobby, gazing at his desk. "There is something I very much regret to mention, Miss Pickett. It is that—how shall I put it?—that—er—that you are not what I should call quite punctual in the mornings."

Miss Pickett nodded her head in confession.

Mr. Hobby coughed again. "Really, you know," he added, "it is unpleasant to be compelled to speak of these things, but—"

"You are quite right to speak of it, Mr. Hobby," said Miss Pickett.

"Thank you, Miss Pickett," said her employer gratefully. "I felt sure you would agree with me. You see our hour for beginning business is eight o'clock. It is quite necessary that we should get things under way by that time. And it would not be right to make exceptions in favor of anybody."

"Certainly not," assented Miss Pickett, nodding vigorously.

"Even though you are a young lady," added Mr. Hobby. "It would not be fair to others."

"Of course it wouldn't, Mr. Hobby."

"I hate to say it, you know," continued Mr. Hobby hesitatingly, "but—"

"You were perfectly right to say it, Mr. Hobby," broke in Miss Pickett. "I am glad you did. I shall do better in the future, sir."

"What—what?"

"I shall be down promptly at eight hereafter," said Miss Pickett resolutely.

"But I—that is, you see—"

stammered Mr. Hobby.

"I can do it very easily, sir," said

Miss Pickett, "and I am grateful to you for calling my attention to it."

Mr. Hobby gazed vacantly at a pile of papers on his desk and seemed bereft of speech. He stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Miss Pickett, gathering up her notebook.

"You are quite sure you can do it?" asked Mr. Hobby sadly.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. It will be no hardship at all."

"Very well, Miss Pickett. That is all just now, thank you."

Miss Pickett retired to the inner office. For many minutes the head of the house of Hobby & Hoopoe sat immersed in thought. Then the peck-peck-peck of the typewriter aroused him and he sighed wearily.

Three days later Mr. Peglow approached his employer with the self-effacing, deferential manner that always cloaked him.

"Shall I make the change in the payroll, sir?" he inquired.

"Not yet, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby in a subdued tone.

The chief clerk did not permit himself to express astonishment.

"You see, Mr. Peglow," explained the firm, "the circumstances are somewhat changed. Miss Pickett has promised to be punctual in the future."

"I see," said Mr. Peglow, with an understanding nod.

"Which removes the cause for dismissal," added Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Peglow ruefully.

At that instant the typewriter in the inner office began a new staccato movement, and Mr. Peglow and Mr. Hobby looked at each other sympathetically.

"Can't you think of another reason?" asked the head of the firm, squirming.

Mr. Peglow appeared to think deeply. The task was most unpleasant, but he realized that it was necessary.

"I might suggest, sir," he said, at

length, "that Miss Pickett does not always spell accurately. That is, not habitually," he added hastily.

"Thank you, Mr. Peglow," said his employer. "Now that I come to think of it, I have noticed the same thing. Miss Pickett, indeed, spells quite badly. Our correspondence should never be misspelled."

"No, sir, of course not."

"Therefore, I shall dismiss Miss Pickett for faulty spelling."

Mr. Peglow sighed and returned to his books, while Mr. Hobby, firm in his resolution, immediately sent for Miss Pickett.

"Sit down, if you please, Miss Pickett," he said, waving her to a seat. He took a letter from his desk.

"This letter, Miss Pickett," he began, "is addressed to one of our oldest customers, the firm of Gambridge & Tillson."

Miss Pickett indicated her comprehension with a nod.

"Gambridge & Tillson," repeated Mr. Hobby. "But I find that you have spelled Gambridge without a 'd'."

"Did I?" asked Miss Pickett, in a tone of surprise. "Why, so I did. But now I think of it, sir, I have always been spelling it that way."

"You have, indeed," said Mr. Hobby, his task enlightened by the frank admission.

"I never knew there was a 'd' in it," added Miss Pickett.

"You didn't?" exclaimed Mr. Hobby in amazement.

"You never told me," said Miss Pickett simply.

Mr. Hobby showed traces of embarrassment.

"I—I guess you are right, Miss Pickett," he said, fumbling for another letter. "We will pass that over, if you please. It was quite my fault; I should have told you. But here is a letter where the case is quite different. Here, where you make us say 'we would beg to state that we are shipping to you,' etc., you have spelled 'beg' with two

'g's' and you have put only one 'p' in 'shipping'."

Miss Pickett leaned over and examined the letter.

"So I did," she said apologetically.

"And down here," continued Mr. Hobby, "you have spelled the word 'transmit' with two 't's,' and 'quote' as if it were 'quod' and you have put but one 'l' in 'respectfully.'"

Miss Pickett again examined the letter with interest.

"I am a bad speller," she admitted. "A dreadful one."

"I fear so, Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby in a regretful tone. "Yet

with it. But I've just thought of a scheme."

"Yes?" said Mr. Hobby faintly. "Couldn't you buy me a dictionary?"

Miss Pickett's eyes were sincere and appealing, and as Mr. Hobby met their friendly gaze he faltered. "Even a small dictionary would do," added Miss Pickett.

Mr. Hobby turned an uneasy glance in the direction of Mr. Peglow. That faithful little man bent low over his ledger. The head of the firm stirred nervously in his seat, and then said, in a low voice:

"Certainly, Miss Pickett. You shall have a dictionary to-morrow."

"That will be lovely," said Miss Pickett gratefully, rising and picking up the offending letter. "Did you say there ought to be two 't's' in 'respectfully'?"

"Yes, two," said Mr. Hobby, turning to his work with a sigh.

The following morning Mr. Peglow unwrapped a large package at the office. When his employer arrived he hastened to announce:

"A dictionary has been sent to us, sir. Doubtless there is some mistake."

"No, there isn't any mistake," said Mr. Hobby humbly.

"Is it meant for us?" asked Mr. Peglow in surprise.

"It's for Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow, mouth open, gazed at his employer for several seconds. Then he shook his head slowly from side to side and went back to his stool.

The pecking noise from the inner office continued to destroy the peace of the firm of Hobby & Hoople. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow endured in silence, as a sort of penance. For a fortnight they spoke no more of it. Each knew that the other's heart was full, but each possessed such an acute sense of delicacy that he refrained from allusion to an unpleasant topic. Miss Pickett continued to be conscientiously punctual in the mornings, and thumbed the pages of her dictionary so per-

sistently that spelling became a dead issue. There was more type-writing than ever now, for Miss Pickett wrote each letter twice. From the original copy she would carefully compare doubtful words with the bulky volume at her elbow; then she would rewrite each letter in accordance with the accepted standard of orthography. The educational value of the undertaking was great—for Miss Pickett—but it was wrecking the nervous systems of Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow.

going to break down under it. So am I. We shall never become accustomed to it. We are too old to learn. We must think of some other way."

"I wish I could," said Mr. Peglow unhappily.

"But you must," declared Mr. Hobby, with unwonted emphasis.

Mr. Peglow thought long and deeply, and then said:

"Couldn't you just do it on account of the real reason?"

Mr. Hobby brightened.



Miss Pickett Thumbed the Pages of her Dictionary Perseveringly.

it is necessary that our correspondence should be correctly spelled."

"Of course it is," declared Miss Pickett. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write that letter all over again."

Mr. Hobby looked startled and began hastily:

"But, Miss Pickett, spelling—"

"I know; I know, sir," interrupted Miss Pickett, nodding her head vigorously. "Spelling is very important. I always did have trouble



"Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?"

"Cannot you think of any other reason, Mr. Peglow?" asked his employer one day, when his mood had become desperate.

"For what?" asked Mr. Peglow, temporizing weakly.

"For dismissing Miss Pickett."

Now, Mr. Peglow gladly would have been of assistance, but he could think of nothing, so he shook his head to signify that fact.

"But, don't you see," said Mr. Hobby, "that you and I cannot stand this much longer? You are

"Yes, I could, I suppose—and, by Jove I will! I will do it at once. Miss Pickett! No, no, Mr. Peglow; remain here, if you please."

Mr. Peglow shifted uneasily from one foot to the other as Miss Pickett appeared with her notebook.

"Er—Miss Pickett," said Mr. Hobby.

"Yes, sir?"

"Mr. Peglow and I—it was cowardly to bring Mr. Peglow into it, but his employer felt the need of moral support—"

Mr. Peglow and I

think—that is, we have come to the conclusion—that the typewriter is—*er—why?* By the way, what was it we were saying about the typewriter, Mr. Peglow?"

Mr. Peglow gave his employer a glance of bitter reproach. Then he looked at Miss Pickett.

"I think we were saying, sir," he said slowly, "that the typewriter was in need of a new ribbon."

Mr. Hobby gazed at his clerk in amazement. Mr. Peglow was slightly flushed. Had he been anybody other than himself, his expression might have been interpreted as one of defiance. The head of the firm ventured to look at Miss Pickett. Then he groveled.

"Does it need a new ribbon?" he asked, swallowing hard.

"Why, I hardly think so," said Miss Pickett, puzzled. "I put on a new one yesterday afternoon."

Mr. Hobby bent his head over his desk and began to examine minutely a letter that he had just signed.

"So you did; so you did," he murmured. "Where did you ever get the idea that the typewriter needed a new ribbon, Mr. Peglow?"

"—I don't know, sir," said Mr. Peglow awkwardly. "Perhaps I was mistaken."

"Yes, you were mistaken," said Mr. Hobby almost severely, still examining the letter. "The ribbon seems quite new. I guess that's all, Miss Pickett, thank you."

Miss Pickett went back to the inner office. Mr. Hobby and Mr. Peglow ventured to look at each other. Not a word was spoken. The chief clerk sighed eloquently and returned to his high stool. The firm shook his head slowly and bent over his desk.

They endured another week of it, during which Mr. Peglow made no further allusions to the payroll. What they suffered neither confided to the other, though each continued his surreptitious and sympathetic observations.

Then, late one day, Mr. Hobby summoned his chief clerk.

"Mr. Peglow," he said, "I shall not be here to-morrow."

Mr. Peglow looked incredulous, for this was another innovation.

"No," continued Mr. Hobby. "And I shall not be here probably for several weeks."

Mr. Peglow stood in mute amazement.

"I am going away, Mr. Peglow," said the firm wearily. "Going away for a rest. My nerves demand it. I can endure it no longer. You will have to look after the business."

Mr. Peglow bowed his head submissively.

"There is one other thing," added Mr. Hobby. "I have been thinking of it for a long time, Mr. Peglow. I am going to make you an offer of partnership."

Mr. Peglow was too overcome for speech. There was an almost painful silence, broken only by the peck-peck-peck from the inner room.

"You have long been a faithful employee, Mr. Peglow," his employer continued at last. "I have reached the point in life where I wish to share the burdens—and the profits—of the business. I can think of none so deserving as you."

The chief clerk was still speechless.

"Therefore," said Mr. Hobby, "I intend to make you my partner—on one condition."

He looked up at Mr. Peglow very gravely, then over his shoulder to see whether the glass door was closed. After that he leaned forward and whispered hoarsely:

"On condition that you dispense with that—that noise."

Mr. Peglow swallowed hard, his face showing an expression of mingled joy and anguish.

"Mr. Hobby," he began, "I am so deeply grateful to you that I cannot find the right words to say. But—"

"Good-by, Mr. Peglow," said Mr. Hobby abruptly, rising from his

chair, slamming down the lid of his desk, and reaching for his hat "Good-by, sir. I am going at once. I may be gone a couple of weeks—or a month; I don't know. I leave it all in your hands."

He seized Mr. Peglow's unresisting hand, wrung it warmly, and walked briskly out. Mr. Peglow gazed after him stupidly. A partnership! The dream of his life was to become a reality. No longer would he be with Hobby & Hoople; he would be of them. He drew a deep breath and straightened his little figure manfully. He glanced about the dusty office with the old feeling of tenderness, and an entirely new sensation of proud possession. Then his eye fell on the glass door and his ear caught the sound that came from within. The joy faded out of his countenance and he became a picture of dejection. For a full minute he stood there, his hands twitching nervously. Then Mr. Peglow did something that no man had ever seen him do before. He doubled up his first, raised it over his head, and shook it in impotent rage.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople was gone for a full three weeks, during which time he wrote not a single letter to Mr. Peglow, greatly to that gentleman's alarm. Then he appeared one forenoon, as suddenly as he had departed. Mr. Peglow found himself whacked heartily on the shoulder, and whisked about to view a rejuvenated Mr. Hobby, ruddy and smiling and almost boyish.

"And how are you, Mr. Peglow?" said the firm heartily.

"I am well, Mr. Hobby, and I am indeed glad to see you, sir."

"You are looking fine," commented Mr. Hobby. "Has everything gone all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I think so."

Mr. Hobby swept a glance around the office and nodded his head, as if in confirmation. The door to the inner office was closed. No sound came from beyond it, although he

listened almost fearfully. Then he tiptoed toward it softly, listened again, and finally opened it and entered.

There was nobody there. The typewriter stood pathetically on Miss Pickett's desk. He ran his finger along the top of the frame and found it thick with dust. Another layer of dust coated the dictionary. Mr. Hobby contemplated the scene for a moment and then sighed deeply.

Peglow had done it, after all. Peglow was a braver man than he. There was something unpleasant in the thought. Peglow was his



"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow."

partner now. Why shouldn't Peglow have been brave? He had a motive, an ambition. For the sake of the ambition he had—Mr. Hobby tried not to think about it. Of course, he wanted Peglow for his partner, but he disliked to reflect that his desire had been won in such a way. At any rate, it was his own fault, and he reproached himself for it. He never should have made such a condition. He had forced Peglow to do it. He had shirked his own duty, and had offered the performance of it as a sort of bribe to another. The old-time

silence of the office no longer seemed so joyful as it did in other days. Actually, he seemed to miss that maddening peck-peck-peck.

Mr. Hobby stepped into the outer office again and closed the door behind him softly. Mr. Peglow was laboring over his accounts, his conscience apparently easy. The head of the firm studied his back in silence for half a minute. Then he said almost sharply:

"Mr. Peglow?"

"Yes, sir?" said Mr. Peglow, slipping off his stool.

"I believe you are my partner now, Mr. Peglow."

The little man dropped his eyes modestly.

"By that I mean," said Mr. Hobby, "you have—er—dismissed Miss Pickett."

Mr. Peglow did not lift his eyes, but made a slight inclination of the head.

"Would you mind telling me, Mr. Peglow, how you accomplished it?"

"Why," said Mr. Peglow, in a low voice, "Miss Pickett left to be married."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Hobby, his face brightening. "So she went in happiness and not in sorrow. I am glad, very glad, sir."

Mr. Peglow himself looked pleased.

"And whom did she marry?" inquired Mr. Hobby, with polite interest in the affairs of his late amanuensis.

"Me," said Mr. Peglow, with a blush.

The head of the firm of Hobby & Hoople stared open-mouthed at the junior partner. Mr. Peglow's eyes fell again and he shifted his weight to the other foot. There was a long, embarrassed silence. Then Mr. Hobby roused himself and stepped forward impulsively. He seized Mr. Peglow's hand in a viselike grip, shook it violently, and turned to his desk without a word.

Five minutes later he paused midway in the task of opening a pile of letters, and muttered:

"I wonder why in the world I didn't think of that myself."

ACQUIRING TACT

It is generally conceded that tact is a quality which serves as well as all times and under all circumstances. And while all regard it as a thing essential to be desired, many fail to recognize that it may be consciously cultivated. If we analyze tact we find that it is made up of certain elements:

A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weakness, expectations, and inclinations.

The ability to put yourself in the other person's place, and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions, of which your own is but one.

A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

A patience that supplants acrimony with the opportunity for self-discovery.

A recognition of what is customary under the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

Gentleness, cheerfulness and sincerity—and such variations as the spirit of these may suggest.

The Creative Power of Advertising

By Truman A. De Woe in Spain

ADVERTISING is to-day the mightiest factor in the business world. It is an evolution of modern industrial competition. It is a business-builder, with a potency that goes beyond human desire. It is something more than a "drummer" knocking at the door of the consumer—something more than mere salesmanship-on-paper.

Advertising is a positive creative force in business. It builds factories, skyscrapers and railroads. It makes two blades of grass grow in the business world where only one grew before. It multiplies human wants and intensifies desires.

The result is that it forces man to greater consumption, hence stimulates his production to keep up with his buying desires.

Before advertising was developed into a fine art and before it became a factor in the commercial world, the business of the manufacturer and merchant was to supply the normal needs and desires of the human family. Merchandizing was bounded by man's necessities and by his meager knowledge of the luxuries which he deemed within his reach.

Modern advertising has made the luxuries of yesterday the necessities of to-day. It fills the human mind with new and fascinating desires. It has multiplied human necessities beyond the dreams of the merchants of twenty-five years ago.

Advertising is not merely a method of diverting trade away from the merchant or manufacturer who does not advertise. Its function is not merely to pull business away from unprogressive competitors. It actually creates business that would not have been. For it has psychological power as well as news value.

It not only supplies regular information at stated periods concerning the best and most economical methods of supplying the needs of a normal and

comfortable existence, but, operating through well established psychological laws upon the human mind, it gradually implants in multiplied mentalities the idea that certain things are needed which were never before regarded as necessary to human contentment or happiness. It enlarges and expands the horizon of man's daily life and experience by bringing to his attention new commodities designed for his comfort and convenience without which he would have been perfectly happy in a state of blissful ignorance; but, having learned of their existence, he cannot find it in his heart to be happy or contented until he possesses them.

It is the constant reiteration of the so-called "selling arguments" in connection with a product that convinces and finally impels the reader to purchase. The constant dropping of the water of publicity gradually wears away the stone of indifference. The human mind is so constructed that it is appreciably affected by repetition—and, after all, advertising is nothing but repetition.

The average man was perfectly willing to use an old fashioned razor all his life. It apparently answered all the necessities of the tonsorial performance. The barber, indeed, still finds it a very satisfactory implement for removing the beards from the faces of his customers.

But along came the advertising man to sow the seeds of dissatisfaction, and now we find safety razors in use by thousands. Men were gradually impressed with the idea that they were behind the times and were unnecessarily depriving themselves of a source of comfort and convenience. In years gone by these same men who have been converted by the safety razor were content to make lather for their faces in shaving mugs. After much laborious oscillation of the brain they finally managed

to produce enough lather to cover their faces. Now, having learned the beauties of the shaving stick, they make lather on their faces instead of in a mug.

Breakfast cereal advertising has revolutionized our notions of dietetics. The oatmeal porridge habit, brought over by the Scotch Presbyterians, has gradually developed through the medium of educational advertising into a universal cereal habit, until now it is a generally accepted fact that no breakfast is hygienic or complete that does not be-



"Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time."

gin with a cereal food. After reading the seductive and persuasive advertisements for a certain well known substitute for coffee, the woman who is disturbed by frequent flutterings and palpitations in the cardiac region becomes impressed with the notion that she has a "coffee heart," and it is this notion, multiplied and intensified over and over again, that has built up an enterprise employing

thousands of persons, which annually does a business of many millions of dollars.

Time was when the ambitious musician was willing to go through the travail of daily practice on the piano under the direction of an expensive music master to acquire the art of extracting melody from the instrument. Unless the clever and persistent advertising man is headed off, however, piano playing will soon become a lost art. The picture of a pianola in front of the piano instead of Paderewski gradually impresses the reader with the uselessness and foolishness of the long and laborious hours expended upon piano practice.

In former times most women were content to worry along through this vale of tears enveloped in the cuticle which Nature gave them, regardless whether it was alabaster or whether it was tinted with the brown pigment that colors the epidermis of the Oriental races. Nowadays, under the influence of the man who writes the beautiful lines about skin foods, and creams, the modern woman conceives it to be her duty to be "beautiful" and she becomes impressed with the fact that certain creamy and oleaginous compounds are supposed to make the skin as smooth as velvet and to supply the deficiencies of Nature; hence new factories, new laboratories and new industries.

The advertising man has also made six pairs of shoes grow in the average man's closet where formerly there flourished but one.

Our parents were happy and contented if they could have one pair of shoes at a time. Nowadays, under the influence of some of the most persuasive advertising that appears in the public press, no man is content without a half dozen pairs of shoes to provide him with all the changes necessary to bring about the "foot ease" which he has been persuaded to believe is his by natural right.

Under the spell of modern advertising genius, we are prone to

wonder, indeed, how we could have worried along in our earlier days with one pair of shoes.

And think for a moment what modern advertising has done for human happiness and enjoyment by bringing within our reach the witchery of the kodak. How it has brought to the poor and rich alike the most fascinating of all outdoor pastimes. The mystic alchemy of the camera man has become an open book. Advertising has let daylight into the "dark room." Photography with all its artistic joys and thrilling surprises is no longer a sealed book. Through advertising the kodak man has imbued us with the idea that it is our duty to preserve in yards of film the images of loved ones as well as the records of instances and occasions that are invested with unusual joy—records that will recall the pleasurable and delightful associations of the past. By multiplying these impressions in the human mind the advertiser has built a mammoth industry and a business which ramifies every quarter of the habitable globe.

In many instances the advertiser becomes an evangel of conciliation who breaks down our deep seated but unreasonable prejudices. Witness his work in popularizing the automobile and in hastening the day when the horseless carriage will be the universal vehicle of conveyance. When the automobile first made its appearance upon our streets and highways its progress was impeded by the jibes and jeers of those who could not believe that a locomotive running wildly in the streets would ever be permitted to supplant the ordinary forms of conveyance. The popular prejudice against it seemed well nigh insurmountable.

Printer's ink, skillfully and persistently used, has broken down this prejudice, and now thousands of smoking chimneys mark the industrial monuments to the genius of the modern advertiser. Popular

prejudice has been removed and the human mind is gradually acquiring the notion that the automobile is no longer a luxury and a plaything but a convenience and utility.

Not only in man's desires but in his demand for quality has he been educated by advertising. Flour ground at the old grist mill on the outskirts of the village above the old swimming pool made the bread we ate as boys. But now,



"Nowadays, no man is content without a half-dozen pairs."

since the flour miller has bought big space telling us about purity and cleanliness and grade in flour, we buy a "brand."

In clothing, we ask for "all-wool" and voice our suspicions of "mercerized cotton." Advertising has educated us and instilled the desire for better quality.

In canned meats and vegetables, in hams, in tonics—everywhere we talk wisely of the factors that make

for quality. And all this knowledge and consequent demand for quality is due to advertising.

Advertising creates business. But it does more. It impels a man to greater buying. To buy more, he must earn more. It therefore inevitably increases his productiveness and actually increases the spending power of the public.

You remember the many stories of the country lad, who saw, in a passing train or a chance meeting, the splendor of clothing and surroundings of the wealthy man; and how he silently determined to get those luxuries for himself some day; and put more energy and ambition into his effort from that day on?

We are all like the country boy. Advertising shows the convenience of six pairs of shoes, of steam radiators, of safety razors, the healthfulness of eating pure flour, cereals, meats; the pleasures of the phonograph, the piano player, the kodak.

We want those things. To buy them requires money. We must earn more money. If the desire were created for only one or two articles the effect would probably not be so marked. But this buying pressure is on us from all sides, constantly; and unconsciously but surely we speed up our efforts to secure the wherewithal that will satisfy our desires.

FRAGRANT PHILOSOPHY

No true Christian is both good and disgregable.

Haste and distrust are certain indices of weakness.

Whether or not all love is blind, self-love certainly is. A man to climb far must each day surmount at least one fear.

Some humans are labeled "Contented" when "Lost Ambition" is meant.

Will is as far removed from willfulness as is courage from cowardice.

Flattery is turned to good account when used as a glue-pot to all one ought to be.

There is truth in all creeds. Each is a segment in the circle of the truth completed.

The main ingredients of true manliness are a forgetfulness of self and a constant regard for duty.

The wise man knows enough to change his opinions with conditions; only the fool is invariably consistent.

If you like your neighbor he is "dear"; if you dislike him he is "obnoxious." It's all in the point of view.

Science and Invention

Gold as a Medicine

THE chief use of gold in medicine would appear at present to figure as a reward for the physician's services, and doses of this kind are often by no means homoeopathic in quantity. A much-advertised cure for alcoholism professes to use chlorid of gold, and although its critics assert that the therapeutic value of this substance is absolutely nil, some reputable physicians would appear to be using this or some similar salt of gold in the treatment of various ailments. Professor Grasset uses chlorid of gold and sodium in chronic rheumatism. Dr. Bue, of Paris, injects a dilute solution of the

same substance into tuberculous tumors. Professor Lemoine, of Lille, gives bromid of gold in epilepsy. Professor Robin has announced the use of this same bromid in the treatment of cancer. Finally, Dr. Calmette, of Lille, uses in cases of virus bite a hypodermic injection of a dilute solution of chlorid of gold. Gold in the colloidal form has also been tried as a medicine, as well as silver and platinum in the same form. The king of metals was once also the king of medicines; it is doubtless so no longer, but it has not lost all prestige, possibly it may be worth taking up again.

Photography in Natural Colors

A PROCESS of color photography successful and cheap enough to be practicable has been perfected and last month was put on the market in the United States. This invention of the famous house of Lumiere, of Paris, is the realization of the dream of photographers ever since the first daguerreotypes were taken. And it will probably be revolutionary of the art of photography.

The process has not yet achieved a colored reproduction on paper, but these successful colored transparencies are wonderful enough. They alter the essential character of photography—the making of pictures by contrasts of light and shadow. There are no shadows in the color process. For instance, the side of a sitter's face that is away from the light does not appear on the plate as a black, but simply as a darker flesh-tint. Hence, these plates produce a startling effect of reality, as if one saw before him a living thing. Think of a portrait of Lincoln that should

show not only his height and breadth and the lines of his face and figure, but that should show also the exact color of his eyes, the tints of his complexion, the exact shade of every gray hair among the black, the gold of his watch chain, the rusty black of his hat and coat—all in shades so delicately graduated that the almost indistinguishable difference between the flesh-tint of the face and the flesh-tint of the hands is clearly indicated. Think of the interest and value of a national gallery of such portraits of the past. Such a dazzling prospect for the future seems open by the perfection of a process that seems already well-nigh perfect.

In landscapes and in "still life" pictures, equally wonderful results have been achieved. In one plate the delicate shade of green reflected on a white surface by the sunlight on green leaves is caught perfectly.

The process is as simple as ordinary photography, and is very similar to some of the old processes of developing and fixing. One plate has

been made—exposed, developed, and fixed—in nine minutes.

The most intricate part of the entire process is the manufacture of the plate, which does not need to concern the photographer. The "autochrome" plates, as they are called, are made with the aid of minute grains of starch—dyed violet, green, and orange—which are mixed and dusted over the plate. When it leaves the inventors' hands the plate resembles a piece of ordinary ground glass, the intermingled colors being indistinguishable. Its surface is, of course, coated with a sensitive photographic emulsion.

This plate is placed in the camera with the glass side toward the lens,

so that the light rays from the object being photographed must pass through this mosaic of colored starch grains before reaching the film, on which the corresponding color values are impressed. After the developing baths, the result is a color positive which, when held to the light, shows the object in its natural colors.

The inventors of the process are the Lumiere brothers, Louis and Auguste, of Paris, working under the inspiration of their father, M. Antoine Lumiere, the distinguished dry-plate manufacturer, inventor of the moving-picture machine, philanthropist, and portrait-painter. M. Antoine Lumiere is now visiting the United States.

A Thirty Knot Vessel

THERE is now under way in Great Britain an experiment, which, if successful, will mark a new step in marine propulsion and achieve results by which the Lusitania's speed record will be put in the shade. The keynote of the idea is the application of electricity to turbines, and a well-known firm of engineers is equipping a vessel with an apparatus designed to make the test both practical and complete.

It must be remembered that the steam turbine is most efficient when running at high speed, while a ship's propeller, on the other hand, will not work efficiently at the highest speed. If the speed be increased beyond a certain point, far below the most efficient speed of the turbine, the blades of the propeller simply churn the water instead of driving the ship. It is impossible to gear down from a turbine to a propeller shaft, for the horsepower of marine turbines is too great for any practical form of gearing. Consequently the turbine has to run slowly, and an inevitable loss of efficiency in this direction is put up with.

The plan upon which the firm of engineers which is now preparing to make the practical test spoken of is not that the turbine should be coupled

directly to the propeller shaft, as is now done, but should drive high-speed electrical generators and supply current to electrical motors for driving the propellers. Some alteration in the disposal of the machinery would be necessary, but, on the whole, there would be a gain of space, but more important than any consideration of space, the electrical system possesses the advantage that the motors can be reversed almost immediately.

A future Lusitania may be driven by turbo-generators of 100,000 horsepower at a speed of thirty knots. Such a vessel would have six turbo-generators of 20,000 horsepower each, one of which would be in reserve. Each of her four propellers and the shafts would be provided with six motors of 5,000 horsepower, five of which would do the work, while the other would be a standby, running light, but ready on the pressure of a button on the bridge to take up its share of duty.

For the bridge electrical transmission will mean a revolution; the navigating officer will no longer have to signal his orders for the manœuvring of the ship to the engine room. He will have beside him a keyboard of push buttons by which he himself

will control every movement of the ship instead of ordering the engineers. To go astern, for example, he will push a button which will reverse the motors, and so with every variation of speed and direction. The eye that sees the danger and the hand that prevents disaster will be controlled by one brain, and the navigat-

ing officer on the bridge, conscious of imminent peril, will not have to transmit mechanically his orders to the unseen engine room below, where their immediate performance, on which the vessel's safety depends, may be hindered by slow comprehension or an accident of some other nature.

Woman as an Inventor

UP to ten years ago, a search of the patent office reports would have attested to the customary claim of the male doer of things that woman was backward where great originality was required. But behold what a decade has done; not a page of the official report of patents but that some woman's success is recorded. And not alone this; for each year there is to be found an increasing number of successful women inventors whose inventions are not patented in their own names, but bought outright by manufacturers and business firms who themselves secure the patent.

Inquiry at manufacturing plants and mercantile houses reveals the fact that women employes are constantly suggesting improvements in the machinery and methods employed by the firms. A woman clerk in a New York store invented sometime ago a parcel delivery system which netted her substantial returns. And one New England mill owner, herself an inventor, enjoys the right to several patents that represent the ingenuity of the women operators in her employment, one of the devices bringing in over twenty thousand dollars a year.

Those acquainted with the field say that fully three hundred of the patents taken out by women within the last ten years are yielding unusually large returns to the inventors, and that others not yet put on the market are destined to be equally successful. When a device can command within a few minutes after being patented, twenty thousand dollars, the originator of the idea is

quite beyond masculine criticism, and such was the offer to the woman inventor of the sachel bottomed paper bag. A simple glove buttoner is yielding the woman who thought out the scheme five thousand dollars a year. A patented adjustable waist supporter has made the inventor independent. A device for opening leathers has proved exceedingly profitable, and the young woman who originated a convenient traveling bag has made money enough to see herself up in business.

School teachers have easily fallen into the class of originators of practical ideas, and have furnished valuable educational methods and devices. These range from kindergarten utilities to school room furniture, and include rest books, blackboard erasers, school bags, and so forth.

The gradual increase of the number of women factory workers is evidenced in the factory appliances which come improved from their hands. Again, the far Northwest runs to household novelties, like butter workers, brushes for cleaning upholstery, and compositions for kindling fires.

To enumerate the inventions which have come from women in the last five years is to include a lock with three thousand combinations, a letter box for the outside of houses which shows a signal when there is a letter inside for the postman to collect, an improved canteen, an apparatus for removing wool from skin by electricity, a speedy and profitable process for making horseshoes, a new aluminum solder, improvements in harnesses and vehicles, and

a buttonhole cutting machine by which the distance between the buttonholes is measured automatically.

Nothing could be more divergent than the inventions which have engaged women inventors during any two consecutive months of last year. A woman pupil at a New York school of embalming invented a burial apparatus that has been approved by popular undertakers. And then the list runs through alarm clocks; a fire escape device, a brake for vehicles, a fruit press, a carpet stretcher, a system of ventilating buildings, a barrel tapping and emptying device, a

hammer guard for firearms, a bottle filling apparatus and an invalid chair.

Undoubtedly the opportunities for higher education enjoyed to-day by women are responsible for their great activity in this new field. Again, the four million women workers in this country are more than industrious; they are bringing great skill and fine training to bear on the work. Woman has become dissatisfied with the few learned professions. She wishes to attest her practical nature; and the fact that she is doing inventive work of a high order demonstrates her efficiency as a practical worker.

"Amphibious" Machine, Latest Gasoline Invention

JULES RAVUILLIER, a French inventor, is demonstrating in New York the utility of an invention he calls a "canot voiture." The machine, which is practically an auto for land and water travel, has the appearance of a lifeboat on wheels and can go, it is said, at a speed of 40 miles an hour on land and 19 knots on water.

Mr. Ravuillier has succeeded in bringing his invention before the French naval authorities, which re-

sulted in an order for 60 machines which will be placed at different life saving stations along the coast of France. It is covered like a canoe, with an opening in the centre, to contain the operators, and the wheels are rubber tired like a motor car. In speaking of the merits of his machine, M. Ravuillier said that it would ride out the heaviest seas, could not capsize, and would take the water like a duck when launched from the beach.

The Smoke Menace

SMOKE or soot is rated by Dr. A. Jacobi as the chief cause of acute inflammations of the lungs, which Ascher, of Stuttgart, has shown are increasing in England, Germany and America. The increase is chiefly among infants and old people. Industrial districts had a mortality of nurslings six times as great as agricultural communities, and districts of dense smoke had a much larger death rate than other industrial centres. The rate among coal miners is 130 per cent. above the

average of the male population. Animals inhaling smoke—like those in large cities—have been found to contract pneumonia and tuberculosis much more frequently and quickly than those in clear air, although there is a singular belief that soot in the lungs prevents tuberculosis. On that theory the metal grinders of Sheffield, until 25 years ago, sought immunity by visiting places charged with coal-dust after being in metal dust all day. Few escaped "grinders' asthma," and that is really tuberculosis.

What Men of Note Are Saying

A Talk on Opportunities

By Rudyard Kipling

IN all walks of life in every quarter of the empire you will find to-day men content, more than content, eager to endure any hardship, any misunderstanding, for aims that are not even remotely theirs, for objects in which they have no specific interest except the honor and integrity and advancement of their village, their town, their state, their province, or their country. Now, the history of Canada, of all young nations, as I read it, is the record of just that spirit, the story of just those men, the pioneers who rode out in advance of the community, and who broke the trails for their brothers' use. And we are so new even now that in every quarter of the empire to-day you can see those pioneers putting forth on their quests. Behind them lie little towns, collections of shacks or tin-roofed houses, where they buy their trading outfit and their trading goods. The men you know, the men who live in them, will tell you seriously that in a few years they will be second Toronto, second Johannesburg, second Wellington, second Melbourne, as the case may

be. And we laugh, knowing how miracles are wrought on our own behalf. We cannot conceive that they will be wrought for anyone else.

But we do not laugh a few years later when one of those lonely pioneers rides up to us, the Mayor of his city—no mean city—and well on his way to be a millionaire. We laugh still less when his city writes to our dearest hated rival and wishes to know how soon he can deliver a million and three-quarters city water mains, with pipes and sewers, as per specification appended. Then we mourn. Then we grieve. Then we say to ourselves if we had only known, had only guessed that that dear little jumping-off place to nowhere was going to be what it is we would have paid it some attention, we would have had more faith in it; and then we would be sharing the contract. But we have only to meet another man, and we go straight away and make the same mistake, laughing at this man on another pony, halting from another collection of houses which will be another city.

Early Marriage an Aid to Financial Success

By E. H. Hamman

MATRIMONY is not essentially a business proposition, in fact it never should be regarded as such, but, nevertheless, marriage often plays an important part in the race for what is commonly called success.

I shall tell you what success really is. It is the accomplishment of any one task as well or better than the same task can be accomplished by another. To the young man who

would be a success in life I would give these hints:

Always be courteous, always be friendly, and do the best you can under all circumstances.

Are you married? No? Well, then, you should get married soon. Choose a good woman, a co-operative woman, one who will interest herself in whatever work it may be incumbent upon you to do.

American-Japanese Relations

By K. Tsuchida, Japan's Representative at the Hague Conference

THE question now is not what may be said concerning war but what may be said to maintain peace. It is almost a maxim of officials of every government that the word war should be omitted from the vocabulary until that unfortunate state exists.

There is every reason why America and Japan should maintain our long established friendly relations. Nations are much like men. The impressions of youth are likely to be lasting, and we cannot forget that the United States of America first awakened our nation to a realization of the benefits of western civilization and implanted in us as a nation the spirit of ambition to improve. Since the arrival of Commodore Perry's fleet in Tokio harbor down to the present time the United States has been our friend in time of trouble.

You were the first power to recognize the necessity for the abolition of extra territorial jurisdiction. You were the cause of the restitution to us of \$3,000,000 Shimonoseki indemnity, which we were forced to pay to several nations because we refused to allow foreign ships to pass through Shimonoseki Straits. Even in the supreme crisis of Japan's existence, during the Russo-Japanese war, the sentiment of America was so greatly in our favor that our hearts were filled with gratitude.

When I refer to these acts of your people's friendship and the gratitude we still feel toward you I want you to understand this is the attitude of all right thinking people in Japan, and from the utterances of Secretary Taft, recently in Japan. I venture to say only a small proportion of the people of the States fail to see the question in the right light.

I have visited the States many times, the last time in the suite of Marquis Ito during his visit of 1901, and I am a great admirer of the

American people. Both the marquis and myself were charmed with American frankness. We liked the way the people shook hands and said what they thought and found your hospitality irresistible.

If for nothing else America and Japan should keep in good friendship because the people of the two countries have so many common characteristics. We both are quick to take up new ideas and always willing to change for the better. We both like to travel and to find out what the rest of the world is doing. Above all, we are dependent, in a way, one upon the other.

You must dispose of your great natural resources and manufactured products and Japan needs them. I don't really think the recent unpleasantness will permanently interfere with our trade relations, and I believe within a short time Japan will be as good a customer of the United States of America as ever. Foolish as it would be to go to war, the actual contest would prove more disastrous to both countries than is generally imagined.

The Pacific Ocean provides a great buffer between the two countries, and from the standpoint of sending fleets long distances, would prove an almost insuperable obstacle. This can at once be seen when it is remembered no war could be settled without land fighting. It would be necessary for America to extirpate the entire population of Japan before the war ended.

I think all the unpleasantness soon will be forgotten if speakers and the press of both countries will let the subject drop. I don't think such an utterance as is credited to one of your naval officers at a dinner recently in New York will tend to help the situation. On the other hand, we also must exercise great care in this respect in Japan.

Relations of Newspapers to Labor and the Paper Trust

By Herman Ridder

AN enormous burden has been put upon newspapers by the protection of every interest with which they deal, until they have found themselves the only industry refused the protection of the Government. The recognition of labor unions by publishers has cost much. In New York city alone the newspapers pay \$1,500,000 a year as their tribute to the closed shop and organized labor. They are approaching the limit where they must stop further concessions and allowances.

The Paper Trust is probably "the most remarkable financial freak" in a long list of "combination monstrosities." With a capital exceeding \$50,000,000, the International Paper Company does a gross annual business of only \$21,000,000, requiring three years to turn over its capital.

It has watered itself until it has no more money to invest. It has borrowed upon everything it has. It cannot earn any more money unless it can do more business, and it cannot do more business because it has not the money with which to do it.

Instead of accepting its responsibilities and extending its business to keep pace with the growth of its customers, the International Paper Company is producing less newspaper paper to-day than it turned out immediately after its organization. The available funds at its command, which should have been used for new paper machines have gone toward the acquisition of 2,597 square miles of timber lands registered in one of the four land offices in the Province of Quebec, Canada.

To maintain that concern and its allied combinations, with their oppressive weight of over capitaliza-

tion, and to provide a pretext for protecting the labor of 15,000 paper mill employees, receiving less than \$9,000,000 per annum, the publishing business has been subjected to a series of deliberately planned schemes of extortion.

The first step was accomplished in the Dingley Bill, so that publishers could not buy paper elsewhere. The next step was one that has just been consummated, whereby through combinations made in defiance of the federal courts, the supply has been brought below the demand, the market has been starved, the surplus has been exhausted and the price for the present year has been advanced \$12 per ton upon a consumption of nine hundred thousand tons, an addition of \$10,000,000 within one year. Increased cost of manufacture does not justify such an advance.

Aggravating that situation is a threat of another advance of \$20 per ton next year, or nine million dollars more, a total of nineteen million dollars' advance in two years by an industry that pays an aggregate of less than nine million dollars a year to its labor, while clamoring to Congress for a continuance of its opportunities to combine and oppress publishers.

The newspapers insist that the paper manufacturers who induced Congress to protect them against competition from abroad are under obligations to provide for the present and prospective demands of consumers in this country. To repress manufacture, or to starve the market, so that the paper maker is in a position to create a famine and to stop the supply to any publisher, should rank as a crime.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newswallers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: ::

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Philology in the French Class. Prof. F. R. Arnold.....Education
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Experiments, the Wonderful New Language. D. O. S. Lovell...Munsey's
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The Mission of the Parochial School. Cardinal Gibbons. World To-day

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The Gift. James Hopper.....	Pacific Monthly
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Scientific Poultry Raising. Clarence E. Edwards.....	Overland Monthly

Decorative Plants for Winter Use. E. Ryman-Gaillard. *Suburban Life*
 The Parlor Palm. W. R. Gilbert. *Suburban Life*
 The Sensible Bedroom. Claudia Q. Murphy. *Success*

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 Investment Securities. Financier. *North Am. Rev.*
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LABOR PROBLEMS.

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 Wilhelm II., Emperor of Germany. Mary S. Warren. *Pearson's* (Eng.)
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 Whittier: An Appreciation. H. W. Boynton. *Putnam's Monthly*
 Two Famous Musicians: Joachim and Grieg. Richard Aldrich.
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 Elkind. *Fortnightly Review*
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 Where Are the Most Beautiful Girls Found? Joseph Miller.
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Lord Rosebery and Abstention.....	Spectator (Oct. 19)
Socialism and Sex Relations.....	Spectator (Oct. 19)
Europe in Transformation. Archibald R. Colquhoun.....	North Am. Rev.
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Christmas in the Arctic. Capt. B. S. Colson.....	Home Magazine
Christmas Charities. Albert F. Pettibone.....	Home Magazine
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Christmas in Rome. M. D. Maclean.....	Travel
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Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

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4. The Lady of the Decoration. By Frances Little.
5. The Weavers. By Sir Gilbert Parker.
6. The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon.

English Summary.

1. Weavers. By Gilbert Parker.
2. Fair Margaret. By Rider Haggard.
3. Kate Meredith. By Cathie Hyslop.

4. Robert Thorne. By Stan F. Bollock.
5. In Wildest Africa. By C. G. Sillings.
6. An Artist's Reminiscences. By Walter Crane.

Business.

MONEY AND INVESTMENTS. By Montgomery Rollins. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. Cloth, \$3.00 net. A manual of expert information arranged in encyclopedic form. The author is an acknowledged expert, with a very wide connection in the best banking and investment circles. He has devoted years to close study of his subject. The entire subject matter and treatment are such that the book cannot fail to be of great assistance to any investor.

STOKES' CYCLOPAEDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. Compiled by Elford Evelyn Trefry. London: W. & R. Chambers, Limited. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net. This valuable compilation contains five thousand selections from six hundred authors, with a complete general index and an index of authors. The field of the book is narrowed practically to English and American literature, but within this field every effort has been made to include a wide range of authors, subjects and literary styles.

PITMAN'S WHERE TO LOOK. London: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Limited. 8vo. Limp cloth, 1s. net. A new work of reference intended as an easy guide to the contents of certain specified books of reference. Questions

are continually cropping up which demand a reference to some manual and it is not always easy to know where to look for an answer. Nearly 300 books of reference have been indexed.

Fiction.

COLONEL FROM WYOMING. By John Alexander Hugh Cameron. The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. \$1.25. A new book by a new Canadian author, which will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our steadily growing Canadian literature. Its strong points are its descriptions of the early settlers in the Maritime Provinces—their characteristics and mode of life. The later developments in mining and finance also

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Humor in the Magazines

A young man who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day:

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble:

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

• •

Can the sardine box?

No, but the tomato can.

Did you ever see a ship spar?

Yes, and I have seen the rail fence, the ginger snap and the cracker box, the sausage roll and the bed spring, and the night fall.

It is queer to see the sugar bowl.

But the funniest thing was to see the milk shake and the apple turn over.

Why did the fly fly? Because the spider spider.

• •

A dear old New England spinster, the embodiment of the timid and shrinking, passed away at Carleton, where she had gone for her health. Her nearest kinsman, a nephew, ordered her body sent back to be buried—as was her last wish—in the quiet little country churchyard. His surprise can be imagined, when on

opening the casket, he beheld, instead of the placid features of his aunt Mary, the majestic port of an English general in full regiments, whom he remembered had chance to die at the same time and place as his aunt.

At once he called to the general's helms, explaining the situation and requesting instructions.

They came back as follows: "Give the general quiet funeral. Aunt Mary insisted to-day with full military honors, six brass bands, saluting guns."

• •

A gentleman recently gave employment in his garden to a man who proved utterly unfitted for the work, as well as very lazy.

One day the employer, his patience exhausted, called this man, Sam, into his room and told him to look for another job.

"Will you give me a reference?" asked Sam, pitiously.

Although he knew that he could not conscientiously comply with this request, the gentleman felt he could not refuse the appeal. So he sat down, and composed with much thought the following:

"This man, Sam H—, has worked for me one week, and I am satisfied."



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Once a Scotsman was visiting New York, and coming across a statue of Washington stood gazing at it.

Just then a Yankee came up, and said to Sandy, "There's a good man. Ails never passed his life!"

"No," said the Scotsman. "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."



A MORMON.

Willie—"Uncle Dudley, are you a Mormon?"

Uncle Dudley—"No; why?"

Willie—"Cause I heard pa tell ma that you were married to all your wife's relations."—"Judge."

An Irishman was giving a spirited address on the glories of the British nation. After describing some affronts received from other nations, he exclaimed:

"And must England stand with her arms folded and her hands in her pockets?"

He made an effective pause, which, however, was quite spoiled by the roar of laughter.

...

There was a sophomore who was very hard up in the early fall, and pawned all his good clothes. A little before Thanksgiving he got a big cheque from home, and, accordingly, like a wise sophomore, redeemed his wardrobe. When he got home for the holidays, his mother said she would unpack his trunk for him. The first thing his mother

took out of the trunk was an overcoat, and on it was pinned, he saw to his horror, the pawnbroker's ticket that he had forgotten to remove. Hastily grabbing the ticket, he said:

"Hello! They must have forgotten to take this off at the Smith dance, when I left it in the cloakroom."

A moment later his mother took out his evening trousers. They also had a ticket on them.

"Why, Frank," she said, "surely you didn't leave these in the cloakroom, too, did you?"

...

As Hartwell, a New York lawyer, stepped from the train to the platform of a little Virginia station, a negro porter advanced and touched his hat. "I know ye' is a drummer, eh. Show me where ye' grips is, and I'll carry 'em up to the hotel."

The lawyer smiled in a quizzical way. "I am a drummer," he said, "but a drummer of brains."

The porter smiled suggestively as he said: "Eh, fast time ever I see a drummer as didn't carry no samples!"



Young Wife: "How did you like that food? I cooked it myself."

Husband: "Oh, please don't apologize! I was formerly a sword swallower!"—*Magazine Blatter*.

...

When Robertson entered his sitting-room, he found Treason there, resplendent in full evening-dress, and helping himself to one of his—Robertson's—best cigars.

"Hello!" he said. "Why the wa—paint?"



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The young man with the unkempt hair and hungry look had submitted a poem for editorial consideration.

"Well," said the man behind the blue pencil, after a hurried glance at it, "how does thirty shillings strike you?"

"Why—er—really," stammered the rhymer, "that is more than I—er—"

"Well, that's the best I can do," interrupted the busy editor. "I couldn't think of printing a poem like that for less."



AN EYE ON THE FUTURE

"Faith! when th' railroads gits to runnin' their thrains by electricity, Oh wonder plowen O'll git me coal!"—Judge.

His name was Augustus Athrehold Robinson, but in the business where he had lately secured a position as office boy everybody called him Jim, on the ground that his name was too long for business purposes.

He was very keen on retaining his position, so, when a caller came in one day and made a violent complaint about a letter that had not been posted to him, Jim listened in terror.

"Where's that boy?" cried the en-

quirer in a fury. "Here, you imp, take your coat and hat, and get out! I'm ashamed of you! Go to the cashier and get your salary, and don't let me see you here again, you wretched little bungler!"

Jim, terrified, and almost crying, left the office and hurried away.

The next morning his employer called at his home, and the youth came to the door.

"You young donkey," exclaimed the visitor, "do you suppose I really marked you yesterday? Of course not! Come on back to the office, and every time a caller makes a complaint and I sack you, go round the corner till the customer's gone, and then come back."

And that's how Jim started in business, grew up to be the manager of the concern, and now has an office boy of his own, whom he sacks regularly with every complaint that is made.

The married ladies in a small American town recently formed themselves into a union, on the same principle as the great labor associations.

Soon afterwards a young bride was found one afternoon, by a friend, crying bitterly on the couch in her dainty drawing-room.

"Why, my dear," said the elderly visitor, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh," sobbed the bride, "I am going to leave George. I am going straight back home to mother."

"What," exclaimed her visitor; "has George already proved unkind? Well, they're all alike, my—"

But the weeping bride interrupted her. "No," she said, her shoulders shaking with grief, "George is perfect. But that mean Henry Simmons has refused to pay Mrs. Simmons a new dinner gown, and the Amalgamated Wives' Union has ordered a strike."

Hungry Higgins—Wot! You don't know wot a miser is? A miser is a man that denies himself the necessities of life when he has the money to buy 'em.

Wesley Watkins—Oh, I have met some of them fellows. But I t'ought they called themselves Prohibitionists.



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"Going to the Bellingham's to dinner," was the reply. "Why don't you buy better cigars?"

Robertson looked his friend up and down.

"The effect isn't so bad," he said. "Anyone that didn't know you might take you for a gentleman. But I didn't think you boasted an evening suit."

"I don't," said Treseck. "These duds are yours."

"Well, of all the gigantic cheek—"

"But I didn't come down to talk about that. I want to know if you'll lend me your umbrella; it's raining."

"I'll see you in Jericho first!" said the indignant Robertson.

"Oh, very well!" said Treseck. "It's for your benefit, you know; I only want it to protect your top."

And, with a choking gasp, Robertson handed over his best, gold-mounted rain-coat.



ASKING PAPA.

The Modern: How'd-yo-old-boy sort of style.

Brossed by foreign suns, he entered the office of his colleague, but the cashier's chair was vacant.

"Is Mr. Smith out?" he asked, anxiously. "I am an old friend of his."

"No, sir," returned the clerk. "Mr.

Smith is not out. He won't be out for ten years."

Here the clerk smiled grimly.

"The firm is out, though," he went on, "fifteen thousand pounds exactly."

...

An old colored mammy, of Charleston, South Carolina, who had never seen any modern street cars (this was many years ago), visited some relatives in Savannah, Georgia, after the introduction of the trolley lines. So great was her wonder and delight, that she exclaimed, with genuine African enthusiasm:

"My Lawd! De Yankees done 'maniculate de niggers, and now dey 'maniculate de mule!"

...

Russian Official: "You cannot stay in this country, sir."

Traveler: "Then, of course, I will leave 'L."

"Have you a permit to leave?"

"No, sir."

"Then I must tell you that you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

...

Recently a young man had the misfortune to be run over. It was not until the wheel had passed over the poor man's leg and gone a few yards farther that the driver shouted, "Look out!"

The unfortunate man struggled to a sitting posture and replied, with bitter sarcasm, "You're not coming back, are you?"

...

I was walking in the country one day with a woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs.

"You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?"

"I am," the boy replied.

"How can you?" she exclaimed; "think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't care," said the boy.

"She's up there in your hat."

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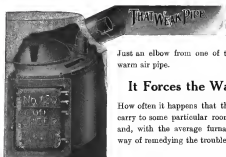
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